THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

For[illegible]kly Franklin

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FEB. 16, '18

5c. THE COPY

From a Camp Window—By Mary Roberts Rinehart

Buick

Everybody Knows
Valve-in-Head means Buick

ALL IN THE DAYS WORK

Successful handling of today's affairs, national or personal, demands that conservation of time and rapid contact made possible only by efficient transportation.

The industrial leader whose daily round includes the rush from office to bank, factory, construction work, national headquarters—is but one example of the man whose points of contact depend on this great conserver of time and energy, the modern motor car.

Buick power with speed and flexibility makes Buick cars especially valuable in these rushing times. There is also the added advantage in economy of operation.

Nowadays when men live weeks in days and human energy is at a premium, the Buick car takes high place as an efficiency factor in America's destiny. Helping to make our national activities possible on their present scale—this is the function of the Buick car and the privilege of its builders.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY

Pioneer Builders of Valve-in-Head Motor Cars

Main Office and Factory, Flint, Michigan

Branches in all principal cities;
Dealers everywhere.

(10)

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BIG BEN is a household word because he's a clock of his word. He runs on time, he rings on time, he helps folks live on time.

These are family traits. All *Westclox* alarms run true and ring true. They're all good looking, too. You can always tell them by the family name, *Westclox*, on the face of each clock.

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Big Ben—Baby Ben—Pocket Ben—America—Lookout—Ironclad—Sleep-Meter—Bingo

La Salle, Illinois, U. S. A.

$3.00

in the States
$4.00 *in* Canada

A *Westclox* Alarm

The war and your clothes

To release for war-work laborers
now making things you buy;

To save as much wool as possible
for our soldiers and their allies;

You are asked:

To buy clothes when you need
them and only then;

To buy the clothes that wear the
longest;

To buy the clothes that give back,
for the materials and labor put
in, the greatest amount of sat-
isfaction and value.

Hart Schaffner & Marx

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Churchill Williams, F. S. Bigelow,
A. W. Neall, Associate Editors

Walter H. Dower, Art Editor

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FROM A CAMP WINDOW

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

FEW windows look out on new things. The window itself may be new, but its outlook, the things on which it opens—the hills, the fields, the human activities—have a certain quality of familiarity. Changes, when they come, arrive slowly—a new house, an orchard planted, children becoming men and women.

But this little window of mine looks out on a new world. A strange world, for it has this peculiar quality: That there are here and there in it familiar faces and figures, people I have known well, and some better than well. But they have moved into a new world. They are doing totally different things, in a strange environment. Even they wear different clothing and keep strange hours. But there is something more fundamental in the change than that. They wear a different look.

I have tried to analyze that look on the faces of the men who pass beneath my window. And now at last I know what it is. It is detachment. In this new world of the camp, with all of the future holding only war, with the past irrevocably gone, living for the day and by the day, these men of ours are set apart, detached, isolated. Home may be close by, but the things of home are far away. They are living different lives, thinking different thoughts.

PHOTO, FROM INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE, INC., PASSED BY COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION

The Men Look Forward to the Service of the Country. They are Eager for That Service, for This is no Unwilling Army

How the Camp Awakes When Reveille Sounds

NOT always grim thoughts, either. My little window sees many sights, admits many sounds. And the sounds vary. At dawn, when my window is only a frosty gray rectangle against the breaking day, there comes in from all over the camp the distance-softened reveille. Then on dark mornings lights blaze up in the barracks, and against the yellow apertures that are the barrack windows hasty figures move about. Level, hard-frozen, brown flecked with snow, the parade grounds are empty; the lights from the barrack windows make small patches of illusive warmth on the trampled earth.

Then a little later comes the mess call, and that is cheery enough. Through my window come the first voices, calls and returns, a bit of laughter. Someone whistles to a dog. A sound of stir begins. And along the main artery of the camp, which is perhaps a hundred yards from my window, a solitary motor cyclist speeds his little car.

Suddenly the camp is awake. Traffic squads appear, to take up cold and solitary positions at each intersection of the roads. Long lines of men in khaki, overcoated and swathed in knitted things, appear round one corner and disappear round another. Sometimes they carry rifles. Sometimes they do not. Where do they go, these long lines of boys and men? I see them everywhere, so exactly the color of the frozen fields that they melt into the distance incredibly soon. Some day I shall leave my window and follow, through the chill of the early morning—to trench or grenade school or bayonet drill, or to those endless formings and re-formings, marchings and counter marchings, which seem to bear so close and yet so mysterious a connection with the gentle art of war.

Christmas is just over. To the right, as I look from my window, there still stands the great Christmas tree; and at night, because it is a lovely thing to look at, it is still illuminated.

By day it is a trifle dreary, but so must always be, to-morrow, the fragments of to-day's feast.

It rained on Christmas Eve. The choral singers sang their cheeriest, and the great tree blazed in every color. But it was a trifle sad, for all that. For always on Christmas we are accustomed to look back and to look forward. And it is not easy to do either just now.

Christmas

BUT in the night the weather changed. Christmas morning found the camp frozen hard and drifted with snow. The tree was powdered with it, and the sun turned its colored balls to fire. The engineers, who had hung their Christmas stockings in a long line outside their barracks, found them frozen hard and filled with snow. And those of us who had been trying not to remember the lines of stockings we had hung by the fire at home on other years took courage with the sun and said that next Christmas we would do thus and so. There would be, like the weather, some bad days. And then there would be sunlight again, and the old way, and, God willing, the row of Christmas stockings by the fire at home.

So Christmas came in bright and clear, and brought an amazing amount of kindliness with it. All over the country individuals and organizations had been preparing for it. None so lonely in the camp but had his Christmas, none so lowly, none so poor. And because the mails are late it is still Christmas here. Hour after hour great motor trucks pass before my window, piled high with belated gifts. And the cold holds, making marching easier for mud-weary feet, a Christmas gift from King Winter that is worth having.

True, the fields and parade grounds are deeply rutted. Army men take an automobile wherever they would take a horse, and from my window I see now and then a car leave the road and strike across country, wallowing like a seagoing tug in bad weather.

So Christmas came to our camp. It brought gifts and good food—but there is always good food—and it brought to those who spent a part of the day in the base hospital a bit of soul uplift that will last, I think, long after war and the things of war are forgotten or put behind us.

It is a great hospital, this one at our camp. As I look up from my desk, which is not a desk at all but a piece of wall board on top of a white iron washstand, I can see some of its buildings under the hill which shelters it. It covers sixty-five acres, and in it on Christmas Day were a thousand men. Some of them were very ill, many of them only ill enough to be lonely and dispirited. A great place, such a hospital, with its corridors nine hundred feet long, and its rows of white beds, and its military neatness and order.

And because it is so great we may visit only one ward. Multiply that ward by forty-odd; add a hundred nurses, in white, and wearing, some of them, against the cold,

their short blue capes lined with brilliant red; add the staff, those valiant uniformed volunteers who have left the achievements of many years at the call of the sick and wounded; add to the staff ward masters and orderlies, also in uniform; place in the center of each ward a tiny Christmas tree and a phonograph—and that is our hospital on Christmas Day.

It will not hurt, I think, though when this is published Christmas of 1917 will be far behind us, to spend a little time in one Christmas ward before we go out into the camp. For Christmas, after all, is in the heart rather than the calendar. It is not so much a day as a state of mind. Like the barrack windows at dawn, on that one day we light the lamps of our souls and send a gleam of kindliness out over the world.

Our ward is exactly like all the others—with one exception. In all the others are men who look forward first of all to recovery, and after that to the service of the country. By far the greater part of them are eager for that service, for—bear this in mind—this is no unwilling army. A day or two in camp, a bit of drill, a bit of heartening, and there is born in a man, to grow and strengthen as the days go by, not hate of the enemy, not blood lust, but a spirit which will some day make us from a federation of states into a nation.

So—these men in the hospital want to get well and get back to work in trench or on parade ground They resent their inactivity.

But in one long ward there are those who have already fought their battle—men who in this bustle of preparation for war will never see war.

Our ward is the tuberculosis ward. For comparatively few would there be no Christmas next year, but ahead of every one of them was the long fight, with no hope of glory, and recovery a victory unsung. And there were some in our ward on Christmas Day who were seeing for the last time the Christmas snow, and the wreaths, and the little Christmas tree—and knew it.

However, our ward was not sad, at that. True, there came, after the dinner at noon, a low hour. The snow fell outside from a gray sky, and the long ward grew cavernous and quiet. Then at three o'clock came a stir. Came a piano; came a lady with an Airedale dog; came a hearty medical officer, at which all the ward that was out of bed stood up at attention. Came more stir, and a burst of melody from the piano.

The Black Christmas Angels

THE ward, which had been quiet, commenced to smile. The Airedale received tribute of Christmas candy and wagged his stubby tail. The lady visitor, who had been feeling for her handkerchief, decided not to weep. And then from outside the double doors came the shuffling of feet and the whispering of Christmas angels.

Our first angels were black, and clad in uniform. The doors were flung open and in they marched, two by two. The ward, which had brightened at the piano, now smiled; and the Christmas angels formed a businesslike group and commenced to sing.

Sometimes I wonder if we shall ever realize the value of the negro to us—his wide smile, his love of great resounding chords of music, his cheer, his joyousness, and his fundamental and primitive kindliness of soul. Surely these have their great value. He is always a child. Sometimes he is a bad child. But his faults, like his virtues, are essentially the faults of his simplicity. To watch the negro troops at play is a delight. From my little window I see them on zero mornings starting out for hikes. Many of them have as yet no uniforms, and under their blue overalls they wear sweaters and all the extra garments they can commandeer. They swing by under my window, laughing and flinging airy greetings to the men they pass, in marked contrast to the businesslike progress of the white men who come along a little later.

So the black Christmas angels sang, very sure of the melody, as the negro is always sure, but occasionally uncertain of the words. Great full-chested singing it was, too, and I doubt not a trifle hoarse toward the end of the afternoon, for our ward was only the first of forty. They sang without self-consciousness, giving of the best they had, these boys who a few weeks before had trailed into the camp—ragged, many of them; fearful, too, I dare say—from all over the wide Southland. They stood erect, with the poise of soldiers, and when they had finished their program they marched out again, leaving behind them in the ward a new feeling, a real lift of the spirit and something of their own contagious joy.

Came next men bearing gifts, this time Y. M. C. A. workers in their uniforms, and carrying treasure of games and fruit. And they had not gone before a vaudeville troupe was announced. The troupe came in, but looked a trifle daunted when it saw the lady. And perhaps this was not unreasonable, for it was clad in pyjamas and carpet slippers, and the chillier ones wore, pinned round their necks with safety pins, blankets from their beds.

Loud laughter in our ward now, the piano going furiously, and the lady attempting to convey by her expression that she was quite accustomed to vaudeville performers in pyjamas and blanket shawls. A mixed troupe this time, white men and black, brought together by the fine instinct of carrying Christmas to the quiet ward.

Quiet ward no longer, however. They sang; and there was a monologue, delivered in great seriousness by a tall negro in pyjamas rather too small, and consisting chiefly of the largest words in his vocabulary. And there was a drill in pyjamas, which set the ward howling; and a quite wonderful clog dance, occasionally complicated by the Airedale.

The lady took advantage of the excitement to wander down to the end of the ward and look out. Because she found it all rather overwhelmingly kind and wonderful, and because the tenderness of men toward other men had always seemed to her one of the most beautiful things in the world. And because, too, she felt it rather sad that it requires trouble, or sickness, or war to show that tenderness in all its strength.

So at last Christmas was over in the ward, and the lady went away, preceded by the Airedale with a turkey leg, and at the entrance to the hospital she found again the very thing she had been thinking of. For a soldier had been kicked by a mule, and a half dozen of his comrades were helping him out of the ambulance. Two of them supported him, and two more carried his belongings, and a fifth and sixth brought up the rear and encouraged him.

Sometimes we think, those of us who must remain at home, that if we could only be over there on the other side when hurt comes it would help. But this I think must comfort us—that in trouble men are very tender with each other, very gentle, more than kind. And for every boy who meets misfortune over there will be a dozen friendly hands outstretched to help.

Now this little window of mine has a very comprehensive view. At the right, and across the main road, perhaps three hundred yards away, is the Post Exchange, which is the chief camp department store and which sells everything from a uniform and soft drinks to celluloid toilet sets. By craning my neck I may see one wing of the vast Community House, built in the shape of the symbol of the Red Cross. And far away, over the roof of the Post Exchange, is Division Headquarters, an old gray-brick building, where in awful majesty the general sits alone.

Sitting alone, however, is largely figurative. In spite of a sort of sieve of aids-de-camp in the farm kitchen beneath—it has exchanged the hissing of the teakettle for the machine-gun rattle of typewriters now—and of chiefs of staff and other interesting-appearing officers, there are many each day who climb the winding little staircase that leads to the Presence and, having knocked their heads three times on the floor and generally made obeisance, demand to know why Private John Doe, of the —— Infantry, was not permitted to go home for his birthday or has been permitted to get the mumps.

So I look out at Division Headquarters with its line-up of automobiles and dispatch-rider motor cycles, and its sentry with his rifle, and a cavalryman who has never ridden a horse taking out gingerly a horse that has never been ridden; and if only the roof were lower and tiled, and the chimneys more casual, and the sky held an aëroplane or two, it might be any headquarters in France. Just such yellow wooden barracks, just such low black tar paper and board sheds for divers purposes, just such a coming and going and general air of business without bustle.

It is amazingly quiet, this camp, which houses and clothes and feeds and drills and nurses more than thirty-five thousand men.

The general does not always sit in his upper room, however. In the mornings he rides round the camp and visits places where he is not expected. He is a very big general, with a fierce expression and a twinkling eye; and on a horse, where the eye is shaded by the brim of his hat, he is a figure of most awful majesty and dire portent.

Once, having ascertained that he was contemplating a surprise visit to a certain medical officers' quarters, I managed by herculean efforts to get there first.

The General's Gift Horses

SUCH a housecleaning as there was! Such a hasty shoving under cots and into service trunks! Such alcohol coffeepots as were rinsed out, and boxes of crackers concealed, and boots set in tidy rows! No boys in boarding school, expecting the headmaster on rounds, ever stowed away contraband in less time.

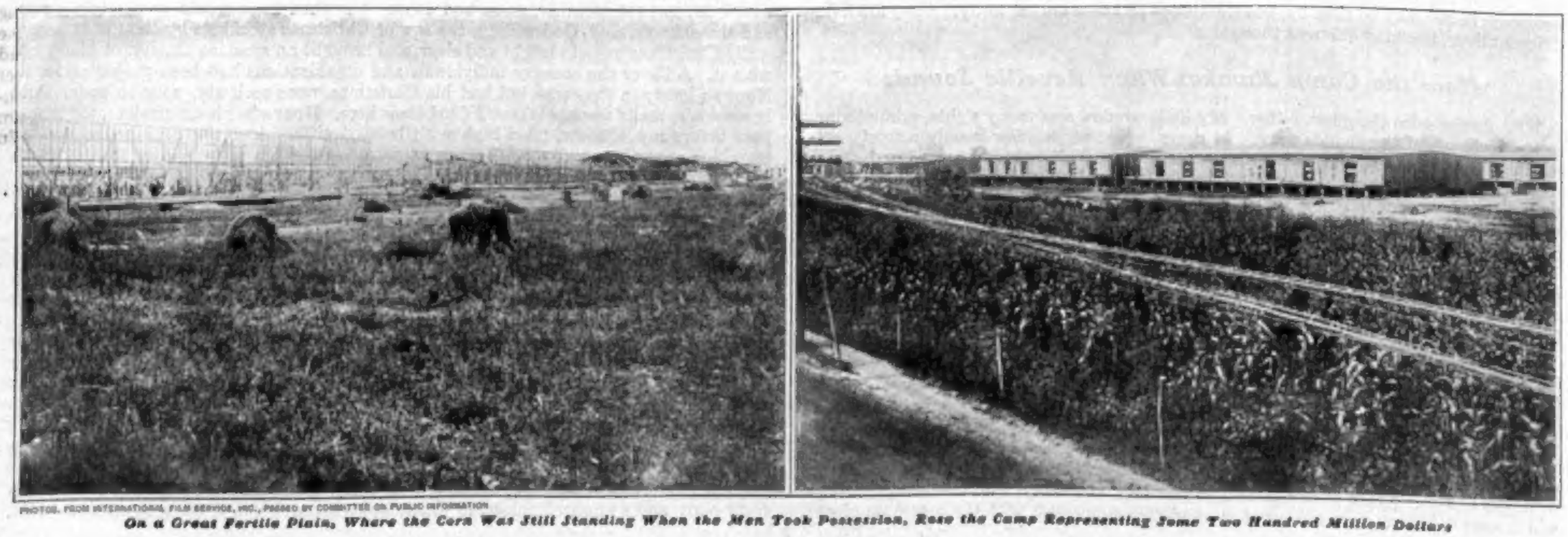
So the general rides about, and sees things that please him, and then he twinkles; or things that displease him, when he bristles. And he is both loved and feared, which is as it should be and is good for his men and for him.

He can ride whenever he wants to, because every now and then some citizen or group of citizens presents him with a horse. Personally I think he is rather casual with his horses. I think this, because now and then I leave my window and mount a quiet animal which has to be steered like a motor car, and ride round the camp, feeling very military—especially when a hundred men or so who have been hidden in a ditch suddenly get up and run in my direction with their rifles pointed at my best riding clothes.

And once on such an excursion I encountered one of these gift horses loose. I made an unfortunate attempt to head the creature back to its stable, and it took a sudden dislike to me. It was evidently one of those passionate distastes that require action; and for some time thereafter I was busy hunting peace with honor. It would come pounding along with its ears back, and at the right moment would whirl and kick out. I am generally fond of horses, but I never saw a horse I cared so little about. I can readily understand whoever owned him before, giving him away.

In the end I rode madly off, casting honor to the wind; and nearly broke up a company drill while doing it. And the hypocritical beast followed me, looking as tame as a poodle, to the very door of Division Headquarters, whither

(Continued on Page 89)



PHOTOS. FROM INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE, INC., PASSED BY COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION

On a Great Fertile Plain, Where the Corn Was Still Standing When the Men Took Possession, Rose the Camp Representing Some Two Hundred Million Dollars

EVERY LITTLE BIT HELPS

By Nina Wilcox Putnam and Norman Jacobsen

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"Take That Creature Away This Instant!" She Screamed, Batting at the Animal With Her Large Purple Ostrich-Feather Fan. "Take It Away!"

HOW much ought one to stand from one's relatives? That was the real question at the bottom of the whole affair. Answer me that, and answer it fairly, and I am sure you will feel that dear Mrs. DeWynt was justified in what she did. You will perceive that the girl was altogether too difficult; and lifting all blame from my dear patroness will place it where it belongs. But first you must know the facts. And I, owing to my position as social secretary in the DeWynt household, was rather in a position to know them as they really were.

People in our set have talked and talked—you know what a Long Island colony is; and, now that the worst is over, I feel it my duty to clear my gracious patron's name. Not that there was ever really any blemish upon it; no, indeed! Mrs. George Everan DeWynt, wife of the famous Republican senator, *grande dame* in a fashion that can only be acquired through at least three London seasons, leader of Long Hampton's most exclusive circles—such a person, in short, as my dear patroness can scarcely be said to be in any wise blemished, no matter what happens to her! Still, it must be admitted that things seemed a little queer; the girl was her niece, and Mrs. DeWynt was undoubtedly responsible for bringing her on from the West—insisted upon doing so, I might add, in spite of my warning. But the simplest way of doing the dear lady justice is to tell the story, exactly as it occurred, from the very beginning; which was, of course, the moment when the unfortunate idea occurred to her.

We were sitting on the west terrace, I remember, and Mrs. DeWynt had just finished authorizing the invitation list to a bridge drive we were having for the benefit of the Red Cross. I had prepared the list with great care and discretion. Of course the guests were to pay an admission fee, which was to be turned over to our local branch; but, even so, it was well to choose the right names. Not too mixed to be exclusive; yet not too exclusive—if you know what I mean. There are so many shades of social standing, aren't there?

And in any affair of this sort one has to send out notices with an eye to what people are willing to pay to meet whom, and who will stand being met—if you understand me. I've always flattered myself on having a peculiarly sensitive finger on the social pulse—and dear Mrs. DeWynt says it made me the most valuable social secretary she ever had. Of course a convenient and always available extra man at dinner may have had something to do with the warmth of her estimate; but one doesn't mention those things—at least, not among us.

Well, at any rate, Mrs. DeWynt had just authorized the list, and I stood waiting for the idea I intuitively felt was coming. Mrs. DeWynt is rather large; indeed, if she was a person of less social importance she would be undeniably fat. As it is, she is avowedly reducing; which fact disarms comment. Still, ideas come to her rather slowly, and I might almost say visibly. As this idea formulated she tapped the arm of her chair slowly, the magnificent Morton diamond showing to great advantage on her well-cared-for hand. At length she spoke.

"Allie!" said she—short for Aloysius—her playful way—years ago we had got beyond the Mr. Penny stage, though of course she will always be Mrs. DeWynt to me—"Allie," said she, "all this charitable effort we are making in connection with the war is giving me a vision of—of larger things—things even beyond our widespread horizon. Since we have been knitting and going regularly to roll bandages on Thursday mornings, and more particularly since we have been doing such earnest work—like this bridge drive of ours ——"

"Yes?" I tactfully broke in, giving her the opportunity to catch her breath. "Yes, yes?"

"—— it makes me feel that I have not, perhaps, always done my duty right at home in my own family."

She completed her statement with a sigh. Of course I hastened to try and disabuse her mind of any such absurd idea; but she waved my protests aside imperiously.

"No, Allie; no!" she said. "I have been too concerned with my own interests. I cannot but feel that undoubtedly there are things I have left undone—and one of them is my brother Charles' daughter. Allie, I have decided to have her on from California. Write her, Allie—it's some wild place called Flower City, I believe, where my poor brother raises—er—horses." The sweep of her magnanimity was such that I ventured a mild protest.

"But, dear lady," said I, "you have never seen her! Can you be sure that she is quite ——"

"She's my brother Charles' daughter!" said Mrs. DeWynt.

And of course I was silenced; but not convinced, mind you—not convinced. Somehow I knew, from the moment of writing the necessary letter, that something dreadful would result from it. But in due course I wrote Miss Esmeralda Sprunt of her aunt's generous offer, explaining, as that lady had desired me to, what a wonderful opportunity it would be for her—Miss Sprunt—to do her bit in war work.

After the shortest possible time the reply came, accepting in a somewhat stilted style. It was written on very strange note paper—lined note paper, headed Homestead Ranch, Flower City, California—in a firm, clear hand. My heart misgave me when I beheld that paper; it was of a sort that never comes into the hands of a secretary who is secretary to anybody who is anybody—if you know what I mean—except in the form of appeals for gratuities from persons one never sees; from the underworld, where the importance of good form is hardly understood properly. So it was amazing that a niece of my dear patroness should have made use of such epistolary furnishings. The letter was brief, however, and merely said that the young lady would be glad to accept her aunt's invitation to come East and join in the war activities, and would be with us one week from that date.

I fancy this was a rather more prompt appearance than dear Mrs. DeWynt had anticipated, for we had a very full house at the time. The senator was at home, for one thing; and with him was Mr. Worthing Willy—the Mr. Willy of the American Purchasing Board. And we had Capt. Basil Tugwell, of the Royal Argyle Highlanders—Lord Castlewing's cousin, you know—who was over here to purchase supplies for the British Government, and who had been especially invited for my patroness' niece, Miss Marjorie DeWynt. Also, there were Mr. and Mrs. Bobby Lennett—the Virginia Lennetts.

Mr. Willy was very important, because of his position; and we were anxious that he should be pleased. In certain ways he is a crude personality—rather short in his manner; and, oh, so painfully American! Not that I intend to be unpatriotic, what with the war and all; but you know what I mean—so unfinished, but of great value to the senator.

And Captain Tugwell was important for three reasons. First, because he was Lord Castlewing's cousin, which fact automatically carried certain social obligations; and secondly, because he was young, possessed, I believe, of a considerable competence in his own right, and, according to some tastes, very handsome. Personally I thought the latter supposition debatable. He was tall and slim and blond, and wore an absurd little mustache. I have never been able to raise a mustache myself; but as I do not consider hirsute ornamentation hygienic this is no loss. I am a small man, but I flatter myself that my clothes are in rather better taste than Captain Tugwell's. It seemed indeed strange that so taciturn a young man should be given to wearing such extremely loud tweeds.

I may here mention that he possessed one suit of clothing the checks of which were fully half an inch in diameter. This costume appeared to be a favorite of his, as he wore it upon every possible occasion when not in uniform. It was noticeable, to say the least; but, being who he was, Lord Castlewing's cousin—did I tell you?—of course it passed. I speak of it particularly, as it figured rather conspicuously in what followed; which you will observe.

The most important fact about Captain Tugwell was that he was unmarried. And, of course, every mother in our set had his marrying—and marrying right—very much at heart! This good office my dear patroness had taken upon herself; and, though of course such a subject was left unspoken of, I am morally certain she had decided that Miss Marjorie DeWynt would make him a suitable wife. And, as Mrs. DeWynt's decision on a matter is usually

the final word, we regarded Miss Marjorie as good as engaged to the captain, a view which that young lady seemed not averse to sharing.

Captain Tugwell himself seemed curiously obtuse on this delicate subject. Perhaps it was due to his nationality—or possibly to the fact that he had enormous orders to place for his government, and that the fact absorbed him largely. At any rate, he was marvelously impartial in the bestowal of his attentions and treated all the younger women in our set about alike; but this did not dampen their enthusiasm. It is indeed strange how mere beauty can attract the weaker sex, even when clad in outrageous Scotch tweeds; for there can be little doubt, particularly in view of his subsequent behavior, that Captain Tugwell was a man of by no means great intellectual caliber. Indeed, from the very first I considered that, though his social position was undoubtedly superior and his physical qualities more—more developed than my own, mine was and remains the superior mind!

However, to get back to this tale. Such, then, was the situation that was, as I may say, *au courant* when Miss Esmeralda Sprunt's letter came; a rather busy moment for us all, as you will perceive. The hour of her train's arrival was an additional complication. She was due at a quarter after seven, which, with the drive from the station, would not leave her above fifteen minutes in which to dress—for we dine at eight, and, on the night of her arrival, were having a dinner given in honor of Captain Tugwell.

The dinner was to be small—only twelve covers—and had been carefully planned for the very cream of the colony. So you see how extremely awkward her arrival at that particular moment was—making thirteen; upsetting the menu cards—I had secured some especially charming ones, of which there were, alas! only exactly a dozen procurable, which were all made out in my very best manner; and further necessitating a change in the scheme of table decoration by forcing me to abandon the red Venetian liqueur glasses in favor of plain engraved glass, which we use only for large affairs. I was really quite annoyed and had to plan the whole effect over again. The most distressing point, however, was the question of a dinner partner for her.

"We might have old Colonel Brice," I suggested on the busy morning when her answer—which I had not dared to show Mrs. DeWynt—arrived.

Mrs. DeWynt was personally superintending the midday meal of Taki and Whaki, her prize Pekingese dogs. Their maid was carefully cutting their chicken into small bits and feeding it to them a piece at a time, and dear Mrs. DeWynt was watching with the greatest interest. She is so kind to animals! But my suggestion did not meet with her approval.

"No, Allie!" she said with that instant, firm decision which has gained her the position she holds to-day. "No, Allie! Colonel Brice is a bore. The others wouldn't stand him. We'll have to have somebody no one will notice. I'm afraid you'll have to come to the table yourself!"

And so it came about that on the night of Miss Esmeralda Sprunt's entrance into the *grand monde* I was present to witness that amazing occurrence.

What a beautiful setting for the entertainment of the aristocracy of America Mrs. DeWynt's drawing-room made when we assembled there on the fatal evening! The great room glowed richly in the subdued lights; and beyond the, as I may say, serried rank of French windows the Atlantic boomed softly. It was a perfect night; and the lawn, discreetly lit with lanterns, rolled like a piece of hatter's plush to the edge of the water. Within, all was the essence of gayety. My dear patroness was superb in a Paquin gown that made her positively girlish in appearance, or would have done so if possible—if you know what I mean!

"Undoubtedly," I Assured Her. "That's Why We are All So Eagerly Doing Our Bit Here"

"Write Her, Allie—it's Some Wild Place Called Flower City, I Believe, Where My Poor Brother Raises—er—Horses"

The senator was there, too, and Mr. Willy, very imposing and less plebeian in evening clothes. There was Marjorie DeWynt, delightfully sophisticated, as always, taking her second cocktail with Captain Tugwell and laughing her well-known silvery laugh. There were the Ted Collinses; the Bobby Lennetts; Winnott St. Johns, who won the dancing tournament, you know; Miss Jack Bennett; and Mrs. Langdon, who was down here getting her new divorce. It was a gathering of which anyone might well have been proud to be a part.

The moment for the announcement drew near. Mrs. DeWynt was showing Jack Bennett and Winnott the fine points of Taki and Whaki, who, with their turquoise collars on, were at the feet of their mistress. But of the new guest—of Miss Esmeralda Sprunt—there was as yet no sign, though we knew her to be in the house. I could see that my dear patroness was displeased; but, with her usual marvelous graceful tact, she concealed the fact, except for a slight tapping of one slipper, and went on discussing the dogs.

All at once Taki gave a yelp, followed by a growl which Whaki echoed, and both doglets stood erect, bristling and glaring toward the door, while Mrs. DeWynt shrank back in alarm. Every eye followed those of the little animals. There, framed in the hangings of the doorway, stood a girl; and beside her was a creature I at first supposed was a dog. Esmeralda had arrived!

For a long second she held the center of, as I may say, the limelight; and I do verily believe that during that period she was the least perturbed person present. Let me say at once, her personal appearance was such that I give you my word I did not for several seconds even notice her outrageous costume. She was a tall girl, but so well-proportioned that this was not a disadvantage; and the very first thing one noticed was her hair. It was red, a peculiar coppery red, and lay about her face in smooth waves. It was one of those heads of hair which hairdressers often try to mimic with their art, yet seldom succeed. So far, so good. As to hair, she was as well groomed as any woman present.

Below this a pair of level eyes looked quietly at the company. There was something disconcerting about those eyes, even from that distance. When I came near her I discovered that this was not due to their color, which was indescribable, or really to the eyes themselves, but to a little brown mole which grew at the outer corner of her left eyebrow and gave a curious quirk to her expression, as if she were ever so slightly amused all the time. It was a fearfully contagious suggestion.

Her complexion was naturally white, but exposure to the weather had colored it a pale gold, which blended into the fine hairs on her forehead in a fascinating manner. Beautiful? Well, dear Mrs. DeWynt never thought so; but for once we were not altogether of the same mind. No one could deny that it was a striking face, at any rate.

But her gown! I shudder to remember it! Could such an atrocity indeed be fitly so described! For here, into the midst of a company of women who knew how and did accordingly, was introduced that which I can only feebly catalogue as an eccentric sports costume. It was immaculately neat and clean; but, aside from the fact that it curiously became her, that was the best which could be said for it.

The blouse, or upper portion, was of white silk, open at the throat, about which was loosely knotted a large, man's-size handkerchief of pale blue silk! The lower portion was a skirt of dark corduroy; and on her feet were the most impossible shoes!

It was as simple a costume as a servant might have worn; yet no one would ever have mistaken her for one. Beside her, close at heel, stood the object that had roused the ire of Taki and Whaki—poor little darlings! It looked like a large rough yellow dog—a rather pathetic dog, because of the coarse hair over its eyes; a very common beast, at any rate, but apparently as unconscious of anything being wrong with itself as was its mistress.

During the instant that followed her dramatic appearance the creature scented—I presume it was scented, a vulgar term though necessary at this point—Taki and Whaki, and started to investigate. At this, Mrs. DeWynt, who had been fairly frozen by the apparition, came to life and gave what, in a person of less breeding, would have been a squeal.

"Take that creature away this instant!" she screamed, batting at the animal with her large purple ostrich-feather fan. "Take it away!"

"Here, Jeff!" said a cool voice from the door. "Heel!" The thing went to her at once; and the smooth voice continued: "You need not be afraid. Jeff never hurts cats unless I sick him on them!"

Cats! Mrs. DeWynt's famous thousand-dollar Peeks had been taken for cats! There was another instant of horrified silence, on which the girl's clear voice broke in again.

"Which is Aunt Sally?" she asked simply, looking directly at Mrs. Langdon, who backed off a step or two almost into the arms of Mr. Willy, who, in turn, beat a quick retreat.

Then my dear patroness, whose given name, as a matter of fact, is Sarah, did the most heroic thing. In the face of disaster to her carefully planned dinner, in the midst of that awful silence, she made a supreme effort, gathered herself together, and advanced upon Miss Esmeralda with a dignified manner.

"I am Mrs. DeWynt," she said with remarkable composure. "I presume you are Esmeralda. And I must really ask you to remove that—that common animal!"

"Oh, but he's not a common animal!" said Esmeralda quickly. "He's quite rare, in fact. You see, he's half coyote and half dog. But if you don't want him of course I'll take him away. Excuse me a minute."

With which she gathered the great ugly creature up in her arms and disappeared. A faint buzz of conversation arose in her wake, but it was fearfully artificial. The only person who did not trouble to try to cover the painful situation was Captain Tugwell, who kept silently staring at the curtains, between which Esmeralda presently reappeared, a trifle breathless, but smiling a dazzling smile.

"It's all right!" she said. "I locked him in my room. He won't mind. He always sleeps with me! I'm so sorry about him, Aunt Sally, and that I'm late for supper. I'd have been down sooner, only I thought as there was company I'd better wait and wash up first."

It was awful! Marjorie gave her well-known silvery laugh, a little off key, or, as I may say, falsetto. Mrs. Langdon suddenly began talking to the senator about modern Spanish art in a rather hysterical manner. No one was quite at ease during that terrible moment except Mrs. Collins, who seemed rather to enjoy it. Odd woman, that Mrs. Ted; always seems a trifle amused. She never takes things quite so seriously as the rest of us.

And now I instantly felt that she had ranked herself with the newcomer. Somehow I also felt an inclination that way—something beyond my control urging me, despite my strong sense of loyalty; for, though Miss Esmeralda was overwhelmingly without the necessary social equipment, there was that about her which drew one irresistibly. But it was Mrs. Ted who really rescued the situation. She came forward with outstretched hand, and smiled.

"I consider that was very thoughtful," she said. "And really you're not late, after all. Here is dinner just going to be announced this minute."

Then mercifully Hoskins appeared in the doorway, and somehow or other we trailed toward dinner. Movement eased the strain we were all under; and, indeed, Mr. Collins and Mr. Willy, both of whom are usually a trifle heavy at dinners, seemed, for some mysterious reason, to take a new lease of life.

But when we reached the dining room fresh difficulties arose. To begin with, Hoskins, who is usually the pink of exactitude in such important matters, had misread my plan for the seating, and by the most unfortunate error Mr. Willy was placed on the other side of Miss Esmeralda. This brought Captain Tugwell directly opposite, though still beside Marjorie. Thank heaven! Dear Mrs. DeWynt can never blame me for having blundered there!

At first things went really better than might have been expected. Miss Esmeralda, though not in the least abashed by her surroundings, was frankly absorbed with interest in them. There was no question but that the entourage was an entirely unfamiliar one, and her curious, indefinable eyes moved deliberately from object to object. Hoskins and the second man, Brent, seemed particularly to fascinate her, and during the hors d'œuvre I do believe she followed their every movement.

Because of the war we were serving very simple meals. And on this occasion we had a strictly four-course dinner—not counting the caviar—just a clear soup, suprême of chicken, alligator-pear salad, and one of our chef's own marvelous ices—the senator always will have a sweet, though they are so fattening for dear Mrs. DeWynt.

But this simple menu made no appeal to Miss Sprunt. It is to be presumed that at home they have buffalo ragout, or something of the sort. At any rate, she ate almost nothing; neither did she talk. But the light played on her red hair in a singularly attractive fashion when she moved her head in that deliberate way she had, and somehow one almost forgot the incongruity of that awful white shirt waist. Her silence was not that of discomfiture: indeed it made our chatter seem rather noisy. I have several times read that these Western aborigines are given to silence, owing to the larger spaces in which they live, and where, I suppose, there is no one to talk to; hence the habit.

I sat between Mrs. Ted and Miss Esmeralda, and several times Mrs. Ted leaned across me to speak to the girl, who replied quietly and briefly. Had she enjoyed her journey? Yes, thank you; though the train was rather cramping. It was her first trip East, of course? Yes. Mrs. Ted loved Florida, and supposed California was like it. Miss Sprunt did not know, but rather supposed in the negative.

I volunteered a few exact figures as to climate, and so on, in the two places; and then silence fell upon us three. The rest had been talking of bridge and golf, and who among their acquaintances had commissions, and the smart look of English uniforms, the stock market, and Betty Treusdale's divorce—the usual sort of chatter. And then Captain Tugwell said something across the table to Mr. Willy.

"I say, Willy," said he, "are you getting the horses you need?"

"I seem to be having trouble getting what I want for artillery," replied Mr. Willy.

Instantly I could feel Miss Esmeralda become, as I may say, alert.

It was a curious thing the way she unconsciously conveyed the fact of her interest without either moving or speaking. It was as though an electric current had suddenly become active in her.

"I expect you won't get them easily," said Tugwell. "We didn't, at home!"

"But," protested Willy, deeply engrossed in his salad, "I positively must have them, you know. The Government can't be put off indefinitely."

"Well, I expect they will have to wait," replied Captain Tugwell, "unless you have exceptional people buying for you. That's what you need—straight people to do the actual buying. Then you may get the animals."

"I haven't got enough of the sort of people I'd like," Mr. Willy admitted; "but I am determined that my horses shall come up to government specifications."

"Have you got all six of them yet?" asked Esmeralda suddenly.

"Eh?" said Mr. Willy, leaving the salad long enough to give her a sharp stare.

"All six!" repeated Captain Tugwell. "What on earth do you mean?"

"That there are not over six horses in the United States which come up to those requirements," said Esmeralda. "I know where there are three of them."

"Where?" demanded Mr. Willy. "Between ourselves I haven't found one yet!"

"There's a man named Saul Collett, in Blackfoot, Idaho," said Esmeralda. "He owns one of them."

"Is that a fact," said Mr. Willy, "or are you joking?"

"I'm not joking," replied Miss Sprunt—"except it's rather a joke to get the Government any horses as good as they want. But the D. Up and Down Ranch, near Flower City, has one." *(Continued on Page 78)*

There Was a Most Unpleasant Sound of Pummeling—Roars of Pain: More Crashes. Then a Waiter Rushed or, Rather, Skidded in Through the Swinging Door

TINGE

By EVERETT RHODES CASTLE

ILLUSTRATED BY LEJAREN À HILLER

TINGE—a noun, common, found only in the dictionary of the Mammoth Department Store, meaning a bonus, an added something, not always to be defined.

THE wash-goods section of the Mammoth Department Store faced the linen department across Mr. Tripper's aisle, which is the third. Aside from its interest as a titbit of direction this is not without what members of our Tuesday Drama and Novel Club call the element of appeal to the finer, the ethereal consciousness. The linen and wash-goods sections, however, lacking the leisure on Tuesdays at three, had to content themselves by calling it what Mrs. Upson D. Smalley, our popular lady president, would have designated as "one of the tradespeople's delightfully crude localisms." To wit: Ella Beeley of the colored voiles was some queen, and Herman Hershberger in the linens and Mr. Tripper in the aisle were flutteringly aware of it. Or if you prefer the succinct phraseology of Miss Eloise Murphy, duenna-general of the affair: "Ella has their goats."

And Miss Murphy from her vantage point of best girl friend to the aforementioned Ella was generally considered by both sides of the aisle to know whereof she spoke.

The two shared lockers, pickles, jewelry, powder and gentleman friends. The last, however, according to Miss Hattie Peebles of the semisilks was not on a fifty-fifty basis.

"Every time some fella' wants to fix up a date with Ella," she continued, "he hasta bring a friend along for Eloise or the party is off."

Her listener observed that surely that was kinda thoughtful of Ella, because after all Eloise wasn't no Dolly Varden.

Miss Peebles, thoughtfully arranging a large, highly ornamented bracelet under her Georgette cuff—to escape the eagle eye of the censor—admitted that this was possible; and then added casually—too casually: "Maybe she does it to show the contrast. Poor Eloise with her turned-up nose an' freckles makes Ella's pale-blond type stick out like a million dollars."

With the last sentence Miss Peebles applied a gracefully crooked, moistened forefinger to her right eyebrow, indicating thereby that if the comparison was applied to others it ——

Her listener dropped Ella.

"Anyway," she concluded, "even if she has freckles an' a turned-up nose, Eloise is one peach of a girl."

Miss Peebles, whose nose was straight and whose skin was as white as mixed lunches and copious applications of powder could make it, was not disposed to dispute this, and said so. "But ain't it funny," she concluded, "how the real nice, likable girls are all so plain an' everything?"

The other said it was.

Averaged up, the views of the aisle agreed with both Miss Peebles and her friend. Many like Hattie, whose beauty was of the nearly variety, said that it was a crime the way Eloise let herself be dragged round; but they were probably jealous. Others, including the men in the linens, thought it was very thoughtful of Ella to take the plain little Eloise under her sunlit wing—positively noble. Among these were Mr. Herman Hershberger and Mr. Clayton Tripper. Priority is given to Herman because he thought so first, though in justice to Mr. Tripper it is only fair to state that he thought so immediately upon his arrival some two months later.

Ella had entered the third week of the Beeley Dynasty in the third aisle when Grundle, the pussy-footed employment superintendent, brought Herman down and turned him over to Bleakins, the linen buyer. Five minutes later Ella, looking across the aisle over a billowy mountain of new spring voiles, thirty-six inches wide, at one-third off, encountered the steady brown gaze of the new man, busy on the new-man chore of straightening up the littered counter. They were very pleasant eyes, Miss Beeley decided, and their owner was a perfect gentleman—the latter deduced from the blush that mounted, like one of the new primrose voiles, when he saw that she had noticed. Others, before—many of them—had stared equally long, but on being discovered had nodded and smiled in a way that Miss Beeley had come to know as preliminary to "Haven't I met you somewhere before, girlie?"

Several times during that first morning the limpid blue lakes through which Miss Beeley gazed upon a hurrying commercial world accidentally caught the bashful brown ones in the linens. Always the brown ones dropped first, always that primrose-voile blush.

"Oh, You'll be Killed!" She Was Sobbing

"Honest, dearie," confided Ella during a momentary lull shortly before lunch, "I don't know what it is, but there is somethin' about him; I don't know what it is—but it's so out of the ordinary."

"Maybe," said Eloise in the languid tones of one long used to periodic men who were out of the ordinary—"maybe it's the way he has his hair cut—all banged out on the side as if it was just after being spanked."

Ella flashed her left upper gold molar in appreciation of her friend's wit. "Honest, Eloise, you're a card!" she complimented; "but that is just the way a lot of people, like artists an' musicians, wear theirs." Rather defiantly: "I think it's becoming to him."

Then, as if her corn-colored head was giving the matter the grave consideration it merited: "I—I think it must be his personality."

Her freckled friend rolled her eyes in mock adoration.

"Amen!" she murmured.

The following day, when Mr. Jimmy Gerling of the linens, a devoted vassal, suggested to Ella as they met at the clanking time clock before lunch that she accompany him to see Claude Merode in his latest release, Miss Beeley accepted with an alacrity that charmed the lanky Jimmy.

"But who'll we get for Eloise?" she added as one not particularly interested beyond obtaining an escort for her friend. The lanky one after a slight hesitation, designed to allow Miss Beeley to decide that she would rather go alone, suggested Charlie Potter.

A shake of the corn-colored head. "Too smart!"

"Blake?"

Another negation of the corn.

"Harry?"

"No-o-o; it's too bad, but Eloise doesn't like Harry; nice fella too."

The lanky one gave his rose-colored scarf an added puff and suggested the new guy. "He ain't got much to say," he continued, as if some recommendation was necessary.

Miss Beeley suddenly discovered just how late she was for lunch. "Oh dear! Fifteen minutes gone from my hour!" Then, over her fleeing shoulder: "All right; get him."

That evening, cuddled into the semi-gloom, watching the daring Claude dash through the first three reels as Steve Caraway, the humorous young Eastern tenderfoot who had at the very outset saved the beautiful young schoolma'am from the drunken attentions of Black José; and the next two as Stephen Caraway, the famous young New York detective, hurrying to arrest the dangerous gang of cattle thieves, kill Black José in a thrilling hand-to-hand encounter at the edge of Black Hill Cañon, and marry the pretty palpitating blonde by 9:45, in time for the second show, Miss Beeley, seated between the two young men, was pleased to be gracious to the stranger. While the lanky Jimmy, reflecting on the fickleness of all women, was openly sneering at the heroism of the dashing Steve she was whispering to the taut figure at the right concerning the mechanics of moviedom.

"Ain't it funny the way—maybe you can tell me why, Mr. Hershberger, why most of the heroines are always blondes?"

A convulsive gulp. Mr. Hershberger didn't know.

"Really?"

Another nervous twitching of the throat, a stiffening of the large shoulders, a do-or-die cough. Then: "Maybe—maybe it's because all blondes are—are ——"

"What, Mr. Hershberger?"

"—— are—are ——"

"Please"—very softly and very pleadingly.

"—— very nice." A mighty effort, succeeded by another series of muscular twitchings.

Miss Beeley turned to the lowering skeptic on her left, with the inward opinion that Mr. Hershberger was certainly a different young man.

On the way home, trailing the trim blue-serge figure of Miss Beeley, who had headed unconsciously toward Ye Olde Sweete Shop, Miss Eloise Murphy started in to get acquainted with this strange young man who had such a different personality.

"Nice evening, ain't it, Mr. Hershberger?"

"A—a-heh."

"I like those movies with lotsa pep, don't you?"

"A—a-heh."

A block farther: "Ain't the Mammoth a nice place to work? Don't you like it, Mr. Hershberger?"

"A—a-heh."

Two blocks farther, under the cold purple glare of an intersection arc light: "Ain't it funny the way light-colored hair affects some people?"—with a tiny giggle. The light revealed the primrose blush, magnified, intensified.

"A—a-heh," said Mr. Hershberger.

After the last sticky pleasures of Lover's Delight at Ye Olde Sweete Shop, while the lanky one and Mr. Hershberger were both trying to pay the check, Miss Beeley whispered: "Ain't he nice? So different! He's—he's——"

"He's a boob!" said Eloise briefly.

II

TO CHRONICLE the events of the two months that followed would merely be to repeat the story of other months—and other Beeley triumphs. A synopsis, as furnished by Miss Hattie Peebles to the girls in the semisilks and purporting to come direct from Miss Murphy, is sufficient.

"This diamond in the rough" confided the acid tongue of Miss Peebles, "takes a week to ask her to go to the movies, a week to ask her again, two weeks to ask to come round an' sit in the parlor, three weeks to call her by her first name—an' for the last three weeks he's been tryin' to get up enough courage to ask her to the M. M. B. A. dance." With a rising inflection: "Oh, you Douglas Fairbanks Hershberger!"

The aisle giggled its appreciation.

Refreshed by the applause Miss Peebles languidly unrolled a bolt of vivid sports stripes and continued: "He's the original single-track boob. All he knows is 'unbleached damask, one seventy-nine a yard,' an' the golden-haired one across the aisle."

"What does she see in the boy?"—this from a world-weary bundle girl of sixteen.

Hattie rebuked the fresh young thing with a frozen fifteen-second stare—but the question was pertinent.

"It's funny," she explained to the others; "Ella has always been used to them falling as soon as she raises her

little baby-blue eyes, an' saying 'O-o-oh, glad to meet you!' Now this Herman person is just so naturally tongue-tied an' everything when he's with her that all he can say is 'A—a-heh,' an', 'Let's go in here!'—after he's been led up to the door!"—this last with just a tiny touch of the Peebles acid. "He's so much of a fish an' everything that he has her kind of guessing."

"Oh boy! Ain't it a scream!"

"Number Five above an' Number Eleven below."

Miss Peebles arranged a fresh bolt of peachblow semi-silk beside the sports stripes on the counter and nodded acquiescence.

"Wait till Ella gets wise to the fact that her Herman ain't got any different kind of personality but has only got stage fright—why, good night!"

The bundle girl wanted to know what would happen then.

"Blooie, child," said Miss Peebles; "blooie!"

The child forgot how old and world-weary she was.

"I don't care!" she shrilled as loud as caution permitted, which was but a grown-up whisper. "I don't care," she repeated; "at heart I'll bet you he is a perfectly nice fella!"

At this human viewpoint from the aisle cynic Miss Peebles unbent.

"When you wear your hair all spanked up on the side, child," she explained with an apparent kindness that was gall to her listener, "an' you think the waltz is the latest an' prettiest dance, an' ninety per cent of your conversation is 'A—a-heh' and the rest of it as interesting as the third installment of a cigar coupon—why, you just naturally deserve whatever happens to you—an' everything."

"Let's Go Steady Together," He Whispered Hoarsely

And it was even so. The day following the night that Miss Ella Beeley had promised her company to Mr. Herman Hershberger at the Mammoth Mutual Benefit Association's Fall Festival and Dance at Robertson's Select Dancing Academy, Mr. Clayton Tripper walked down the third aisle for the first time and encountered the twin blue lakes resting, like an Alpine landscape, just above a snowy mountain of new voiles. There was just the tiniest of ripples on the left-hand Alpine lake—just the tiniest; then Mr. Tripper passed on.

Some time later Eloise sold six yards of the primrose on a charge. The significance of this lies in the fact that a charge demands an O. K. by a floorman.

"Let me do it for you, hon!" begged Miss Beeley. "I ain't got a thing to do, an' you got that ton of purple flesh—yet."

Silently the freckled one handed over the book. A moment later, sheltered behind a pile of fresh merchandise, she looked across the aisle to the linens. "Good-by, Mister Different Personality!" she whispered gravely.

Now Mr. Clayton Tripper was a popular-price man—which is to say that he tried as hard as possible to look like a tired young business man and not at all like his brethren of the frock coat and light-blue ascot who cared for the wants of the carriage trade in the more exclusive and higher-priced stores farther out the avenue. This was in line with the Mammoth policy, which catered only to the dollar and not to the way it came. Mr. Tripper was young and had sharp eyes. Also he spoke, in the most musical of voices, of merchandising and other subjects that the aisle regarded as highbrow. It was highbrow; but then, Mr. Tripper was highbrow. He admitted it the very first time he met the corn-headed one and Eloise hurrying down the clerk-filled corridor to the street. The spirit of democracy reigned rampant in Mr. Tripper's breast. Down the broad aisle of Capitol Avenue, thronged with tired business men, near-tired business men and their tired help, Mr. Tripper strode between them. Where the Pine Avenue car line bumped its way into the effulgence of Capitol Avenue Mr. Tripper held out a slim chamois-clad hand and said that it looked like a lonesome evening for him.

Eloise said politely, but quickly, that was too bad, but Miss Beeley hesitated.

"I gotta date," she said with the smile that her companion had come to know contained all the possibilities of a mule's rear hoof, "but maybe we could get up a little party with Eloise here, an' ——"

Then, as Mr. Tripper appeared to hesitate: "We would all be together."

Mr. Tripper said that his star was sure in the ascendancy, "whatever that is," he concluded with a smile, just to show that he wasn't going to be a bit uppish.

"But," began Eloise, "how about Her ——"

"Usually we take one of the other boys over at the house," broke in the soft tones of Miss Beeley, "but I can fix that up—that is of course if you —— "

Mr. Tripper said that she wasn't to say another word—not so far as he was concerned—along that line anyway. No, sir-ree! And so it was settled.

That evening Mr. Tripper wore a burnt-orange four-in-hand and carried a cane. Mr. Hershberger wore a high collar and an air of vague though friendly suspicion. Mr. Hershberger carried the gentle shine of vici kids built over a comfortable wide-toe last. Mr. Tripper's were fawn-topped, and he munched a highly flavored breathlet. The mobilization was entirely too subtle for the angular Herman, who found himself trailing the burnt-orange cravat, cane, fawn tops and sweet odor of crunched violets down Pine Avenue with the freckled Eloise.

"I'm sorry," said Eloise simply as three tiny thrilled giggles floated back from the confidential pair ahead.

The hick stared for the space of three gulps and two twitches at the two. "A—a-heh," he said vaguely.

"After all, when you come right down to it—orange ties don't make a man."

"No," said the hick, "but that don't help me any."

"It's too bad," the turned-up nose continued, with the air of one apart, "that you haven't got a little more class."

"A a ——"

"But," his comforter continued, "it's pretty hard to change Nature, ain't it, Mr. Hershberger?"

Just a gulp.

"They all get over it"—philosophically.

A choke.

Looking up at him, over the gray pepper-and-salt shoulder, over the mountain of white collar, her sharp eyes saw a tiny globe glisten and fall. Thirty feet ahead the svelte figure of Mr. Tripper was deeply engaged—head down. It was hard for the freckled one to believe.

"My Gawd!" she whispered softly, softly as all women whisper when a man cries. "Are you cryin'?"

The heaving shoulders shook their denial. The freckled one pondered over this for a moment.

"How—how old are you?"—softly.

With the dignity of fifty the hick said that he was past nineteen.

A jutting sign cut off the glare from the street light above. With the tenderness and motherliness of all the ages in her hands and manner—all the superiority of female seventeen—she took the large red hand beside her.

"You poor fish!" she murmured softly; "you poor boob!"

III

THE Mammoth Mutual Benefit Association's opening autumn ball was an event that overshadowed every other social gathering of the year. Into it was crammed the maximum of pleasure that could possibly be obtained for seventy-five cents a couple, extra lady thirty-five cents, checking gratis. It included a superb collation and a five-piece orchestra. It was the one night in the year that included palms and a general turning out of silk shirts. It was a party of simon-pure class, as Miss Hattie Peebles put it. It was this last feature that bothered the little golden head of Miss Ella Beeley. Mr. Tripper on the very first night they had been out together had casually mentioned—without a trace of superiority or uppishness—that he usually wore his Tuxedo out to little gatherings in the evening. And down in her heart Miss Beeley knew that the hick would wear a light-blue satin tie and want to sit out two-thirds of the dances. For two weeks before the big night Mr. Tripper, with his sharply creased arm gently linked through hers, had urged the necessity of calling the hick up from the rear, where he lurked sullenly under the soft eye and sharp tongue of Miss Murphy, and explaining to him, as gently as possible, that as Eloise had not been asked and as Mr. Hershberger didn't care to dance much, Ella, as the freckled one's best friend, felt that all previous arrangements should be laid aside; and further that, as Eloise didn't care to dance much either, Miss Beeley was ready to sacrifice the pleasure of Mr. Hershberger's company that her little plain friend might be happy; that it would hurt, of course, but just to see the little freckled face of her best girl friend, with its tiny turned-up nose, alight with the happiness of being among the lights and gayety instead of home in her dark little room—to see this Miss Beeley was ready to make the sacrifice. It was this reason, and this reason alone, Miss Beeley informed the attentive Mr. Tripper, that would allow her to think of consenting to break a date with as nice a young fella as Mr. Hershberger.

To this Mr. Tripper replied in the smoothest and silkiest of tones that her nature matched her beauty—and let his eyes say just how much that meant.

But, because after all the corn-colored one had a kind if unreliable heart, and because the hick had a way of looking down with eyes as soft and confiding as a three-months-old Newfoundland, the altar of self-sacrifice was not prepared for the final rites until the night before the dance. Then Mr. Tripper with a final comforting pat slipped back and said that he had something very private and confidential to confide to the tiny-shell ears of Miss Murphy. The hick found Miss Beeley alone, sheltered by such moonlight as ordinarily filtered through the last grimy leaves from the poplars that lined that section of Terminal Square.

With eyes downcast she told him. She dwelt—at length—on the freckles and the turned-up nose. She drew a not unskillful picture of the little girl alone at home. She spoke of her friend's liking for dances that are not danced but are spent watching others dance. From this point she proceeded to Mr. Hershberger's preference for the same kind of dances.

Then she spoke of the hick's big-heartedness and generosity as revealed by the last four months. She spoke of his comradeship and the evenings he had spent in apparent enjoyment with the said Miss Murphy.

Lastly—she told him what was going to happen.

The hick took it with characteristic calm, but his eyes held all the tragedy of a trusting friendly puppy that has been suddenly kicked—from behind.

"A—a-heh," he said as usual, but his voice was thick.

"Oh, Herman," Miss Beeley Whispered Joyously, "You Don't Know How Glad I am to See You"

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STARS AND WAGONS

By HOLMAN DAY

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

BIG JIM MACGILL—"Ten for one if the ball knocks down the pin on the back swing"—had had a summer on the Squashvine Fair Circuit only slightly more profitable than the bar privilege at a kindergarten picnic. He did feel justified in tacking some last and rather desperate hopes on the Carmel County Fair, for the Carmel Fair itself dallies with the god of chance. The managers go heads or tails on the weather of the late autumn; they have annually to be able to bite three pleasant days out of the lushest part of the heart of Indian Summer. It's a gamble between snowflakes and sunshine, skates and sunstrokes. When the managers do hit it right, and the drivers can race with sulkies instead of pungs, Carmel draws big crowds. Sports too! The patrons seem to be influenced by that spirit of hazard which prompts the management, and folks come in a mood ready for anything. Five cities within easy motoring distance; almost as much bulk of liquid in bottles as in gasoline tanks!

The managers had hit it right!

Opening day mellow, so ripe that it fairly dripped!

An elbow-to-elbow attendance, automobiles rubbing hubs!

As to money—anybody with a nose could fairly smell money in that crowd; it seemed as if a keen eye could even detect the golden glow of yellowbacks through the loose weave of the last suits of summer.

But as far as Big Jim Macgill was concerned, business had about as much kick as a midwinter icicle auction in Upernivik. Nobody showed special interest in his device and did not appear to be impressed by his statement that its objects were innocent and amusing, social and benevolent.

To be sure, there was one patron who averred that he would play the game all day, but this willing gentleman was attended by a chummy party of roistering blades who would not allow Big Jim to throw the ball support out of gear by secret pressure of his foot. That kind of interference with a man's own game will discourage the most gracious philanthropist who ever gave the deserving poor a whack at fortune in a Midway enterprise. Mr. Macgill did not refuse to keep on playing, nor did he comment on the apparent sophistication of the roistering blades. He put the little wooden cone in his pocket and stated that he must knock off for dinner; in spirit of wounded pride he left the stand and the swinging ball as mute guaranty to the scoffing blades that he had not shut up shop. But the hopes that he had been draping about the Carmel Fair were cast onto the rubbish heap of the other wilted hopes of his summer on the circuit. There was a schoolhouse visible beyond the fence of the race track's back stretch. He felt like shaking his fist at the bland façade; the world was getting to know altogether too much!

Though Mr. Macgill had no especial interest in matters avian except fond regard for a chicken, baked, legs up, on a platter, he went across the Midway and stared at Madame Ellacoya's Educated Birds. His apparent devotion to the study of macaws, parrots, canaries and parrakeets enabled him to save his face and turn his back on his jeering detractors.

"You like to have you gr-r-reat weesh satisfy?" inquired the madame, dulcetly importuning.

The jocund detractors were mentioning a few matters while departing.

Mr. Macgill's voice was not dulcet: "Yes! But you don't carry the right line, marm. I need a couple of ring-tailed, man-eating tigers."

His rasping tone seemed to stir emulation in one of the tenants of the aviary. A solemn gray bird turned up glistening eye and squalled what, according to Mr. Macgill's understanding of the English language, was a profane admonition in three words.

"What kind of a bird is that, marm?"

"Him? He's a Quaker parrakeet."

"His language don't seem to agree with his religion."

"Oh, his name; it come from the color."

"He ought to be red. Didn't you hear where he told me to go?"

"But he do not talk! He have no words!"

Mr. Macgill did not dispute a lady's asseveration, but he did not look convinced. It occurred to him in his despondency that his own thoughts might be translating mere sounds into definite insult; however, the world had seemed to be saying as much as that to him for a long time. The bird's one visible beady eye held his attention.

"Ver' intelligent, he know so moch!" was his mistress' indorsement.

As a Midnight Climax the Door of the County Bastile Came Crashing In

The parrakeet raised a warty claw like a hand as far as it went—and laid it beside his beak.

"And look at that! If that Quaker whatever-you-call-it didn't tell me to go to—I beg your pardon, marm—and then thumb his nose at me, there's something almighty cavasecacious the trouble with my hearing and eyesight!"

"But he do not talk! Just now he scratch!"

Mr. Macgill scratched, too, tipping his hat to one side and clawing stubby fingers above his ear. "When the job I'm on gets me into a state of mind where I'll back down before men and then bristle up and want to lick a bird it's time to read the want ads and see what they're hankering for in the way of male help," he remarked.

The madame surveyed the expanse of his variegated vest. "You are of the profession, eh? Yes! You play the game." Mr. Macgill shook his head. "But I have seen you," she persisted, not divining the irony of that head wag. "So, you shall have your good fortune free! It shall not seem to you that Ono is that naughty bird. He shall do the polite! So!" She pulled open a little door and the parrakeet waddled across to a case of small envelopes, selected one and came and pushed it through the bars into the hand which Mr. Macgill extended at the madame's urgent entreaty. On the card within he read: "Hitch your wagon to a star." She arched her brows and read with him.

"So shall you succeed, m'sieu'!"

"That don't mean nothing," declared Big Jim; he gazed at the parrakeet with the air of a man resenting an attempt to make game of him.

He threw the card on the ground, but Madame Ellacoya picked it up and slid it into a lower pocket of the variegated vest. "Something will happen. It will mean moch. Then you shall obey. So! You shall see!"

"See what—stars?" asked Mr. Macgill sarcastically. He walked off. His size was accentuated when he stopped beside "Doctor" Alja Hacker, "Celebrated Blood Expert." A couple of knitting needles and the meat of a periwinkle would have sufficed amply for frame and flesh of a reproduction of Mr. Hacker; one guessed that he must have experimented on the blood of other men in order to find out anything on the subject; he did not seem to have any of his own.

Hacker was entirely unhampered in his converse with his friend; there was nobody in the vicinity; the multitude was holding aloof. "Mac, there doesn't seem to be another sick Silas left in the world."

"If you can find somebody as sick as I am right now, and he'll pay according to feelings, I'll be able to borrow money from you," said Big Jim.

"We're living in another kind of a world! It's all changed! The old games won't work and nobody is inventing any new games—showing that there's no demand. What used to be your line, Mac?"

"Tonsorialist. My hand got too heavy and I took up prize fighting. But nothing in it! Thought I might as well fake honestly." He jerked a thumb gesture toward the swinging ball.

"I used to make a living curing stuttering in ten lessons, but I can't find any more stutterers! Godfrey mighty, boy, the world has gone to moving so fast that folks haven't got time to stutter!"

"Give 'Em the Braid, Boy!" Macgill Yelled. "If They Catch Us This Side of the Stateaia Town Line They'll Do It in an Airplane"

A tall man whose face was bedded in a mattress of whiskers came marching briskly toward them.

"My gad, here's the only hay tedder I have seen on these grounds to-day," murmured the doctor. He picked up his instrument, a glass tube which connected two small glass globes.

The eloquence which Doctor Hacker usually lavished to win patients was not needed in this case; the man promptly seized in one hand the globe containing a red fluid, and the fluid, impelled by the warming and expanding air, was slowly forced through the glass tube into the other globe. The man seemed to be in a hurry and he checked the doctor's flow of speech.

"You claim to diagnose ailments, do you?"

"My blood tester, sir, is the sole and only ——"

"I don't need stump speeches. You diagnose, do you?"

"I do," snapped Mr. Hacker.

"What's the matter with me?"

"Lunar blastitis and metacarpial pronobis."

"What's your fee?"

"Fifty cents."

"Here's your money."

Mr. Macgill reached into his pocket for his little wooden cone and began to back away, meaning to get across to his own concession and hail this ready-money personage.

"You are paying the fair management for the privilege of being here, aren't you?" inquired the patient.

"Of course I am."

"Very well! Good day!"

Big Jim was just about to set the pin under the ball, clearing his throat for action, when a cautious voice gave him a few words of good advice about canning his act. Jesse Hanlon, known of old on the circuit as Gazara Jess, was sauntering past, giving a fine impersonation of an utter stranger.

"Huh! So that's it!" mused Big Jim. "I ought to know it's too good to be true; he might have been the real thing in the jasper days, but he's extink in these times, like the dodo." He put the pin back into his pocket.

"Ah, what have we here?" inquired the tall man, wheeling from the straight ahead in order to confront Mr. Macgill. "A game of chance?"

"Nothing of the sort."

"What is it, then? What is that ball for?"

"I have been sent here to find how much out of plumb the middle of the earth is."

"Ah! A humorist?" suggested the tall man indulgently.

"Yes," admitted Mr. Macgill with sour grimace. "It's a funny world."

The inquisitive gentleman passed on with a businesslike gait.

Mr. Hanlon returned. "I don't want to see an old friend get into trouble when I'm out of it forever myself. He's such a grand man that I don't want my affections for him tarnished by the feeling that once he put something over on a friend of mine. You don't have any idea who he is, do you, Jim?" he asked in tones which reverence hushed.

"Yes! He's the man who lost an election bet on Andrew Jackson; those whiskers must date back that far."

"Oh, they're only false ones; I fixed 'em up for him myself. I love to do things to help him. Listen, Jim! He's the president!" Mr. Macgill's stare of stupefaction hastened Hanlon to further explanation. "I see that it doesn't mean so much to you as to me. The president of the state university! I'm his right-hand man in things like this. Out of the game forever, boy! Met him a year ago, and farewell, frisk work! He's a reformer and I'm helping him. Grand work! Grand man!"

"I get you! You've got down low enough to be a spotter, huh?"

"Don't make me sorry that I remembered old friendship. I don't want to see the dragnet get you. But we're going to make our big sweep here. The cases in court will show that this fair went partners with fakes and frauds. Affidavits will show that most all the other fairs in the state had the same bunch of grafters in the concessions. By holding off arrests till this last fair we have toled 'em all in. It was my idea."

Mr. Macgill was mute, feeling the danger of censure and avoiding the enormity of praise.

"It has worked fine," declared Reformer Hanlon. "We haven't scared the fairs or put a crimp in the stock of fakes. Now for a clean-up, then testimony before the State Board of Agriculture, and all the fairs harboring or condoning immoral shows and graft will lose the state stipend allowed to the good boys! Law says that all forfeited stipends shall be turned over to the state-university fund. As I figure it the fairs will lose round fifty thousand dollars this year. I work on a commission. My friend, the president, fixes me out of the fund. It's a happy life—reforming."

"What's your commission?"

"Not saying."

"Well, it won't have to be much to beat a circuit clean-up these days."

"Jim, you might as well quit and be good from now on! Bunco and booze and boodle and brace—they've all got to go! Reform is sweeping the world! Go the way the big crowd is heading! Look at me! I picked out a grand man so that I could look up to him, take pattern by him, be lifted up by him! It works great!"

Mr. Macgill looked hard at Mr. Hanlon as if expecting that worthy to give some clew to his real feelings by wink or smirk or grin; but Mr. Hanlon remained grave, though there was just a flicker of evasiveness in the way he returned Mr. Macgill's stare.

Mellowed by distance the music of the band in the grand stand came to their ears.

"I had a good mother," stated Mr. Hanlon, exhibiting a sudden sentimental streak. "She used to read out of the Bible to me. Within the past year I have come to realize what good advice that is in the Bible about hitching your wagon to a star."

Big Jim fumbled in his vest pocket. "That's funny!" he commented. "The advice has been delayed in getting to me." He handed the card to Hanlon. "Got it from the Dago dame's fortune-telling bird."

"It's a straight tip," declared Reformer Hanlon. "Didn't you always play your hunches in the old days? There are queer things in this world, Jim. Here's your hunch!" He spoke with the enthusiasm of a gambler's superstition; the other gambler took back the pasteboard oracle and puckered his forehead with the air of a puzzled man who is willing to treat an occult matter with moderate respect. But there did not appear to be any spark when Mr. Hanlon cranked Mr. Macgill's ambition. Big Jim was moody and picked his teeth with a corner of the card. The reformer

was distinctly annoyed. "Say, for a bright man you are devilish slow in grabbing a tip!"

"Biblical advice coming from a mother seems a blame sight different from the same advice handed out by a parrot."

"'Hitch your wagon to a star,' I tell you."

"My hitching myself onto a star may please the star about as much as a tin can tickles a dog."

"The old game is a dead one, Jim. I can see that you're finding it out for yourself. You don't locate your star by looking down on the ground. You go out into the world and ——"

But Mr. Macgill did look down the Midway and he started to go out into the world right then; he spied a squad of men who wore glittering badges. He threw away the wooden cone and left the rest of the outfit behind him. Down at the railroad station the first of the departing excursion trains was receiving passengers and he went aboard and in despondent humility decided to let Fate play with him a little, acknowledging in the back of his head that he was paying more attention to that communication via a profane parrakeet than a sensible man would naturally pay. But Reformer Hanlon looked to be prosperous!

After a time it was borne on his attention that a man in the seat ahead of him was trying to sell the lease of a barber shop to a man who did not seem to be specially interested.

Nor was Mr. Macgill interested either, at first, though the shop was described as a good location with twenty regular mugs and a profitable one-chair transient trade. Goodwill, chair and kit for seventy-five dollars to close a quick bargain, truly an amazingly low price! Buyer to assume lease.

The proprietor's profile showed a waxed mustache, a mop of foretop and a self-satisfied expression. Mr. Macgill was quite prepared to hear him express a flattering opinion of himself. That statement came and also explained the preposterously low price. "The dame, as I have told you, fell so hard for me that it's breach of promise for mine if I hang round that town any longer. I ain't the marrying kind, but she won't listen to no arguments. I showed 'em the only real city style Starvale had seen for some time, and so she fell for me. Seventy-five is all I ask because I've got to ——"

Big Jim tapped a thick finger on the man's shoulder; the tapping resembled mallet blows and drew prompt attention.

"What say the name of the town is?"

"Starvale—up the line a little ways."

"Going to buy?" This to the other man.

"No."

"Then I will."

"I'll tell you all about ——"

"Needn't mind! I've been listening." Mr. Macgill was allowing his hunch to lead him in good earnest; in this new game he was buying chips on the mere name of a town because it was Starvale.

Other details were settled in a few words. Mr. Macgill would alight at Starvale and receive a bill of sale after paying his money. Then the seller would pass on.

"Thank heaven, it will be dark and she can't see me," he said.

II

AND 'twas dark in Starvale! It was a sprawling village with lofty elms making tunnels of the streets, and it was composed of many big houses keeping their distance from each other.

In front of one big house which was perched on a hill there was a small building down close to the street's edge; there was a light in the building and this illumination silhouetted "Law Office" on each of the windows.

"The squire seems to be in—but I suppose you'll have to have a look at the shop."

"Do I have your word that there really is a shop?"

"Of course there's a shop."

"Then let her go at that!" said this precipitate customer. "Hand me the key before you leave."

"I'm willing to show you the place—but you're the doctor!

"Hitch Your Wagon to a Star," She Read. "So Shall You Succeed, M'sieu'!"

At any rate, we're sure of catching the squire before supper—and there's a down train for me in an hour. That there dame ——"

"Bottle the goo stuff! Get to the law peddler."

"I can be just as stingy of time and talk as you can. Come in!" While the squire sat and wrote Big Jim stared at him with increasing fascination. He was a little old man, a wiry homunculus who sat as upright as a cob in his big chair. His plug hat was rigidly erect on his head and the tails of his frock coat were wrapped round him. Hat, coat and voice were all too big for him. Big Jim had never seen so many books; from floor to ceiling they covered all sides of the room. It seemed queer that so little a man could have been able to earn money enough to buy so many books. Mr. Macgill had followed pursuits, fistic and otherwise, where success seemed to be an immediate corollary of size. Only a crowd could have intimidated him to the extent of keeping his foot off the ball-and-pin gear. One man—or two, even? Pah! And he had always felt supercilious pity for little men.

The telephone bell purred, and a meek and sallow youth who was reading one of the big books in a corner obeyed a stab in air of the squire's penstock and attended.

After a pause—and a subdued gulp of awe: "It is His Excellency the Governor, sir. Governor Talbot on the wire!" he reported. He set down the receiver gingerly and retired backward with humility.

"Bosh!" boomed the squire irritably. "More bother about a matter I have already settled." He threw down his pen, splashing ink over the blotter.

In the telephone: "Yes! Yes-yes! Yes, Talbot! How de do?"

Mr. Macgill was greatly impressed by this offhand manner of addressing a governor. As a matter of fact the little squire had fairly barked into the ear of the great man. Now while the squire waited, listening, he tapped impatient fingers on the table, scowled, plipped his lips as if having hard work to keep from breaking in. Finally: "Exactly! I know, Talbot! But my letter settled it—definitely settled it. I can't accept. I have not the temperament or taste for judicial work. Yes-yes, I fully appreciate the honor of an appointment to the supreme judicial bench. I thank you again for your consideration. But I'm not able to make the sacrifice. Good-by!"

Mr. Macgill, who had tramped into that office pompously distending his variegated vest, now drew himself back in his chair and pulled together his coat to hide the garishness of that vest. It seemed like something impertinent—that vest! He was in the presence of a man who had snapped a governor up, as teacher would address schoolboy, and talked of a supreme judgeship as a sacrifice!

He stared again at the books. As his eyes were returning to the squire he caught sight of an envelope on the table. Its superscription was: "Advencin Starr, Esq." In the corner of the office was a safe. Seeking confirmation of a thrilling hope in connection with his hunch, Mr. Macgill read the faded lettering over the safe door: "A. Starr, Att'y at Law."

The squire was back at his writing, filling in the legal blank.

When he passed the bill of sale to the seller for signature he observed Mr. Macgill's enraptured and somewhat wild stare and appeared a bit surprised.

"I must say you don't look like a regular barber."

"I haven't been working at it lately; I'm just getting back into it."

"It may be all the better for you, in this village, because you do not look like a regular barber," said the squire dryly, slithering a derogatory glance across the seller's face.

The gentleman of the foretop ventured to display as much resentment as he could crowd into a scowl. He slowly fanned the sheet of paper to dry his signature. "It ain't my fault if my looks outclass everybody else's in this place."

The squire picked up a viciously black clay pipe and lighted it.

He Was in the Presence of a Man Who Had Snapped a Governor Up, as Teacher Would Address Schoolboy

Big Jim, licking finger and thumb preparatory to peeling bills from his modest roll, noted with relish this evidence of democratic spirit in the great man. Mr. Macgill's hunch, the significance of the squire's name, sense of awe and all the rest were fused and welded, so to speak, in the heat of a new emotion of comradeship.

The squire deliberately winked at Big Jim over the bowl of the pipe. Right then and there the enraptured Mr. Macgill hitched on his wagon.

Macgill had pulled his money from his hip; the other man tucked the money into his upper vest pocket, sticking out his little finger in airy fashion. Much of a man's nature is hinted at by his methods of carrying cash, and the quizzical expression on the squire's face suggested that he had been a careful observer of men.

"Just a word to you, Tait! Don't leave town thinking that I am unfriendly."

"I have paid you your rent money on the dot. I don't see why you should slur my looks."

Mr. Macgill opened his eyes. So the squire was his landlord!

"No; I'm sympathizing with you on account of them. The lady called on me to-day. She wanted me to put an attachment on the shop furnishings. I argued with her till she gave up the idea."

"I'm much obliged!"

"That's all right. Now push down the corners of those bills in your vest pocket. It's dangerous to expose too many attractions. Good night!"

"Good night!" returned Mr. Tait on his way to the door. The manner in which he accented his farewell was offensive.

"Did he say anything to you about a lady?" the squire asked.

"Yes, sir! Breach-of-promise scare. Said that was why he was selling so cheap."

"Uh, hum! Well, when she came in to-day I used two arguments with her: First, that grabbing such a man as that for a husband would be like deliberately adding canker rash when one was having a hard enough time with the scarlet fever; next, if she kept such a man from leaving town she would be adding to the misfortunes of the community. I convinced her. Charged no fee. Are you married?"

"No, sir!"

"Any kind of a ladies' man?"

"No, sir! Hardshell bach."

"Good! I'm glad you're locating here. We need a barber. However, we have an overplus of susceptible old maids and foolish widows. You gathered from what he said that I'm your landlord?"

"Yes, sir."

"One flight up in Starr Block, right across from the hotel."

"Shall I hand you a month in advance?" asked Big Jim, striving to hitch his wagon more securely.

"No-no! I have a mug in the shop! Shall be a regular patron. We'll figure difference at the end of the month."

Mr. Macgill backed out regretfully, but there seemed to be nothing else to say.

It was still darker in Starvale, but the lights of the business section signaled to him. He plodded up the plank sidewalk. After a few moments he heard behind him the unmistakable tick-tick of a dog's toenails, and he turned on the animal when a kerosene street light shed circle for purposes of observation.

It was an unassuming mongrel who sat down and turned up to him a wide-mouthed grin. A black ear was lopped down over one eye; the other ear was white and stuck up rigidly. Mr. Macgill liked dogs, he was alone in a strange land and this greeting was mighty amiable. He stooped and patted the dog's head. Then he marched on. The new friend trotted at his heels. Under the next light Big Jim stopped and turned again.

"Look here, mutt, this welcome-to-our-city is all right and kindly meant. But I don't want to be suspected of dog stealing in my first half hour here." He waved a big hand. "Go home, I say!"

The dog sat and rapped genial tail on the sidewalk. He followed when Macgill went on.

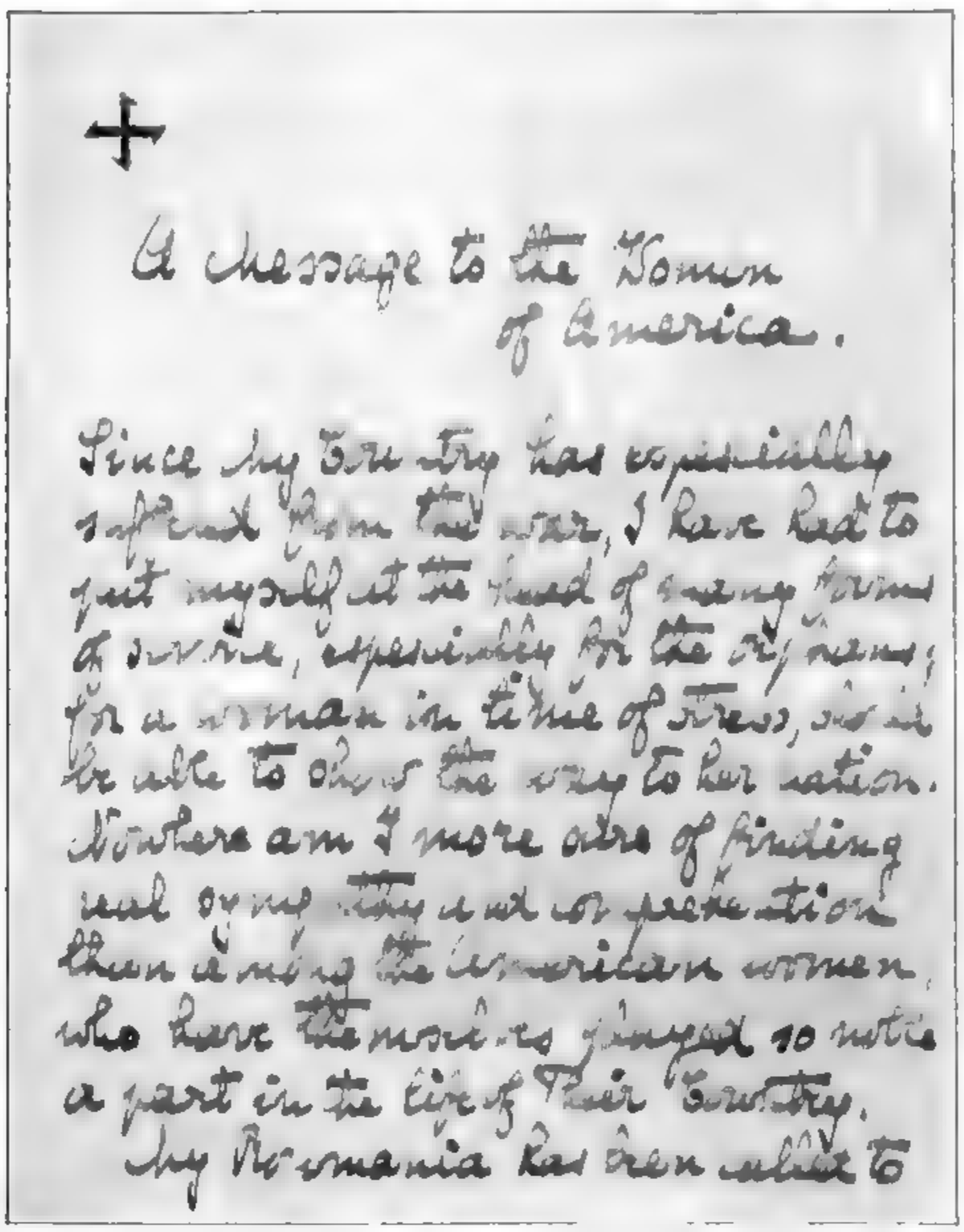
"Now, see here, kioodle," warned Big Jim, after five sessions under succeeding street lights, "I mean what I say. You back up!" But when he threatened with his foot the dog merely dodged to one side and waited.

At the hotel door Mr. Macgill danced a regular fox trot with his canine vis-à-vis in an effort to get into the place without letting the dog in too.

(Continued on Page 45)

The Old Romans and the New Prussians—By William T. Ellis

The Nation That Disappointed the Kaiser



A Message to the Women of America.

Since my country has especially suffered from the war, I have had to put myself at the head of many forms of service, especially for the women; for a woman in time of stress, must be able to show the way to her nation. Nowhere am I more sure of finding real courage and consecration than among the American women, who have the noblest privilege to take a part in the life of their country.

My Rumania has been called to drink to the very dregs the bitterness of war. It must have our brave men, to the number of some 200,000, given of their lives in battle, but also their homes and families — and especially the little children have had to pay the greater price of witnessing terrible hunger and cold and sickness and need as are incomprehensible to the women of America.

Our hearts are not discouraged, even though our bodies suffer cruelly. Rumania will stand fast to the end — and I hope that the women of America will help me to help the children now, in the great time of need that is coming to us all after the war.

Yours in the Fellowship of the Mother Heart

Marie

Queen of Rumania

1917

Queen Marie, Who Is a Granddaughter of Queen Victoria, and British Born and Bred, Is Beloved by the People and Is a Powerful Factor in Shaping Rumania's Spirit

SINCE the Hymn of Hate was written the Kaiser has acquired another special animosity, even exceeding his hatred of England; for the elder branch of his own house of Hohenzollern, the kings of Rumania, failed to follow in his train when he went forth to war. Now he and his people call King Ferdinand "the traitor," because he espoused the cause of Rumania and democracy rather than that of William the Second. In all his plans for this world war the Kaiser had counted confidently upon Rumania, having settled the matter to his entire satisfaction with the old King; but neither the nation, which is full of the spirit of democracy, nor the young King who now reigns would have it that way. The tragedy broke the old King's heart and sent him to his grave, so that he may fairly be numbered among war's casualties. When the Germans occupied Bukharest they placed wreaths on King Carol's grave and had the troops do his memory special honor; but the present King, who preferred his own people and the cause of liberty to the Kaiser and Prussianism, they curse and threaten, and are systematically seeking to undermine his prestige among the Rumanians who are now under German sway. All sorts of dire fates are predicted for Ferdinand if ever the Germans catch him; yet withal, I found His Majesty a wonderfully cheerful and unabashed gentleman, without rancor for anybody, but only a steadfast resolution to stand by the Allies and the cause of freedom.

This attitude of the King, as well as that of the people, is well expressed by the inscriptions I had seen on two large crosses above adjoining graves a few rods from the front-line trenches. In the great Battle of Marachesti, last July, wherein the Rumanians completely routed the Germans, inflicting a loss of approximately a hundred thousand men upon them, while the Rumanian casualties were but thirty thousand, soldiers of both armies had fallen on this spot, a steep mountain up which the Rumanians were chasing the Germans. Under the larger mound, tastefully inclosed in white-birch railings and decorated with evergreens, lie the bodies of fifty Rumanians, and the great cross above them records that they gave their lives "For the Defense of the Motherland and the Liberty of Subjugated Peoples." A similar cross above the grave of three hundred and thirteen Germans states simply that they "Died for the Kaiser." That is how the private soldiers look upon the struggle. They have seen straight to the center of the German cause; her fallen perish for kaiserism.

The Rumanians have no bitterness toward their enemies. Both graves were beautifully decorated and cared for. Two days before, I had been visiting a field hospital with the Queen of Rumania, and as she gave to a wounded Austrian the same gifts that she was distributing among her own soldiers she assured me earnestly that they treated all the men alike, and that the prisoners also had the same fare as the Rumanians. The Queen, by the way, must have been a powerful factor in shaping Rumania's spirit, for she is a granddaughter of Queen Victoria, and British born and bred, still speaking English in the home circle of the Rumanian court.

Before telling what I saw in Rumania let me touch upon the extraordinary situation of her kings. When war broke out it found old King Carol on the throne, where he had been for nearly fifty years. He was a Hohenzollern of the Hohenzollerns, the real head of the house, for the experts in genealogy have it that the Kaiser belongs to a secondary line, descended from a younger son. King Carol had no other thought than that Rumania should belong to the great German hegemony. He and his wife, whom the world knows as Carmen Sylva,

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"And the Earth Opened Her Mouth"—By F. Britten Austin

THE artillery lieutenant returned his empty coffee mug to the table of the battalion headquarters dugout, where he was a guest, and glanced round the interior with an appreciative eye. By contrast with the front trench, where, as forward observing officer, he was destined to spend a drear night, this deep square cave, roofed and walled with balks of timber, lit by electricity, adorned with many illustrations from the comic press and one or two framed pictures from a Flemish mansion, carpeted and furnished with the same barbaric incongruity, fitted with all the devices imagined by the successive inhabitants of more than two and a half years, was the perfection of security and comfort.

"*Sehr bequem, Kühlmann, nicht wahr?*" he said, with an intonation and smiling gesture of the head, which hinted banteringly that the permanent inhabitants of the dugout protected themselves well from the hardships of real soldiering. "Or do you prefer your mine shaft?"

The Ferme Des Loges Was a Modern French Farm—Here Is a Good Example of What Happened to That Part of Its Agricultural Equipment Not Actually Carried Off by the Germans in Their Retreat

Kühlmann, tall, long-faced, his fair hair scanty to baldness on his high brow, shifted his extended legs as he woke from a reverie that had held his glance fixed toward the floor.

He was in charge of a countermining party at work in the vicinity.

"*Ganz zierlich!*" he replied in a fluting drawl, quite unlike the accent of a regular officer. He was a mining engineer in Russia in the days before the war and had always affected an urban elegance. "It would be a pity if it were destroyed, Herr Major," he finished, with a glance at the battalion commander.

The major looked up from the packet of official correspondence he was opening.

"No shell can penetrate here," he said shortly.

"I was not thinking of a shell," said Kühlmann with a wink to the artillery officer; there was something in his slow drawl that made the major look up again quickly from his correspondence.

Where the Prussians Put Bavarians

"WHAT? Mines? Bah! Mines can't touch us here—we're on top of the ridge, and if the Engländer are digging at all they are digging away at the bottom. You mining fellows may be very smart, Kühlmann; but you can't blow up a ridge like this from its foundations—the idea is absurd!"

The major's square military face, with clipped mustache and irascible little eyes, was thrust forward in so emphatic a negation as to suggest that disciplinary action was the imminent penalty of disagreement.

"*Lächerlich, Herr Major—lächerlich!*" said the adjutant, prompt with sycophantic support of his superior. "*Etwas Neues!*" he added scornfully.

The mining officer ignored him.

"The fact is, Herr Major," he said, "one cannot prophesy what a mine will or will not do. Given explosives enough, it seems quite feasible to me."

"Do you seriously suggest that the Engländer are going to blow up the ridge, Kühlmann?" said the major with a snort. "What are your countermines for if you cannot stop them?"

"The difficulty is, they are digging away at the bottom, as you say, Herr Major," returned Kühlmann; "and between us and them are several strata that are practically impervious to sound. It is certain that the Engländer are digging somewhere; but we fail to detect just where."

Pugnacity faded out of the major's face.

"Those *verfluchte* Prussians always give us the part of the line where they expect trouble," said the major, who belonged to a Bavarian division. "There is certainly something coming—but when? I have never known such a terrible artillery preparation as this has been day after day since the twenty-fourth of May. After the first few days of it I expected the attack; but no, here we are at the sixth of June—no attack yet and the artillery fire slacker than it has been for some time. Why are our batteries so quiet to-night, Weber?" he asked of the observing officer.

"Our orders are to reply only when challenged, Herr Major. We cannot know when the attack is coming and we have to keep a big reserve of ammunition. We have had two false alarms already."

The major nodded.

"Those two long bursts of *Trommelfeuer!* Yes. *Mein Gott!* They were awful—*schrecklich!* I thought the attack was coming at each of them." He bent down to his correspondence again.

This talk of artillery had redirected the attention of all to the continuous jarring rumble of guns near and far. The three junior officers sat in silence, contemplating their cigarette smoke, listening, while the major continued to go through his batch of official letters.

"These Engländer never stop," said Weber, the artillery officer, suddenly. "One would have thought, after those frightful battles in Artois and round Lens, that they would have had enough for a time. *Herr Gott!* I thought they were through more than once in that fighting round Oppy; it was the bad weather saved us then. I wish it would rain now—this cursed fine spell! It gives their airmen such opportunities too!"

The major looked up from his papers.

"We are on top of the hill and they are at the bottom," he said. "There will not be many left after they have charged up against our machine guns; and I have never seen a more scientific maze of trenches than ours, here—even if they reach them. *Bekümmern Sie sich nicht, lieber Weber* the Engländer are going to have a smashing defeat." He went on opening envelopes.

"They captured the Vimy Ridge, though; and that was uphill," said Weber.

None answered him. The three young men were silent in the rumbling thunder of the artillery, audible even in this deep cave, and the major was absorbed in his task. Suddenly he lifted his head.

"Attention, *meine Herren!* From the corps commander."

He read from a long typewritten letter a warning of an impending English attack from north of Armentières to south of Ypres that might be expected any day. It enjoined a careful test of all measures for defense and counter attack, and proceeded to outline their main features. The three officers listened with breathless interest. The major raised his voice to emphasize the gravity of his communication:

"'The absolute retention of the natural strong points of Wytschaete and Meesen* becomes of the greatest importance for the domination of the whole Wytschaete Salient. These strong points, therefore, must not fall, even temporarily, into the enemy's hands. Both these strong points must be defended to the utmost and held to the last man, even if the enemy has cut communications on both sides and threatens the strong points from the rear.'

"What do you think of that, *meine Herren?* Looks nervous! There is much more of it." He turned to the end of the document: "'Signed, Von Laffert.'"

The artillery officer glanced at his watch and rose to go.

The Trap Round Ypres

"OF COURSE we shall hold on to this ridge to the last gasp," he said. "As long as we are on top, we have got the Engländer in a death trap round Ypres."

"*Gewiss!*" said the major. "Well, we are ready for them. Have this circulated to the companies, Kreisler," he said to the adjutant.

Kühlmann also rose for his departure. Both officers put on their steel helmets and saluted with brisk precision.

"*Guten Abend, Herr Major!*" they said in chorus.

The major looked up at them absently, his mind already busy with the problems raised by the corps commander's order.

"*Guten Abend!*" he said. "Come in when you return."

Weber led the way up the steep stairs of the dugout. They emerged into a deep trench under the pale blue sky of a fine summer evening. The sudden reports of guns firing isolated shots smote them sharply after their seclusion; but the day-long artillery duel had died down. They turned along the trench together.

Fifty yards farther on the trench ran into a larger one, at right angles with it. A red cross and an inscription painted on a signboard indicated a first-aid dugout at the corner. The *Militär-Arzt* squatted at the entrance to his hole.

* Meesen is the German name for Messines. The excerpt is from a document captured by the British on June 7, 1917.

puffing contentedly at his long porcelain-bowled pipe. He nodded recognition as the two officers passed.

"Loafer!" said Weber jocularly.

"Busy enough presently," replied the doctor in the tone of a shopkeeper open before the market hour.

"Certainly," agreed the artillery officer. "Is it for to-night?"

The doctor shrugged his shoulders.

The two officers turned along the main trench on their left. Invisible in the blue sky, from which the luminosity was fading at every instant, desultory English shells came hurtling toward them, the whine broadening rapidly to the final rush and crash somewhere out of sight on either flank. Heavy shells from indistinguishable German guns, far to the rear, rumbled overhead on their way to reply. From origins in front, unseen in this narrow hollow way, came the smart crack of a sniper's rifle; the vicious short reiteration of a machine gun laid on some unknown target.

They were practically on the summit of the ridge, but the ground still rose slightly and no far view was possible. A man came staggering toward them, bent under a heavy sack of earth. A moment later Kühlmann stopped by a hole in the trench wall where another man stood lowering a rope over a pulley wheel down a dark narrow shaft. Weber's glance rested on a pile of oxygen cylinders adjacent.

At the Bottom of the Shaft

"WE DON'T need them yet—not deep enough," said Kühlmann, remarking the glance. "Like to come down and listen for the Engländer?"

"Willingly," replied the artillery officer. "I am not due to relieve Hirschauer for an hour yet."

"Follow me, then," said Kühlmann; "but don't tread on my fingers."

He swung himself into the narrow hole, feet foremost, and descended.

Weber looked down, saw a perpendicular ladder, close against the side of the shaft, reaching down into black depths, where Kühlmann had already disappeared, somewhat clumsily squirmed himself on to the top rungs of the ladder, and commenced the sheer descent. As his head dropped below the level of the opening he heard the last rush and shattering crash of an English shell. He half stopped for an instant, in suspense, to see the entrance cave in; then continued his progress, his feet fumbling for the next lower rung of the ladder. Below him he heard Kühlmann's voice welling up strangely resonant from far beneath; saw the upward flash of his torch to encourage him. The descent seemed bottomless. Cramped, his arms aching, he glanced up to see the entrance no more than a faint white effulgence high above him; glanced down to utter blackness. The air became dank and stale.

"*Achtung!*" said a voice suddenly, close to his ear. It was Kühlmann. "You are at the bottom."

A torch flashed out, illuminating the narrow shaft and the black orifice of a small tunnel leading out of it. From the orifice a man emerged, pushing a truck filled with sacks of earth, and clutched at the hook of the rope dangling from above. He stood sharply erect in the white glare of his officer's torch, grimed with soil, unhuman, like a gnome from uncanny depths.

"This way!" said Kühlmann, diving into the narrow entrance of the tunnel. Weber followed, crouching to escape the low roof, stumbling over the sleepers of the miniature railway. The torch flashed out at intervals, and left him in a darkness that seemed solid the moment it was extinguished.

The tunnel descended in a long easy slope, led on and on in the intensified blackness after the fitful flashes into depths that had still lower depths ahead. A vague terror oppressed the artillery officer as he groped his way onward, the terror of primitive ancestors lost in the mazes of prehistoric caverns.

His civilized mind tried to refer it to an anxiety about the far-distant entrance and a chance shell, to rout it by a calculation of probabilities—but failed. The vague terror persisted, despite the current of damp air he felt faintly blowing behind his ears.

Craving companionship, he strove desperately to keep up with Kühlmann. A dull reverberating roar in the blackness ahead engaged his attention; puzzled him. It swelled louder as he went onward. Suddenly Kühlmann flashed his torch on a whirling electric fan pendent from the roof; explained the sound without a word. Behind he heard the echoing trundling clamor of the truck overtaking them on its return journey.

At last he saw a bright light far ahead in the narrow funnel of darkness, heard the dull thuds of picks at work, caught the voices of men, in the intervals when the man behind him stayed the too rapid progress of the truck. A few more minutes of stumbling haste, when he felt that he must collapse if he could not straighten his aching back, and he found himself in the midst of a group of men illumined by an electric light on a loose cable. Some were sitting on the floor, adjusting an instrument resembling a field telephone; others were hacking and drilling at a wall of clay or shoveling the débris into sacks. It was the end of the tunnel.

One of the sitting figures rose as Kühlmann came among them. He nodded a greeting.

"The relief coming?" he asked in a tired voice.

"Yes," replied Kühlmann; "I came on ahead. *Wie geht's?* Nothing?"

"Nothing," said the weary officer. "We are just going to try again."

Weber sank down upon the floor to rest his aching back against the wall. Kühlmann turned to him.

"We are going to listen for the Engländer digging their mine. . . . So that the major may have some warning before they blow him up," he concluded with a smile.

"I hope they don't blow it up while I am down here!" said Weber fervently.

"It will be the end of you if they do," replied Kühlmann coolly in his fluting voice. He turned to the men with the instrument. "*Fertig?*" he asked.

"*Ja wohl*, Herr Lieutenant," replied an Unterofficier, with a receiver like that of a telephone operator clipped over his head.

The Ominous Silence of the English

THE officer uttered a sharp order, and instantly the men with picks and drills and shovels ceased their work. An absolute silence, unbroken by even the faintest murmur of all those that are continual though unnoticed in the life aboveground, fell upon the little group illumined by the electric lamp in that tunnel end, far down in the depths of the earth.

Weber felt that he could hear his heart thumping as he waited tensely for the verdict of the crouching noncommissioned officer with the sensitive instrument on his head. He gazed at him, fascinated, as at an antique wizard immobile in the trance ere fate is uttered. Minutes passed without a sound, with breath scarce drawn. All eyes were upon the listener, trying to read his furrowed brows. He did not move.

"*Nichts?*" queried Kühlmann at last.

"Nothing, Herr Lieutenant," replied the noncommissioned officer.

"Give me the instrument." He fitted the microphones over his ears, listened minute after minute in that same dead silence where his companions were as motionless as statues. Finally he shook his head. "Nothing!" he said gloomily.

"It is those cursed strata," said the other officer.

Kühlmann assented; and the two relapsed into geological technicalities, where Weber was lost.

"You ought to hear something, I suppose?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Kühlmann. "Usually you can plainly hear the other people digging and can estimate fairly well where they are. When the noise stops you know they are laying their mine. But here we have never heard anything."

"But you are certain they are digging?"

"Quite. The entrances to their shafts have been spotted long ago. Beyond that we are utterly ignorant. The Engländer are probably quite close." He turned again to his men; ordered them to recommence their work.

With the thudding of their picks, the artillery officer realized again his position, far down in this crevice, in the depths of the ridge. Once more his dread of the cavern reasserted itself; swept over him in a panic terror that he had to fight lest it should be remarked. Death in this hole seemed to him the ultimate horror; seemed a near

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The Tortured Trees of Northern France

Above—"The Ravine of the Elephants," a Fine Specimen of the Architecture Given to France by Her Uninvited Guests

BROTHERS OF CHRIST

By ERNEST POOLE

FOR one who tries to fathom the profundities of Russian life, and to gather the signs and portents of the nation that is to emerge out of the present maelstrom there, one of the deep silent forces not to be forgotten is that religious feeling so widespread among the Slavs that in the past it has given truth to the name of Holy Russia. How much of the old will the new retain? Is religion now to be sloughed off? Or is it so deeply planted in the hearts and minds, the vague hopes and yearnings of the great "dark people" who live in the villages, that now, though the form of religion be changed, its real essence will endure?

I think of a village churchyard where, on a Sunday morning at the end of August, I sat on the cool fragrant grass and listened to the singing. It was the time when Korniloff was gathering his forces to march upon Petrograd and attempt to seize the Government. All Russia seethed with revolution. But there was not a sign of it here. Round me the white birches softly rustled in the breeze, and all about on the tombs and mounds sat groups of country people, motionless and very quiet.

Two old peasant women in black sat on a tombstone, side by side. On another a mother dressed in white was smiling down at her baby and kissing him from time to time. Near by was a large circle of girls in bright-colored kerchiefs, listening to a thin girl in blue who was talking gayly in low rapid whispers. On other tombs sat peasant men in homespun suits, with black visored caps in their hands. An old hen and some chickens wandered by. Small boys, in belted blouses of white or gray or blue or orange, prowled about.

A Group of Village Popes

The Dark People of Russia

TWO little urchins gravely squatted in the grass beside me, watching while I made my notes. I was using a carbon sheet, and to them the small piece of black paper was something to be watched with care, for there might be magic in it. A couple of young soldiers came round the corner of the church, and presently a sailor passed. But all the rest of these people were quiet.

With a yearning tragic beauty, through the windows of the church came the chant of the peasant choir within. I could hear a high beseeching voice and then the choir's rich response. Not only the village priest was there, but monks and even a bishop from the ancient monastery just across the river. For this was the great day of the year, in honor of the local saint. The peasants had come from miles about and they had been here for several hours. Now and then, as a mass was finished, groups of people would come out and others would take their places inside.

Going into the crowded doorway and standing by a mother who was kneeling with her chubby son, I saw the small place, with its white and blue walls, packed and jammed with people. On one side stood the men and boys; on the other stood the women and girls. On the walls the icons, which are holy pictures, hung in heavy gilded frames; and in front a great dull gilded gate led back into the choir. The priests and deacons standing there were dressed in stiff brocaded robes of gleaming red and silver. And the hundreds of small candle flames and the incense rising in the air, all seemed reflected in the eyes of the motionless peasants round me.

"The dark people," they have been called; for in Russia the Dark Ages have reached up to the present day. But, watching their eyes, it seemed to me that these people were far from darkness; that in their minds and spirits had been far more beauty and light than in those of our Puritan forefathers; that they had always hungered and thirsted for light; and that the Church, despite all its corruption, had fed this hunger, quenched this thirst, and so had fastened on their souls.

These men who stood so reverently, with their peasant caps in their hands, were a part of the Revolution, and perhaps the strongest part. This was one of hundreds of thousands of villages throughout the land wherein the future nation is to be shaped and molded. And, though I found them grimly resolved that all the land of the large estates in the neighborhood should soon be theirs, they seemed equally determined to hold to their religion.

In various parts of Russia I stopped in many villages. And, though here and there a church was empty and the priest had been driven away, in only one case was I told "We are through with the church and religion." More often it was simply a feeling of bitterness toward the priest, who, because he lived in poverty, had tried to eke out his wretched life by haggling over the size of the fees for weddings, funerals and christenings; or again had been obsequious to the neighboring landowners and to officials of the Czar.

In the country, on long drives and tramps on winding lanes and highways, I kept seeing wayside shrines and monasteries on low hills. And twice I met with pilgrims, part of the countless multitude of so-called holy men, most of them from the peasant class, who for centuries have wandered through the length and breadth of Russia, begging their way and being treated everywhere with kindliness and deep respect by superstitious peasant hosts. In village tea houses I found them—strange uncouth creatures, ragged and foul; but they seemed to know they were welcome guests.

In the cities the same thing was true, though to a much less marked degree. In Petrograd, where in the past the influx of modern science has worked against religion, and where now the revolutionists are either hostile to the Church or more often wholly ignore it, I did find a decided decline in religious feeling, as compared with what I had seen twelve years before. But even there the churches were by no means empty. Moreover, he who takes Petrograd as a guide to the real Russian life is not likely to get a true idea of what is taking place to-day.

It is rather in Mother Moscow that one feels himself in the very heart and center of the nation. And most of the colorful beauty of that lovable friendly old town was in its churches, some of them half hidden in old gardens and in narrow courts, shut out from the busy street by high walls. It was as though religion had burrowed deep into the city's life. On my rambles in the crooked streets I could turn no bend or corner without coming on some church or some shrine or chapel. Their shining gilded spires, their cupolas and rounded domes—some old and faded; others new, pink or green or vivid blue—colored the town's whole aspect.

The Church Bells of Moscow

AND always I kept hearing bells; some of them harsh and jangling, but others low, sepulchral booms. Their deep insistent voices drowned out the hum and buzz that came from homes and factories, from barracks and gay cafés. The Church seemed dominating all. From the roof of a high building I would look down at sunset and see the

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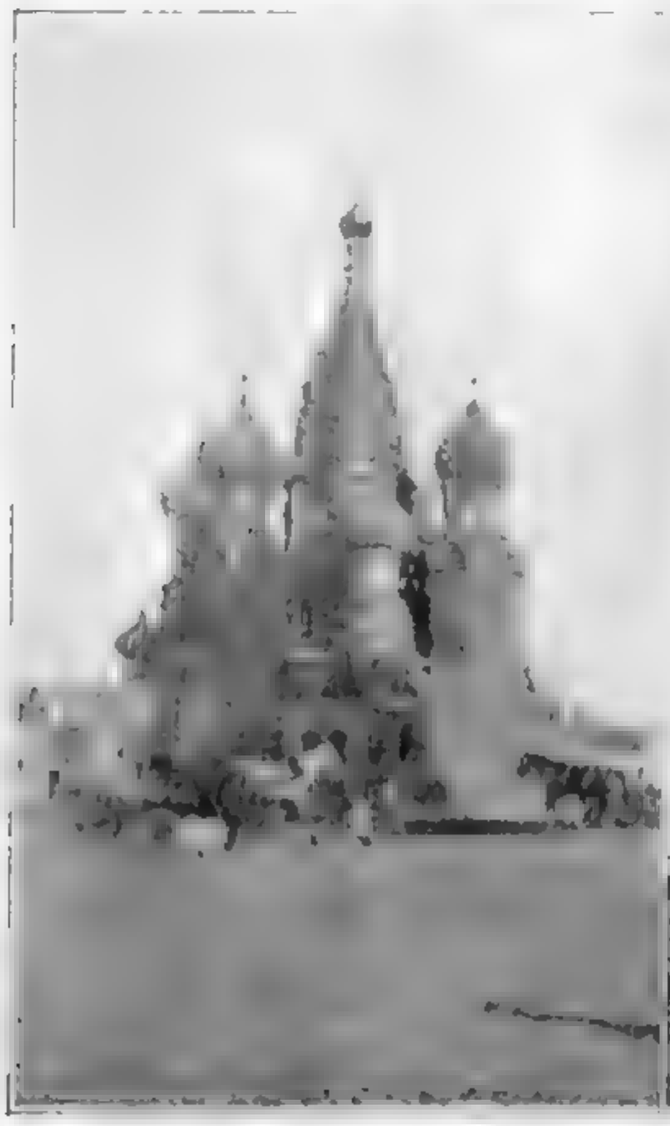

Most of the Colorful Beauty of Moscow Was in its Churches

An Old Village Church in Central Russia

Where the Czars of All the Russias Came for Coronation

THE FIREFLY OF FRANCE

XXIV

By Marion Polk Angellotti

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT T. REYNARD

I STOOD in the gallery of the château for an instant, indulging in a reconnaissance. The hall was now illuminated by an electric torch and three guttering candles; at the foot of the staircase lay the table which had done such yeoman service, split in two. As for the besiegers, they were gathered near the chimney place in a worse-for-wear group—one nursing a nose-bleed; another feeling gingerly at a loose tooth; and Von Blenheim himself, decorated with a broad cut across the forehead and a cheek that was rapidly taking on assorted shades of blue, green and black, frankly raging; while the redoubtable Mr. Schwartzmann, worst off of all, lay in a heap, groaning at intervals but apparently quite unconscious of what was going on.

I Saw a Girl in a White Gown and a Flowered Hat—and I Did Not Stand on the Order of My Going

My abrupt sally seemed transfixing. I might have been Medusa. I had a welcome minute in which to contemplate the victims of my prowess and to exult unchristianly over their wounds. Then the tableau dissolved, the three men sprang up, and I took action. As I emerged I had drawn out a handkerchief, and I now proceeded to raise and wave it.

"Well, Herr von Blenheim, I have come to parley with you," I announced, "white flag and all."

He tried to look as if he had expected me, though it was obvious that he hadn't. To give verisimilitude to the pretense he even pulled out his watch.

"I thought you would. You had just two minutes' grace," he commented, watching me narrowly. "Suppose you come down. You have brought the papers, I hope—for your own sake?"

"Oh, yes!" I assured him with all possible blandness. "I have brought them. What else was there to do? You had us in the palm of your hand! That door is old and worm-eaten; you could have crumpled it up like paper. When we thought the situation over we saw its hopelessness at once; so here I am!"

"That's sensible," he agreed curtly, though I could see that he was puzzled. Casting a baffled glance beyond me he scanned the gallery door. It by no means merited my description, being heavy, solid, indeed immovable in aspect. "Well, let's have the papers!" he said with suspicion in his tone.

I descended in a deliberate manner, casting alert eyes about me, for, to use an expressive idiom, I was not doing this for my health. On the contrary I had two very definite purposes: The first, which I could probably compass, was to save Miss Falconer from further intercourse with Von Blenheim, and to conceal the presence of the wounded, helpless Firefly from his enemies; the second—surprisingly modest—was to make the four Germans prisoners, and to hand them over in triumph to the gendarmes of the nearest town, Santierre.

I was perfectly conscious of the absurdity of this ambition. How to set about achieving it I lacked the ghost of an idea. But the general craziness of events had unhinged me. I was forming the habit of trusting to pure luck and *vogue la galère!* I can't swear that I hadn't visions of conquering all my adversaries in some miraculous single-handed fashion, disarming them, and as a final sweet touch of revenge tying them up in chairs, to keep Marie-Jeanne company and meditate on the turns of fate!

"Here they are," I said, obligingly offering the package. "We found them nestling behind a panel—old family hiding place, you know. I can't vouch for their contents, not being an expert, but Miss Falconer was satisfied. How about it, now you look at them? Do they seem all right?"

Not paying the slightest attention to my conversational efforts Von Blenheim had snatched the papers, torn them hungrily open and run them through. He was bristling with suspicion; but he knew his business evidently. It did not take him long to conclude that he really had his spoils.

Folding them up carefully he thrust them into his coat and stored them, displaying, however, less triumph than I thought he would. The truth was he looked preoccupied; and I wondered why. For the first time in all the hair-trigger situations I had seen him face I sensed a strain in him.

"So much for that. Now, Mr. Bayne, what do you think we mean to do to you?" he asked.

"I don't know, I am sure," I answered rather absently; I was weighing the relative merits of jujutsu and my five remaining revolver shots. "Is there anything sufficiently lingering? Let me suggest boiling oil; or I understand that roasting over a slow fire is considered tasty. Either of those methods would appeal to you, wouldn't it?"

"I don't deny it!" in a tone that was convincing. "You haven't endeared yourself to us, my friend, in the last hour! But we can't spare you yet; our plans for the evening are lively ones, and they include you. I told you, didn't I, that we were going via the trenches to No Man's Land when we finished this affair?"

"You told me many interesting things. I've forgotten some of the details." I was conscious of a thrill of excitement. The man was worried; so much was sure!

"You will recall them presently, or if you don't I'll refresh your memory! The fact is, Mr. Bayne, you have put a pretty spoke in our wheel! It stands this way: Our papers are made out for a party of four officers; and you have eliminated Schwartzmann! Don't you owe us some amends for that? You like disguises, I gather from your costume. What do you say to putting on a new one, a pale-blue uniform, and seeing us through the lines?"

He looked, while uttering this wild pleasantry, about as humorous as King Attila. Could he possibly be in earnest? After all, perhaps he was! War rules were cast-iron things; if his pass called for four men, four he must have or rouse suspicion; and it was certain that Herr Schwartzmann would do no gadding to-night or for many nights to come. That shot of mine from the gallery had upset Von Blenheim's plans very neatly. I stared at him, fascinated.

"Well?" said he. "Do you understand?"

"I understand," I exclaimed indignantly, "that this is too much! It is, really. I was getting hardened; I could stand a mere impossibility or two, and not blink; but this! It is beyond the bounds. I shall begin to see green snakes presently or writhing sea serpents ——"

"No," Von Blenheim cut me short savagely, "you are underestimating. Unless you oblige us what you will see is the hereafter, Mr. Bayne!"

Yes, he meant it. His very fierceness, eloquent of frazzled nerves, was proof conclusive. With another thrill—triumphant this time—I recognized my chance. His campaign, instead of going according to specifications, had been interfered with; his position was dangerous; he had no time to lose; for all he knew, at any point along the road his masquerade might have been suspected, the authorities have been notified, vengeance have been put on his track! In desperation he meant to risk my denouncing him, use me till he reached the Front trenches and his friends there—and then, no doubt, get rid of me. What he couldn't guess was that I would have turned the earth upside down to make this opportunity that he was offering me on a silver tray!

"Oh, I'll oblige you," I assured him with what must have seemed insane cheerfulness. "I'll oblige you, Herr von Blenheim, with all the pleasure in the world! If you really want me, that is. If my presence won't make you nervous. Aren't you afraid, for instance, that I might be tempted to share my knowledge of your name and your profession with the first French soldiers we meet?"

"As to that we will take our chances." Von Blenheim's face was adamant, though my suggestion had produced a not entirely enlivening effect on his two friends. "You see, Mr. Bayne, in this business the risks will be yours mostly. There will be no flights of stairs to dart up, and no tables to overturn, and no candles to extinguish; you will sit in the tonneau with a man beside you—a very watchful man—and a pistol against your side! You don't want to die, do you? I thought not—since you surrendered those papers. Well, then, you'll be wise not to say a word or stir a muscle! And now, we are in a hurry. Will you make your toilet, please?"

It was the bizarre curtain scene of what I had called an extravaganza. Von Blenheim's confederates, taking no special pains for gentleness, stripped off the outer garments of the prostrate Schwartzmann, who moaned and groaned throughout the process, though he never opened his eyes. Von Blenheim urged haste upon us; he was getting more fidgety every instant; he bit his lip, drummed with his fingers, kept an ear cocked, as if expecting to hear pursuers at the door. Still, he neglected no precautions. He demanded my revolver. Amiably I surrendered it, and then

doffed my chauffeur's outfit and took, from a social standpoint, a gratifying step upward, donning one by one the insignia of France.

The fit was not perfect, by any means. Schwartzmann was a giant, a mountain. My calves swished about groggily in his burnished puttees; his garments hung round me in ample rather than graceful folds. However, the loose cape of horizon blue resembled Charity in covering defects. As a dummy sitting motionless in the rear of the automobile my captors felt that I would pass.

By this time I was enchanted with the plans I was concocting. I might look like an *opéra-bouffe* hero—no doubt I did—but my hour would come! Meanwhile events were marching. My transformation being complete, Von Blenheim gave a curt order in German, the candles were blown out, and lighted only by the torch we turned toward the door. There was an inarticulate cry from Schwartzmann, just conscious enough, poor beggar, to grasp the fact of his abandonment in the strategic retreat his friends were beating. Then we were out in the courtyard, beneath the stars.

Down the hill, sheltered behind the stones of a ruined house, the gray car was waiting, and Von Blenheim climbed into the driver's seat, giving brief directions the while. There was no noise, no flurry; the affair, I must say, went with an efficiency in keeping with the proudest Prussian traditions. I was installed in the tonneau, and hardly was I seated when the motor hummed into life and we jolted into the moonlit road.

For perhaps the hundredth time I asked myself if I were dreaming; if this person in a French disguise speeding through the night with a blue-clad German beside him—a German suffering, by the way, from a headache, the last stages of a nosebleed, and a pronounced dislike for me as the agency responsible for his ailments—was really Devereux Bayne. But the air was cold on my face; a revolver pressed my side; I saw three set, hard profiles. It was not a dream; it was a dash for safety. And it was engineered by anxious, desperate men.

Von Blenheim Was Bristling With Suspicion; But It Did Not Take Him Long to Conclude That He Really Had His Spoils

Von Blenheim, hunched over the steering wheel, had settled to his business. Certainly his nerve was going; the mania for escape had caught him; he took startling chances on his curves and turns simply to make greater haste. Still, he knew the country, it seemed. We drove on, fast and furiously, by lanes, by mere paths set among thickets, by narrow brushwood roads. Sometimes we skirted the river, which shone silver in the moonlight, lined with rushes. Again we could see nothing but a roof of trees overhead.

We emerged into a wider road, and I grew conscious of various noises—a booming, clear and regular; the sound of voices; the rumbling of many wheels. We must be nearing the Front; we were rejoining the main highroad. My guess was proved correct at the next turning, where a sentry barred our path.

The sight of his honest French face was like a tonic to me. It seemed in some welcome way to hearten me for my task. The pistol of my friend in the tonneau bored through his cape into my side; I sat very quiet. If I did this four, five times, perhaps half a dozen, they might think me cowed and relax their vigilance. Their suspicions would be lulled by my tractability and their contempt. Then my hour would strike.

Satisfied with the safe-conducts the sentry gestured us forward, and his figure slipped out of my vision as the gray car purred on. The man beside me chuckled.

"Behold this Yankee! He is as good as gold, my captain. He sits like a mouse," he announced in his own tongue.

"He'll be wise," Von Blenheim announced, "to go on doing so." The threat was in English for my benefit, and came from between his teeth.

In front of us the noise was growing. With our next turn we entered the highroad, taking our place in a long, rumbling line of ambulances and supply carts and laboring camions or trucks. We glimpsed faces, heard voices all about us. The change from solitude to this unbroken procession was bewildering. But we did not long remain a part of it; we turned again into narrower lanes.

The control was growing stricter. Four separate times we were halted, and always I sat hunched in my corner, as impassive as a stone. The more deeply we penetrated toward the Front the more uneasy grew my companions. Each time a sentry halted us they waited in more anxiety for his verdict. The man beside me, it was true, still menaced me with his pistol point; but the gesture had grown perfunctory. He did not think I would attempt anything. He believed I was afraid!

Our road crossed a hilltop and I saw a valley beneath us, streaked at intervals with blinding signal flashes of red and green. In my ears the thunder of the guns was growing steadily. And when we were stopped again the sentry warned us. The road we were traveling, he said, had been intermittently under fire for two days.

It looked, indeed, as if devils had used it for a playground; the trees were mere blackened stumps; the once silvery grain fields on either side stretched burned and bare. And then came the climax: Something passed us—high above our heads, I fancy, though its frightful wings seemed brushing us; a ghost of the night, an aërial demon; a shrieking thing that made the man beside me cringe and shudder. It was what the French call an *obus*—a word that seems, in some subtle manner, more menacing and dreadful than our own term of shell.

As we sped on I leaned against the cushions—outwardly quiet, inwardly I was gathering myself together for my attempt. I had not thought I would approach the Front this way for the first time; but it was a good way—I had a good object. At the next stop, whatever it was, I meant to make the venture. I did not doubt I would succeed in it. But I could not hope to keep my life.

Another *obus* hurtled over us and shrieked away into the distance; and again the man beside me flinched, but I did not. I was thinking, with odd lucidity, of many things—among them Dunny and his old house in Washington, into which I should never again let myself with my latchkey, sure of a welcome at any hour of the day or night. My guardian's gray head rose before me. My heart tightened. The finest, straightest old chap who ever took a forlorn little tike in out of the wet, and petted him, and frolicked with him, and filled his stocking all the year round, and made his holidays things of rapture, and taught him how to ride and shoot and fish and swim, and cut his losses, and do pretty much everything that makes life worth living—that was Dunny!

"This will be a hard jolt for the old chap," I thought; "but he'll say that I played the game."

And Esmé Falconer, my own brave, lovely Esmé! "She has come down the staircase now," I told myself. "She has untied Marie-Jeanne. She has gone out and started the car." What would she think of my disappearance? Well, she wouldn't misjudge me, I felt sure; and neither would Jean-Hervé-Marie-Olivier! He would know that I was acting as, in my place, he would have acted—that I didn't mean to let Franz von Blenheim defy France and go off untouched.

The whole world seemed mysteriously to have narrowed to one girl—Esmé. How I had lived before I saw her; how, having seen her, I could ever have lived without her—I didn't know. But the sound of grinding brakes roused me. We were slowing up in obedience to a signal from a canvas-covered, half-demolished shelter filled with men in blue uniforms; we were coming to a standstill. Von Blenheim leaned out, and for a moment I saw his face in the beam of light from the sentry's lantern. It looked thin and set. He was giving beneath the strain.

"Behold, my comrade!" He thrust our papers into the hands of the sentry. "And make haste, for the love of heaven! We are waited for *là-bas* ——"

I cast a quick glance at my bodyguard, whose anxious eyes were on the sentinel. His pistol still lay against my side, but his thoughts were far away. It was the moment. With the rapidity of lightning I knocked his arm up, caught his wrist and clung to it, calling out simultaneously in a voice of crisp command.

"My friends," I cried in French, "I order you to arrest these persons! They are agents of the Kaiser! They are German spies ——"

The pistol, clutched between us, exploded harmlessly into the air. I heard shouts, saw men running toward us. Then I caught sight of Von Blenheim's face, dark and oddly contorted; he had turned and was leveling his revolver at me, resting one knee on the driver's seat as he took deliberate aim.

"I say," I cried again, struggling for the weapon, "that this is Franz von Blenheim—that these are men of the Kaiser, spying, in disguise ——"

It seemed to me that someone caught Von Blenheim's arm from behind just as he fired; but I was not certain, for suddenly that same whistling shriek sounded over us—nearer this time, more ominous; the earth seemed to rock, then to end in a mighty shock and cataclysm. Blackness enveloped me and I dropped into a bottomless pit.

XXV

WHEN I opened my eyes it was with a peculiarly reluctant feeling, my eyelids being so heavy that they seemed to weigh a ton. My head was unspeakably groggy, and I had quite lost my memory. I couldn't, if suddenly interrogated, have replied with one intelligent bit of information about myself—not even with my name.

Flat on my back I was lying, gazing up at what, surprisingly, seemed to be a ceiling festooned with garlands of roses, and painted with ladies and cavaliers idling about a stretch of greensward, decidedly in the Watteau style. Where was I? What had happened to make me feel so helpless? It reminded me of an episode of my childhood, a day when my pony had fallen and rolled upon me, and I had been carried home with two crushed ribs.

Coming out at that time from the influence of the ether I had found Dunny at my bedside. If only he were here now! I looked round. Why, there he was, sitting in a brocaded chair by the window, his dear old silver head thrown back, dozing beyond a doubt!

To see him gave me a warm, comforted, homelike feeling. Nor did it surprise me; but somehow my surroundings did. The room, a veritable Louis Quinze jewel in its paneling, carving and gilding, might have come direct from Versailles by parcel post; my bed was garlanded and curtained in rose color. Where I had gone to sleep last night I couldn't remember; but it hadn't, I was obstinately sure, been here!

What ailed me, anyhow? I began a series of cautious experiments, designed to discover. My arms were weak and of a strange, flabby limpness, but they moved. So did my left leg; but when I came to the right one I was baffled. It wouldn't stir; it was heavily incased in something. Good heavens, now I knew! It was in a plaster cast!

The shock of the discovery taught me something further—namely, that my head was liable to excruciating little throbs of pain. I raised a hand to it. My forehead was swathed in bandages, like a turbaned Turk's. Oh, to be sure, in the castle at Prezelay, as we were retreating up the staircase, Schwartzmann had fired at me—but, then, hadn't that been a pin prick, the merest scratch?

The name Prezelay served as a key to solve the puzzle. The whole fantastic, incredible chain of happenings came back to me in a rush—the gray car, the inn, the murder, the night in the castle, Jean-Hervé-Marie-Olivier!

"Dunny!" I heard myself quavering in a voice utterly unlike my own.

The figure in the chair started up and hurried toward me, and then Dunny's hands were holding my hands, his eyes looking into mine.

"There, Dev, there! Take it easy," the familiar voice was soothing me. "Hold on to me, my boy. You are safe now; you're all right!"

My safety, however, seemed of small importance for the time being.

"Dunny," I implored, "listen! You have got to find out for me about a girl! How am I to tell you, though? If I start the story you'll think I'm raving ——"

"I know all about it, Dev," my guardian reassured me. "I've seen Miss Falconer. She's absolutely safe!"

If that were so I could relax, and I did with fervent thankfulness. Not for long, however; my brain had begun to work.

"See here! I want to know who has been playing football with me," was my next demand, which Dunny answered obligingly, if with a slightly dubious face.

"That French doctor—nice young chap—said you weren't to talk," he muttered; "but if I were in your place I'd want to know a few things myself. It was this way, Dev. A fragment of a shell struck you ——"

"A fragment!" I raised weak eyebrows. "I know better. Twenty shells at least, and whole!"

"—— and didn't strike your Teuton friends," he charged on, suddenly purple of visage. "It was a true

German shell, my boy; the devil looking after his own! The man in the seat with you was cut up a bit; the other two were thrown clear of the motor. If you hadn't already given the alarm they would have got off scot-free probably. As it was, the French held a drumhead court-martial a little later; and all three of the fellows—well, you can fill in the rest!"

I was silent for a minute, while a picture rose before me—a dank gray dawn, a firing squad, and Franz von Blenheim's dark, grim face. No doubt he had died bravely; but I could not pity him; I had too clear a recollection of the hall at Prezelay!

"As for you," Dunny was continuing, "you seem to have puzzled them finely. There you were, in a French uniform, at your last gasp apparently, and with an American passport, that you seem to have clung to through thick and thin, inside your coat! They took a chance on you, though, because you had made them a present of this Franz von Blenheim; and by the next day, thanks to Miss Falconer and the Duke of Raincy-la-Tour, you were being looked for all over France.

"So that's how it stands. You're at Raincy-la-Tour now, at the duke's château. The place has been a hospital ever since the war began. Only you're not with the other wounded. You are—well—a rather special patient, in the pavilion across the lake; and you're by way of being a hero. The day I landed the first paper I saw shrieked at me how you had tracked the Kaiser's star agent, and outwitted him, and handed him over to justice ——"

"The deuce it did!" I ejaculated. "You must have been puffed up with pride."

My guardian's jaw set itself rigidly. "I was too busy," was his grim answer. "You see, the end of the statement said there was no hope that you could survive! And when I got here I found you with fever, delirium, one leg shot up, four bits of shell in your head, a fine case of brain concussion. That was nearly three weeks ago—and it seems more like three years!"

An idea, at this point, made me fix a searching gaze on him. "By the way," I asked, "how did you happen to arrive so opportunely on this side? It seemed as natural as possible to find you settled here waiting for my eyes to open, but on second thought I suppose you didn't fly?"

He looked extraordinarily embarrassed. "Why," he growled at length, "I had business. I got a cablegram soon after you left New York. The thing was confoundedly inconvenient, but I had no choice about it ——"

"Dunny," I said weakly but sternly, "you didn't bring me up to tell whoppers—not bare-faced ones like that, anyhow, that wouldn't deceive the veriest child! What earthly business could you have over here in wartime? Own up, now, and take your medicine like a man!"

His guilty air was sufficient answer. "Well, Dev," he acknowledged, "it was your cable. That Gibraltar mess was a nasty one, and I didn't like its looks. I'm getting old and you're all I've got; so I took a passport and caught the Rochambeau. Not, of course, that I doubted your ability to take care of yourself, my boy ——"

"Didn't you? You might have," I admitted with some ruefulness, "if you had known I was bucking both the Allied governments and the picked talent of the Central Powers! It was too much. I was riding for a fall—and I got it! But I don't mind saying, Dunny, I'm infernally glad you came."

He wiped his eyes. "Well, you go to sleep now," he counseled gruffly. "You've got to get well in a hurry; there's work for you to do! All sorts of things have been happening since that *obus* knocked you out. Just a week ago, for instance, the President went before Congress and ——"

"What's that you say? Not war?"

"Yes, war, young man! We're in it at last, up to our necks; in it with men, and ships, and munitions, and foodstuffs, and everything else we have to help with, praise the Lord! You'll fight beneath the Stars and Stripes, instead of under the Tricolor —— I say, Dev, that's positively the last word I'll utter. You've got to rest!"

In a weak, quavering fashion but with sincere enthusiasm I tried to celebrate by singing a few bars of the Star-Spangled Banner and a little of the Marseillaise. Dunny was right, however; the conversation had exhausted me. In the midst of my patriotic demonstration I fell asleep.

My convalescence was a marvel, I learned from young Doctor Raimbault, the surgeon from the château who came to see me every day. According to him I was a patient in a hundred—in a thousand; he never wearied of admiring my constitution, which he described by the various French equivalents of as hard as nails. Not a setback attended the course of my recovery. First I sat propped up in bed; then I attained the dignity of an armchair; later, slowly and painfully, I began to drag myself about the room. But the day on which my physician's rapture burst all bounds was the great one when I crawled from the pavilion, gained a bench beneath the trees, and sat enthroned, glaring at my crutches. I longed to smash them. And they would, the doctor airily informed me, be my portion for three months.

To feel grumpy in such surroundings was certainly black ingratitude. It was an idyllic place. My pavilion was a sort of Trianon, a Marie Antoinette bower, all flowers and gold. Fresh green woods grew about it; a lake stretched before it; swans dotted the water and trees were mirrored, and there were marble steps and balustrades. Across this glittering expanse rose Raincy-la-Tour, proud and stately, with its formal gardens and its fountains and its Versailles-like front. In the afternoons I could see the wounded soldiers walking there or being pushed to and fro in wheel chairs—legless and armless, some of them; wreckage of the mighty battlefields; timely reminders, poor heroic fellows, that there were people in the world a great deal worse off than I!

Yet instead of being thankful I was profoundly wretched I moped and sulked; I fell each day into a deeper, more consistent gloom. Grimly I tried to regain my strength, with a view to seeking other quarters. While I stayed here I was the guest of the Firefly of France; and though I admired him—I should have been a cad, a quitter, a poor loser, everything I had ever held anathema in days gone by, not to do so—still I couldn't feel toward him as a man should feel toward his host; not in the least!

On three separate occasions Dunny motored up to Paris, bringing back as the fruits of his first excursion my baggage from the Ritz. I was clothed again and in my right mind; save for my swathed head I looked highly civilized. The days when I had raced hither and yon, and fought an unbelievable battle in a dark hall, and insanely masqueraded first in a leather coat, then in a pale-blue uniform, seemed dim and far-off indeed.

(Continued on Page 73)

"For a Girl Like You I Ought to Have Made the Sun Stop Moving, or Got You the Stars to Play With, or Whished the Moon Out of the Skies ——"

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The Outlook

NOT since the summer of 1864 has the United States been in so sober a frame of mind. Our war program is not nearly so far advanced as we hoped it would be at this time. There is frequent evidence of incompetence and faulty organization at Washington. On the military side all hinges upon ships. Before the war the shipyards of the world, in their best year, turned out about three million tons of ocean bottoms. Our shipping board is undertaking to turn out six million tons this year—a tremendous task. Some experienced men deem it impossible. But six million tons from the United States, with the best England, France and the neutrals can do, will turn the scale against the submarines by only a few million tons if they maintain their performance of 1917 through this year. Nothing like a decisive superiority of men and guns on the Western Front appears to be in sight for this year. Good military judges think the Germans may gain successes against the Italians this spring. Italy cracked once—a tiny crack, but almost fatal. She may crack again.

There is plenty of blue in the prospect.

It was a maxim with Grant that no matter how bad things looked to him they were looking just as bad to the enemy. Be sure that eyes behind the Rhine see it just as blue as you do. There is hunger, disillusionment, unrest. Every intelligent German knows that peace with the Bolsheviki and gains in Italy bring no end to the war. Like Herr Ballin, they know that until Germany makes peace with England and the United States the sea is as impassable to German commerce as the Arctic Ocean in midwinter.

A year of unlimited submarine operation has not lessened England's fighting power by an ounce. Another year will not. Every week brings the power of the United States closer to German frontiers.

It was never clearer that the war will be won by the side that is most determined to win it. We believe this year will witness a collapse of the German militarist determination to conquer Europe.

Price Fixing

IT IS fairly probable that factories and office buildings would not have had to shut down and homes would not have gone unheated if the Government had simply let the coal business alone—kept its hands off altogether.

We are burning more coal because we are manufacturing more goods. But this does not apply to hard coal, which is used almost exclusively for heating. In 1917 shipments of hard coal at Atlantic tidewater were seventy-seven million tons against sixty-seven millions in 1916. Yet for days many homes along the Atlantic seaboard were without heat; for five days nearly every office and business building shut down.

Production of soft coal in 1917 is estimated at fifty million tons—or ten per cent—more than in 1916, but famine developed nearly everywhere east of the Mississippi. Much more soft coal might have been produced, for the supply within reach of the miner's pick is practically unlimited so far as present needs go.

With no government intervention anywhere along the line the price of coal and the price of transportation would very likely have risen to such points that, stimulated by larger profits and higher wages, enough coal would have moved to meet every demand; and on a strictly economic basis we could no doubt better afford to pay twice as much for coal than to go without it.

But it could never have been worked out as a strictly economic problem. A grand monarch, serenely removed from the necessity of consulting public opinion and urgently needing coal, iron, copper and transportation, would probably let the prices of those commodities go where they would, knowing that high prices are the most certain method of insuring the fullest supply. But an American republic which adopted that policy would soon find itself in deep trouble. Rapidly rising prices for coal would set up a popular dissatisfaction, which would compel the Government to intervene.

No doubt price fixing does limit production, as a good many critics contend. But it is a political necessity.

Reunited Poland

ROMANOFF, Hohenzollern and Hapsburg divided up Poland among themselves as coolly as ever Barbary pirates divided the spoils of a plundered ship and sold the crew into slavery. For a hundred and fifty years these foreign masters have oppressed and exploited the Poles, doing their best to suppress the native language and to stamp out the stubborn sense of national unity among the people. But after four generations the millions of Poles occupying the old fatherland are as much a nation in thought and feeling as ever. They will be a nation politically, also. Poland will again be united and independent. The peace treaty may not declare complete unity and independence, but it will come about in a few years, whatever the treaty says. The people of Europe and America will demand it.

This war has made the voice of the people audible in a way never known before. People heretofore dumb are speaking now. Wherever they speak—whether in Russian soviets, German socialist parties, British labor conventions, Austrian mass meetings—they all say the same thing: "No annexations, no punitive indemnities, no conquests, government by consent of the governed."

People know well enough there is no profit to them in subjugating other people, substantially like themselves, and forcing them under a hateful political rule. Moreover, they know now that if their government is subjugating other people their own political liberty is in a dubious state. A militaristic German government is necessarily oppressive at home.

The old crime committed upon Poland will be undone. The conscience of a democratic world will require it. The universal cry of "no annexations, no indemnities, self-determination of peoples" is sounding the doom of militarism; for even the most fatuous government will hardly undertake military conquest if its subjects will not let it keep the spoils.

Picking the Man

WHOEVER runs the industries of a country and on whatever broad plan they are managed—whether it is capitalistic, socialistic, private management or government management—somebody or other must pick out the particular man who is to have a given job.

If it is the ancient and more or less reprobated capitalistic plan a man will always be picked for a certain job because his experience and past performance raise a definite presumption that he is peculiarly fitted to handle that particular piece of work. Capitalism is selfishly interested in its own profits, and it finds it profitable to put a man on a job that he knows about. It does not like trying experiments with unproved material.

If it is government management the man will be picked for quite different reasons—because he has demonstrated ability in some totally different line of work, because his political theories are agreeable to the person who does the picking, because the one who does the picking likes him personally.

Private management would have been aghast at the notion of putting a minor-college president, even though he were an exceedingly able man in his own field, but with no practical knowledge of mining or transportation, in control of just one important coal company or railroad. It would have demanded a man who knew that job. Government management sees no difficulty whatever in putting such a man in control of the whole fuel industry, with pretty absolute power of life or death over it. Logically, then, if it were selecting a president for one of our universities it would pick a leading coal operator.

What Broke Down

NO DOUBT you have seen it stated a hundred times—as we have—that under the test of war private management of railroads broke down. The statement is not true. What broke down was government regulation of railroads. All the Government has done in respect of the railroads is to remove a prohibition which the Government itself placed upon them. It was the Government and not the inclination of the private managers that compelled the roads to retain a strictly separate, competitive organization. Under the test of war that would not work. It involves too much duplication and waste effort. The Government swept it aside. Otherwise the roads are operated just as before. The same men are running them in the same way.

If we are getting greater efficiency out of our industrial plants it is because the Government is requiring them to cooperate, whereas formerly it required them to compete. To meet the war the antitrust laws are practically swept aside. Steel men sit down together and plan in unison in a way the Government would have indicted them for doing three years ago.

Government is talking of taking over the soft-coal mines. For years coal men have urged that consolidation was necessary to insure genuine conservation of coal and to eliminate the shocking wastes which a strictly competitive basis involved.

In taking them over the Government will unify them for operating purposes, as the mine owners have long wanted to do.

War will bring great changes. There is much speculation as to what they will be in this direction or that. One thing is already fairly settled:

War marks the end of the régime of individualistic unlimited competition. Its demonstration of the advantages of rational coöperation, as opposed to our legal insistence upon competition always and everywhere, is too overwhelming to be obscured.

That does not mean state socialism. It means decidedly closer trade organization—even to something like a revival of the old guild system—with government merely acting as umpire.

Tighten the Belt

THE Treasury faces a deficit of ten billion dollars for the current fiscal year, which ends with next June. Allowing for the proceeds of the first and second Liberty Loans and for the full amount of taxes levied, the sums appropriated would still outrun receipts by about ten billions. The full amount appropriated may not be spent because the Government is unable to get the work done; but as every dollar spent means that much war preparation accomplished there is no satisfaction in deferred payments. To meet this deficit the Treasury is already selling four per cent short-term certificates and war-savings stamps and certificates. Later on it will offer another issue of Liberty Bonds.

Paste that figure of ten billions in your hat. It measures what the Government requires of you between now and June thirtieth.

In 1917 the public took about six billions of bonds and certificates; of which, however, several hundred millions remain in the hands of the banks—owned by them or as collateral for loans. We must beat that record from now to the end of June.

Don't wait for a Liberty Loan drive. The real drive is on right now. It will be here as long as war lasts. See what you can save. Particularly take up with these war-savings certificates and stamps. They are on sale everywhere.

Get the habit!

The United States has undertaken to set a world record in producing and saving.

We have promised it to those who are fighting our battles on the physical field. It is your promise, made by your Government. Redeem it!

Real Work for Putterers

THE world wants bread and the American winter-wheat crop is the biggest single item in its bread budget. This year that crop, though on a large acreage, entered the winter in the poorest condition ever recorded by the Department of Agriculture. The winter has been one of the most severe ever known. Last year, with less rigorous weather, more than twelve million acres of fall-sown wheat were winter-killed, reducing the outturn to little more than four hundred million bushels. This year the outlook for winter wheat is poor.

The only possible offset lies in radically increasing the area of spring-sown wheat. That means more farm labor; and reports from every section show that farm labor is a scarce article.

But there are big reserves of labor that may well be drawn into service in this emergency.

Every country town in the United States could furnish a quota if the able-bodied men and youths who are working at half jobs and at incidental, puttering, tinkering jobs were combed out. No town but has its idlers on any given day of the week. All over the country men are working at trivial things—doing odd chores. It must be put to them that the country needs their labor.

BEWARE OF A JUDAS PEACE

By William Roscoe Thayer

THE fact cannot be too often remembered that though the Prussianized Germans have had the reputation of being the master war makers of the modern age they have in the atrocious conflict which they forced upon the world in August, 1914, won more by deceit than by arms. This will probably astonish posterity more than it seems to astonish us. If we discovered that the champion prize fighter had conquered his adversaries by low trickery—by poisoning their food, let us say, or by tripping them up, or by throwing pepper in their eyes—instead of by fair fighting, we should know how to rate him. Indeed, no bruiser could win the championship by such means; for in the ring there is an etiquette that forbids striking below the belt, and the contestant who disobeys is ruled out. The German war code, however, recognizes no etiquette; the Prussians, deaf alike to shame and to honor, permit themselves every license and refrain from no inhumanity. They boast of making "Anything to win" their motto.

It is not by accident that the Prussian, who has been for a century the bully of Europe, is also the chief sneak among modern peoples. The bully is usually a coward, and sneaking is the coward's natural practice. We have already heard more than once from the Prussians the coward whimper when the Allies retaliated on them the punishment that they had exulted in applying first to the Allies. The submarine, unlawfully used, the most despicable weapon ever employed by man, fitly symbolizes the modern German at war; its very essence is deceit. The nation that stoops to employ such a weapon illegitimately will as a matter of course shrink from no other practice of deceit—or of cruelty; and so we find, as I just now asserted, that the Germans have thus far won more by deceit than by arms.

A War of Corruption

LOOK at the situation at the end of 1917, after the war has been carried on for three years and a half. What has been Germany's really important conquest in this struggle? It has been Russia. And how has she conquered Russia? Not by warfare, but by corruption. In the beginning the Russian armies, though inferior to the German in military fitness and in morale, had the upper hand in East Prussia. Then a sort of paralysis seemed to blight them, and the German generals, who had retreated from them at the start, overwhelmed them at the Masurian Lakes.

Subsequently we have learned that this paralysis, which became chronic, was caused by treachery, and treachery was caused by German bribes. The extent to which this agency was carried may never be known, but enough is surely known to blacken forever the German record. The Kaiser's bribers, acting like the germs of a disease which slowly infects a people and destroys not only their physical vigor but their moral health, penetrated into every part of Russian society. The chief advisers of the Czar, the very members of his household, his ministers, his generals, admirals and subalterns, were all polluted by Prussian gold or by Prussian guile. Industry and trade were stealthily Prussianized. German capital flowed like a pestilent stream through the main channels of banking and commerce. Western Russia was covertly overrun by German colonists, and even a great manufacturing city like Lódz, "the Russian Manchester," sprang up under the spell of Teutonic promotion.

The result of this general peaceful penetration, as the Germans slyly called it, of Russia appeared in the second campaign of the war. The Russian armies in the early spring of 1915 made a great drive into Galicia; they took Przemysl and other strongholds, and with high hopes, but much imprudence, they rushed on through the Carpathian passes into Hungary. The Austrians seemed on the point of collapsing, when Germany sent Mackensen to save them. This he did not so much by the powerful forces with which he battered the Russians as through their deficiency in ammunition. In less than two months the Germans had disposed of Russia for that year.

In 1916 the Russians made another promising start. Then there followed the inevitable slowing up, unexplained at the time and puzzling to outside observers; and finally there was another disaster. It has since leaked out that from the beginning of the war the checks, the delays and the failures were owing directly to Russian officials, corrupted by the Kaiser's reptilian creatures. Large appropriations were made for uniforms, rations, munitions and means of transportation; but the armies in the field were often left without food or powder; trainloads of shells were sent off to some distant place and sidetracked; regiments actually went to the Front without rifles and without uniforms—to be armed and clothed, if at all, with the guns and uniforms of the men killed in action.

"Our American Way"

Another Chapter of Treachery

THE largest munitions factory in the Empire was blown up, with the connivance, it is said, of Germans connected with it. The wonder is that really able military commanders, like the Grand Duke Nicholas and General Brusiloff, held out as long as they did and proved that even amid the uncertainty of feeding and equipping their armies they could confront the Teutons opposed to them. Only when there were no more cartridges for the rifles and no more shells for the cannon did they give way; and even in the retreat they showed their skill by saving their armies.

The German corrupters were not satisfied, however, with paralyzing the fighting power of Russia. A victory in the field tickled the vanity of the war-mad Germans at home, but it really concluded nothing; for if the Russian armies held together they might go on retreating as fast as the Germans caught up with them, and so entice the enemy far enough from his base to work his destruction. Their ancestors had successfully used that strategy against Napoleon in 1812, and the Germans had no intention of being entrapped by it. They therefore set about corrupting the Russian people, who furnished the material for the Russian armies. By the autumn of 1916 they felt so sure of their results that they declared very confidently that Russia would be out of it by the spring of 1917. How far the deposition of the Czar entered into their plan and how far they abetted and directed it we cannot yet say. It may be argued that the Czar himself had been so compliant up to that time, and his ministers and other officials had so punctually betrayed Russia and the Russian armies according to the bargain made with German agents, that the Kaiser might have thought it superfluous to oust his "dear cousin Nicky." A man does not need to be the Kaiser in order to perceive that the autocrat who conspires to destroy a brother autocrat engages in a risky business, since he teaches how any autocracy—including his own—may be abolished. On the other hand, the utter subserviency to Germany of the leaders of the Bolsheviki, who have latterly dominated the revolution, justifies the belief that the Kaiser did indeed instigate the downfall of the Czar and bought up the lowest dregs in Russia to

accomplish the revolution which swept away the Romanoff dynasty in March, 1917.

Judging by the situation at the end of December, 1917, the Kaiser can declare that a corruption fund was never spent more completely to the satisfaction of the corrupter than that which he distributed among the Bolsheviki. They did his bidding to the last scrape of shameless servility. Not only did they stop active military operations, but they abandoned even the semblance of carrying on the war; they disbanded the armies; they virtually invited the Germans to enter Russia to do what they pleased and to take what they would. Never before in all history has any group of men sunk to such a shameless depth of turpitude.

Shameless? They have no notion of what shame is. History brands indelibly on its eternal scroll the names of detested traitors; but these men, insensible alike to loyalty and to patriotism, betray with no more remorse than is felt by the viper envenoming its innocent victims. A peddler would treat a bundle of rags with more consideration than they have shown in giving away their Mother Russia to her inveterate foe.

The Poisoners of World Thought

THE peace which, at the instigation of Berlin, they would palm off on the world is a Judas peace. Which is the more odious, the seducer or his victim? The world long ago passed its verdict on this question. Depraved as the Bolsheviki are, the Prussian Kaiser and the underlings who only too thoroughly obeyed his instructions are still more depraved. The world does not even yet sufficiently abhor the deceit of the Germans, which has been for more than a quarter of a century at work deliberately poisoning and debasing the people in those countries which the Kaiser and his evil ring had secretly resolved to conquer or control. They have studied the temperament of each victim and have applied to each the corrupter whom they believed most efficacious: A sanctimonious professor for unsuspecting, frank Americans of intelligence; imperial blandishments for American millionaires and toadies; mere vulgar money, even small change, for fellows of the baser sort. They find out the weak point, the vanity, the devil's lurking place in each, and there they sow the microbes of their depravity; there they undermine; there, if need be, they stab clandestinely. The *Kultur* which the Germans boast of is the culture of bacteria which infect and destroy the soul.

Eighty years ago, before the Prussian virus had infected German arteries, German poets and theorists amused themselves over the conundrum, "Is Germany Hamlet?" The present war has brought a true and terrible answer: "Germany is Judas." Let the world be not betrayed into perdition by its Judas peace-kiss.

Every war begets its own vocabulary. Camouflage is the word which, specially employed by the French in this war, has passed into general use in all languages. It means, first of all, a disguise with intent to deceive. Along roads where their troops and supply trains had to pass within sight of the German guns the French scene painters spread large screens of canvas on which they daubed landscapes or bushes and trees; or the French masked their batteries by heaping over them a tangle of leafy boughs; or perhaps they converted an innocent-looking haystack into a sentinel's shelter. All the belligerents employed the device; but it was the Germans who earliest and most persistently adopted camouflage to hide their political and moral weapons.

At first they used it rather clumsily. Remember how, for instance, they wished to make us believe, three years ago, that Prussian militarism was not, after all, a whit worse than British navalism. Even now they repeat, parrotlike, the phrase "freedom of the seas"; which has an impressive sound, particularly for the nine persons out of ten who have never taken the trouble to think what it means. The facts that, ever since the foundation of the German Empire, German ships have gone unimpeded all over the world, German commerce has increased at a much larger ratio than that of any other nation, and German products have been freely landed at every port—including every British port in both hemispheres—prove that the German pretense that the seas are not free to her are utterly hollow.

Not less awkward were the Germans in their outcry against the sale by Americans of munitions and supplies. Camouflage, pure camouflage, very unskillfully applied, was all that; and it had that touch of effrontery which marks Prussian dealings. International law not only permitted but legalized such traffic; the Prussian Krupp works had done a thriving business for generations in selling their guns and shells to every belligerent who ordered; of course, also, the Germans would greedily have taken all that we would have sent if it could have reached them. They had no qualms against accepting the copper, cotton and other materials of war which they could smuggle through Switzerland, Holland and Denmark—those buffer states which served as a life belt for Germany, preventing her from perishing by a blockade.

And then there was the camouflage about the blockade itself—the cruelty of starving nonbelligerent children and women. As if the Germans had not used the blockade where it was feasible in every war they had fought, and as if they, the Huns of the modern world, had shown any mercy to defenseless women and children when they first violated the Belgian frontier! Camouflage? That is too high-sounding a name, too respectable for such transparent humbug. And what but humbug was the whimper over milk for German babies? We were told that a German submarine was coming over to take home a cargo of powdered milk; but when the submarine did come it loaded all the rubber and nickel it could carry and sailed off with that instead. Some persons who declare that many new phrases merely mask old things or old doings which are sufficiently described by old familiar names will perhaps insist that camouflage is a newfangled word, not needed for these German performances, which are quite accurately described by the unambiguous lie or the ancient hypocrisy.

We must not flatter ourselves that these and similar German falsehoods are so thin that everybody can see through them and so prevent them from doing the harm intended. We have all heard befogged or seduced persons arguing in behalf of the German contentions; and it was wonderful how many editorial writers found much to say on that side—wonderful, until the list of some of the newspapers subsidized by German gold was discovered and published. Almost anybody whose memory dates from more than two years back can remember how, between the crashing of one tornado and another across the prairies, there came a roar of words from the Middle West, and we learned that the Boy Orator of the Platte was pouring forth orations to commend the Kaiser's dreams. And did not the New York papers print long lists of subscriptions to the German babies' milk fund? Where is the money now? And is the percentage of American sanity so high that not a single American repeated the damnable German argument that it was right to sink the Lusitania, and with it about 1200 noncombatant women and children and neutral men, because they said she was loaded with arms which would kill German troops in battle?

Beware of the German Judas

THESE and other essays in deceit pale, however, before the great German camouflage—the camouflage of peace To the reasoning eye this seems so absurd as not to be worth resorting to, except on the theory that everybody requires a certain interlude of farce amid the serious business of life. Abraham Lincoln, burdened with the destiny of democracy in America, read Artemus Ward's funny sketches at his cabinet meetings. The German *farceurs* have no idea that they are funny; on the contrary they are dead in earnest and expect to be taken so. They know, as we all do, that words have a hypnotic effect and that by repeating them often enough the effect can be attained There comes a time in the course of a long war when the armies in the field and the nations behind the armies grow weary, and then if the word peace be repeated in their ears they begin to forget the obstacles in the way of peace and to regard it as more important than anything else on earth and to demand that it be given to them immediately. What matter terms when the thing itself is so supremely precious? Why bicker over this or that detail? Peace will take care of all details.

To rely upon an appeal to mob spirit—for that is what the Germans really do with their peace camouflage—is often dangerous; because peoples, like individuals, are most comfortably and safely dealt with through their reason. If you make a man hysterical in order to get something out of him which he would refuse in his normal state, he may act quite differently from what you plan. Hysteria, like fire, may be easily caused, but it is hard to check, hard to quench, and very hard to direct. And in this case the Kaiser and his ring would not clutch at so questionable a weapon as international hypnotism unless they felt sure that the Germans themselves would not fall victims to it. The Kaiser plotted the dissolution of Russia

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Kerensky's Automobile in Petrograd in the Early Days of the Revolution

"Dinner is served!"

Or call it "luncheon" or "supper" if you like.
Mid-day meal or evening meal—It makes no difference. ***Campbell's Vegetable Soup*** is such a well-proportioned and satisfying food that in itself it supplies the best part of a palatable repast all cooked and ready for your table any time at three minutes' notice. You simply add ***boiling*** water, bring the soup to ***boiling*** point, let it simmer an instant, and serve it ***hot.***

And you not only save time and labor but you cut down other needless expenses every time you use

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

It includes every ingredient of a perfect vegetable soup. And each material is the choicest of its kind for this purpose.

We combine a full-bodied beef stock with diced potatoes, carrots and rutabagas. Also fancy peas, baby lima beans, Country Gentleman corn, fresh celery, okra and parsley.

Beside this we add Dutch cabbage, plenty of barley and rice, a purée of selected tomatoes, a sprinkling of macaroni "alphabets." And we heighten the tasty flavor by a dash of onion, leek and sweet red peppers.

This invigorating soup is completely prepared and seasoned. You need not add any material. You have no waste, no cooking cost. How few are the foods of which you can say this!

Think how much of your gas bill or coal bill is cooking cost!

Keep on hand a regular supply of this nourishing *Campbell* "kind." And you'll find you gain both in economy and health.

21 kinds 12c a can

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Beef	Consommé	Printanier
Bouillon	Julienne	Tomato
Celery	Mock Turtle	Tomato-Okra
Chicken	Mulligatawny	Vegetable
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Mutton	Vegetable-Beef
Clam Bouillon	Ox Tail	Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

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through the infamous agency of the Bolsheviki, but he did not for a moment intend or expect that his German Bolsheviki at home should follow this example and dissolve Imperial Germany—autocrat, Junkers, servants of frightfulness, and all.

The Kaiser's first gesture in his peace move was directed toward the German nation. In the middle of 1916 he informed his obsequious subjects, and incidentally the world, that Germany had won the war, and that only the wickedness of his enemies prevented them from perceiving that they were beaten. For some reason beyond the reach of German psychology they persisted in keeping up the fight just as if they had not already lost it, and even after they had heard the Kaiser's gracious announcement they went on with redoubled efforts. What the docile German, who accepts the Kaiser's utterances as the sum of all law, gospel and science, thought of this we cannot surmise.

If you are wrestling with a man and he throws you, but you both grapple so fiercely that neither can break loose, how much heed do you pay to him when he whispers frantically "Stop! You're dead"? In previous wars the Germans had taken care that their enemies were in fact dead before they issued their bulletins of victory. How much satisfaction the German nation derived from the Kaiser's false statements does not appear, but it has swallowed so many other lies that it probably relished this. Did it not exult with proper zeal when the Kaiser announced, after his fleet had scuttled off out of range of the British guns at the Battle of Jutland, that he was Lord High Admiral of the Atlantic?

The Allies, however, though they have made many mistakes, have never supposed that the war could be won by talk, and they had an irreverent sense of humor which left them unmoved by the Kaiser's bombast. It happened, also, that the summer of 1916 was particularly unfavorable for any assertion of German invincibility; because since February in that year the Germans had hurled immense masses of their best men, supported by such a strength of artillery as had never until then been assembled, in an effort to take Verdun. Month after month the barbarians battered; month after month the French held firm. Even the consideration that Verdun was needed in order to establish the military glory of the despised German Crown Prince failed to stir the traditionally polite Frenchmen to give way. If the skulls of the multitude of Germans butchered there to make the Crown Prince's holiday had been built in a pyramid, its top would have surpassed the highest of the hills which guarded the wrecked city. One wonders whether the parents of each of these victims of Hohenzollern ambition were really cheated by the Kaiser's bluff.

The Camouflage Peace Offer

Nevertheless, in the autumn, thanks to treachery which paralyzed the Rumanians, the Germans could plume themselves on a spectacular success in the southeast, and the Kaiser seized the occasion for making a formal offer of peace to his enemies. He wished to do so not merely as an act of grace but in order to show his love of peace itself, and of humanity, and of good will. It was much as if the head master of a school should offer to forgive and take back a band of obstreperous boys who had rebelled and run away—boys who were to be pitied for not realizing that the master was omnipotent and that they were very silly in imagining that they could successfully defy his power. The Kaiser intimated that if the Allies refused his terms he would fight until they had nothing to expect from him except a demand for their absolute surrender. Perverse that they were, instead of thanking him they rather inclined to make merry over his pomposity, and though they felt acutely the Rumanian breakdown they simply prepared to wage the war more resolutely.

Did the Kaiser expect that his offer at Christmas, 1916, would be accepted? Hardly. . . . He was merely indulging in camouflage. Friends and foes alike had come to think of Germany as a nation of soldiers; that it was bent on destroying France, on smashing England, and with it the Imperial British sea power which stood impregnably between the German dream of world empire and its realization. Even quiet peoples, Americans in both hemispheres for instance, regarded German militarism with alarm, and it was clear that they, too, might rise up and join the crusade against the Hun. How could the Kaiser more naturally allay alarm and divert attention from his real purpose than by his camouflage, which depicted him first as a lover of peace, and hinted next that he had no intention of exacting the ruin of any of his enemies, or of demanding indemnities, or even of keeping the foreign territory his armies had occupied?

Peace, evermore peace, that was his watchword, that was the suggestion by which he schemed to hypnotize an unwary world. If the peoples could be brought to think of him, not as an ogre who delighted in blood and havoc, but as the benevolent autocrat who yearned to see his enemies beat their swords into plowshares, he would take a long stride toward securing his ends. He did not hesitate to turn against the Allies the very words they had applied to him. They were war-mad conquerors; they were swollen with ambition; they were so fired by war lust that they could not be appeased except by destroying Germany and devouring her peace-loving folk.

The Kaiser's Secret Purposes

Very pretty disavowals and surprising insinuations! But methinks the Kaiser did protest too much. What was his plot? What did his camouflage hide with intent to deceive? His secret purpose has been dissected with a surgeon's skill and dispassionateness by M. André Chéradame, and I will content myself here with only an outline of his conclusions.

During the long years in which Germany slowly matured her wicked plot against civilization she came to see that she might achieve world power in one of two ways: First, she might by a sudden spring overthrow and annihilate France, and then by turning swiftly to the east she might break down Russia. These two strokes would leave her mistress of Europe; but in order to secure and complete her supremacy she must defeat England, and this she counted on doing in a very few years after she had defeated the Continental Powers. Her second choice was embodied in her Middle Europe scheme, by which she meant to control Austria, the Balkans and Turkey on both sides of the Bosphorus, and to push her dominion through Asia Minor and down to Bagdad in Persia.

Her Middle Europe project might be attained, it will be observed, without going to war at all; it required only friendly relations of "the most favored nation" sort between Germany and the countries which lay to the south of her, from Austria to Persia. She would build railroads connecting Hamburg and Bagdad, over which her products should be sent to vast populations. Germans would colonize the rich lands in Anatolia and Mesopotamia, and carry out the process of peaceful penetration in which they had proved themselves experts. The only impediment in the way of her triumphal progress was Serbia, through which her route had to pass before she could reach Turkey.

Such were her two plans. The first appealed to the piratical inheritance of the Hohenzollerns and to the common German appetite for war. The second appealed to the German instinct of cupidity, to the desire to extend her commerce and to increase her wealth—that instinct embodied in Ballin and the other German captains of industry who pursue financial gain as ruthlessly as the German General Staff conducts war.

When the Kaiser forced war upon the world in August, 1914, he expected to accomplish his first plan. But the brave Belgians at Liège checked the momentum of his drive, and Joffre, sublime in patience, foresight and courage, shattered that plan forever in the Battle of the Marne. The German war logically ended there. The Kaiser had been defeated, but though his plan had collapsed he believed that he could wear France down by slow fighting before the English could prepare an army adequate in size and drill to come to her assistance; and he approved of the unspeakably horrible raid into Serbia and of the campaigns against the Slavs on the east. He knew—and there is no excuse why everybody in the world should not have known for three years past—that the vital point where the conflict must be decided was in Flanders and Eastern France. He tried unsuccessfully to sweep through Flanders to Calais while only small forces of English held that section. He tried most desperately again and again to inundate the French at Verdun before the great English Army had crossed the Channel, but he failed. The upshot of all his campaigning in the west for nearly two years past was the slow withdrawal of the German Army, unable even in its amazingly fortified defenses to stand up before the Tommies of England and the poilus of France with their unmatched artillery.

Having devastated Serbia and Montenegro, having overrun and devastated Rumania, having occupied, partly through military operations and more through deceit, most of Western Russia, the Middle Europe scheme loomed up most seductively before the eyes of the Kaiser and his war ring. He held nearly all the elements of its realization in his hands. Austria, Bulgaria, Turkey, were simply his vassals; Serbia was powerless to block his path; he had abetted the massacre of hundreds of thousands of Armenians whereby he whetted the Turks' bloodthirstiness; above all, his enemies, the Western Allies, could not strike him at any vital point along the Berlin-to-Bagdad line. England had taken Bagdad, to be sure, but her hold on it would be precarious when the Middle Europe project was organized.

So the Kaiser strutted before the world at Christmastide, 1916, as a prince of peace graciously disposed to stop the war on the general terms of no annexations and no indemnities. A few silly persons exclaimed: "What a kind soul he is! How generous!" Those who were not dulled by words, least of all by words sodden in German deceit, saw at once, however, that if the Kaiser could get peace on those terms he would get also Germany's second choice, the Middle Europe enterprise. That would mean that the German Empire, controlling its vassals—Austria, Bulgaria and the Turkish Empire—would number 170,000,000 inhabitants, from whom it could conscript a standing army of 20,000,000 soldiers. It would have naval control of the Black Sea and the Adriatic, and of Constantinople, the veritable metropolis where all roads and all commerce from north and south and east and west meet. Compared with such a reservoir of wealth and power, the acquisition of Belgium seemed paltry indeed. Germany had levied immense sums on the towns and provinces stricken by her in Belgium, France and Russia. She had wrought incalculable damage by the ruin of buildings and property, and now she proposed to grant peace without indemnities—without, that is, paying back one pfennig of all the billions of marks that she owed for damages which could be paid for! Generous indeed!

The Pirate Empire

In brief, for the Allies to accept these terms would imply that their struggle for democracy, for international justice, and for the rights of small nations, had failed. It would leave the German Empire immeasurably stronger than it had been in 1914. It would be tantamount to admitting that imperial piracy on the largest scale had succeeded. It would bring no durable peace; but would surely leave Germany in a position to renew war at any time, with the assurance of victory and of world dominion, whenever she chose.

No genuine desirer of peace could for a moment think of accepting these terms. Let us put the German story in another form so as to bring out more saliently its moral:

Many years ago there lived in the mountains of South Germany a family of robbers. They were called the Hohenzollerns—"the high toll takers"—because they had their lair high up above a pass from which they could discover the pack trains and the single travelers toiling up the slope on either side and could swoop down and levy whatever toll they chose on the strangers. Thus by piracy they grew rich, and centuries later they went down into the plain and by fighting or by marriage they acquired much territory.

The instinct for plunder persisted in the Hohenzollern family, but instead of robbing small parties of itinerant merchants or solitary chapmen in the old mountain pass, they now stole provinces and states. They organized Prussia, their own state, to be a wonderful agency for national piracy. They looked over the other German states, disunited and lumberingly inefficient, and saw that if Prussia could dominate them she could make of them under her leadership a pirate empire of the first magnitude.

To do this, however, required some tact, for Austria, controlled by the German House of Hapsburg, also aspired to dominate the German peoples. So Prussia artfully wheedled Austria into joining her in robbing Denmark of nearly half her land; and then she picked a quarrel with Austria, defeated her, and stood out before the world as the paramount German Power.

To weld the separate elements into a single empire required one more war. This she easily contrived against France, and by persuading her German neighbors that the French were really bent on whipping Germany she secured them all as allies and with them whipped France. The German Empire thus united was bound together by the iron cables of Prussia; and was not merely bound together but, before long, it was Prussianized.

The instinct for piracy seems to be innate in the German temperament; at any rate the Prussians soon succeeded in kindling it in Teutons of every tribe. There used to be a pleasant tradition that the South Germans and the Rhinelanders were gentle, honest people, quite unlike the Prussians, but this fallacy will never fool anyone again. During the present war the Bavarians have equaled the Prussians in atrocity, and have gloated over it. Before the war all classes of Germans, from swaggering Junkers to groveling bootblacks and professors, had embraced piracy as their national ideal.

Prussia's Motto: Piracy Pays

President Wilson and a good many other Americans have thought they saw a generic difference between the Kaiser and the German people; they even hinted that the German people would secretly welcome any foreigner that would release them from their bondage to the Kaiser. To picture Germany as Andromeda, living at the mercy of the Hohenzollern monster and waiting for a possible Perseus to rescue her, does credit to the poetic persons who cherish it, but it accuses their absolute blindness to fact; for there is no more difference between the Kaiser and the Germans than between tweedledum and tweedledee. Happily, the recent utterances of President Wilson and of Premier Lloyd George indicate that they are not misled by specious lines of distinction.

Piracy pays! That motto, adopted long since in act by the Prussians, was accepted without demur by the Germans; and in order to prove its truth they needed only to follow the course of German expansion from the modest days of high toll taking in the south to the Babylonian pomps of imperial Berlin in the north. We must not do the Germans the injustice therefore to infer that they have had any scruples against going into the present war. Why should they? They knew that Germany had the largest army in history and they counted on its winning the largest spoils. When victory was delayed owing to the impoliteness of the Allies, they were told by their finance minister not to worry, because the longer the delay the richer would be the booty; and he cheered them by assuring them that the Allies would have to pay indemnities which would make every German and his children's children rich.

Still there was a hitch, and, what was more, not merely higher taxes and heavier burdens and mourning for dead boches in every household, but an inconsiderate gnawing at the stomach—that vulgar and unpatriotic organ which refused to be appeased by the Kaiser's promises of incalculable loot. In his desperation the Kaiser, blocked from military victory on the Western Front, where alone it would have real value, turned to the Middle Europe alternative. To secure that he needed only peace, not war; and that is why at Christmas, 1917, he repeated his peace offer, but with more camouflage and more suspicious provisos than in 1916.

The statesmen of the Allies have treated this offer with the scorn which it merits, but the public is so gullible and the propaganda of the pro-Germans and the pacifists is so insidious and incessant that we are likely to hear voices raised in approval of it. War weariness counts for much; hypnotic influence of words, as I have already remarked, counts for much also.

But there never was a crisis when it was so vitally important that men should not mistake the shadow for the substance. Persons delude themselves into thinking that peace is a fixed condition; but to stop

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The Future of The Republic

Our faith in the future of the Republic Tire is as firm as our faith in the nation whose name it bears.

We, too, have held steadfastly to high ideals, trying to live up to the splendid significance of the name Republic.

We have a conviction that, in business as in statesmanship, soon or late, right principles prevail.

The men who founded this business began it with an honest intention—with a simple faith in the ultimate success of a good tire.

We are reaping the reward of their stubborn conviction that people will discriminate in favor of an honest product.

It is generally admitted, now, that Republic Tires do last longer.

We are sure of the future of Republic Tires because we are trying to be true to the traditions of the past.

Republic Inner Tubes, both Black-Line Red and Gray, have a reputation for freedom from trouble

The Republic Rubber Corporation
Youngstown, Ohio

Originator of the First Effective Rubber Non-Skid Tire
Republic Staggard Tread

Republic
STAGGARD
Tread

Maximum Grip with Minimum Friction

REPUBLIC TIRES

The Fine Art of Service

FROM the beginning to the end of your stay in Chicago you can be under the responsible protection of La Salle service. This Hotel owns and operates a large fleet of taxicabs and limousines primarily for convenience of guests. Luxurious cars with careful, courteous chauffeurs are at your command at most reasonable rates.

Hotel La Salle

Chicago's Finest Hotel

—is located in the heart of Chicago, yet the unobtrusive courtesy, perfect appointments and service insure all desired privacy.

RATES

	Per day
[illegible]	$2, $2 50 and $3
[illegible]	$3, $3 50, $4 and $5
Two persons	*Per day*
Room with detached bath	$3, $3 50 and $4
Room with private bath—	
Double room	$5 to $8
Single room with double bed	$4, $4 50 and $5
Two Connecting Rooms with Bath	
[illegible]	$5 [illegible] $8
[illegible]	$6 [illegible] $7
[illegible]	$7 [illegible] $12

1020 rooms—850 with private bath

La Salle at Madison Street
CHICAGO
ERNEST J. STEVENS
Vice-Pres. and Mgr.

(Concluded from Page 24)

fighting now would not mean peace; it would merely give a truce to those powers of evil which remorselessly plunged the world into the present war, to prepare for another war whereby they might win what they have missed in this one, and dominate mankind.

Peace can come only when the conditions of true peace are restored. Between 1871 and 1914 Europe did not enjoy a true peace, because every day and every hour of those forty-three years Germany was equipping herself for the colossal piracy which she openly engaged in four years ago. Her European neighbors had dim forebodings of the day of Armageddon which loomed behind all the Prussian policies and military preparations.

Reckoning merely by the sordid measure of money, it cost Europe at least a billion dollars a year, on the average, to keep up, even partially, armaments to match the German; and when the war ends and the great bill is made out to cover its direct tangible expenses, there must be added in $43,000,000,000 for the preliminary outlay Europe had to make to protect itself against the Hohenzollern ambition. There has never been anything in history for which men have paid so dear as that ambition embodying German greed and German lust of power.

Champions of Wrong

And in return what has modern Germany given the world? Not one poem, not a single book of high and permanent inspiration, not a painting, not a statue, not even a musician worthy to rank with the German masters who wrote the world's music in the days before the poison of Prussianism blighted the German soul.

Only when you look straight at the facts and see the cause of the war will you understand how fatuous it is to babble of making peace so long as the champions of wrong are left intact. The struggle lies between two diametrically opposed and mutually destructive ideals of life—between autocracy, which believes that mankind are by nature and, in fact, should be the chattels of a monarch who has absolute control over their life and conditions and can put them to death when he chooses; and democracy, which believes that the humblest individual possesses a soul which he can best develop in liberty only, and that this principle of freedom shall prevail in the dealings of individuals with each other and in the political, religious and social communities into which they group themselves. In its international relations "Live and let live" has been the rule of democracy; but autocracy does not willingly tolerate other forms of government, especially when those forms seem to be rivals. The autocrat who controls his own subjects absolutely must desire to extend his control over his neighbors; and nothing could be more disquieting to an autocrat than to have powerful democratic neighbors. They may not be even materially powerful; it is sufficient for them to waft abroad the principles of democracy, as flowers waft their fructifying pollen. If only a river divides the two nations, how can the sight of the democrats, who are masters of themselves, fail to put revolutionary thoughts into the minds of the autocrat's human chattels? Since 1871 Germany, following Bismarck's cue, pretended to feel contempt for the noisy, explosive, often discordant French democrats; but it was the example that, in spite of all shortcomings, France could maintain herself as a democracy which disquieted the despot at Berlin and made him desire the downfall of democratic France.

And not of France only but of all democracies. During the past fifty years the spirit of democracy has gone into all lands and has been a political solvent in which many ancient despotisms have been loosened and transformed. Bismarck saw clearly that even Prussian autocracy would be consumed by it, though, as he said, the Germans are politically the most retrograde of European peoples and the most incapable of self-government. So he set about strengthening autocracy in Germany, his chief weapon being the extension of militarism. On the foundations he laid the present Kaiser built; and, so far as he could, he encoiled with his partnership the other chief despotisms, the sadly degenerate despotisms of Europe—Austria and Turkey. Bismarck taught that democracy, through lack of having its power unified under a single central control, could not compete with an autocracy. When, therefore, the German Kaiser deemed that everything was ready at home and that the internal conditions, including lack of military preparedness in France, England, Italy and Russia, were most favorable for him, he sprang with tigerish swiftness and ferocity at the throat of Belgium and France.

The slowly unfolding process of war has simply confirmed the fact that it is a life-and-death struggle between these two antagonistic principles. Autocracy, championed by the German Kaiser, has in its desperation abandoned civilized methods and ideals and has, indeed, been ready to destroy civilization itself rather than to let go its hold on power. It has accepted as its watchword Bernhardi's alternative, "World dominion or downfall"; it will tolerate no other form of government than its own; it recognizes no law, human or divine, except that which the Kaiser makes.

What peace, what truce even, can be arranged with such an antagonist? Where are any common terms for negotiation to be found? The timid, the tired, the doubting, the depressed, tell us that as things have reached a deadlock we must consent to compromise. In what religious creed is it taught that men are justified in compromising with evil? Into what brave heart did the poisonous thought ever glide that he might honorably lay down his arms before a stubborn and formidable enemy? In this conflict there can be no stopping until Prussian military autocracy, the most recent form in which Satan has panoplied himself, has been destroyed. Any peace which leaves that intact will usher in Prussian world dominion.

It takes no very keen eyes to penetrate the deceit of the camouflage of the Kaiser's peace offer. If he were now all-victorious, as he alleges, would he make this offer—or any other? By no means. He would take, occupy and despotize without any "by your leave." He pretends to be able to dictate to all the belligerents. What is the truth? His armies are farther off from Paris than they were a year ago; he has gained not a square inch of British territory for a foothold; and his futile air raids on England, having killed not above a thousand noncombatants, mostly women and children, have simply strengthened the resolve of the British to fight until the coward monster who resorts to such atrocities is slain. He has lost all his colonies.

The Kaiser knows all this. He has known since the Battle of the Marne that he was beaten in his original purpose. Why then does he exploit so flimsy and transparent a trick? He has several motives. In the first place, despairing of winning the war by a military decision, he seeks to win it by political corruption; and his success with the infamous Russian dregs encourages him to hope that he may disintegrate his other enemies by similar means. The American counterparts of the Bolsheviki are working persistently in America, as they are in other countries, though they do not necessarily speak Russian.

So the Kaiser counts on them everywhere. What a stupendous hypocrisy it is, when you consider it, that the Kaiser, the complete autocrat, who has throughout his reign persecuted and wished to annihilate anarchists and socialists, should now turn to the venal members of both these sects to save him from destruction! How can he ever recover his prestige? The very existence of the German Empire—of the autocracy which plots to dominate the world—depends, it appears, on the good will of these incendiaries. And how shall the party of revolution, which has protested for half a century that it could make no truce with German autocracy, regain its lost reputation after prostituting itself to organize the Socialist Congress at Stockholm and to administer deadly poison to the Russians, at the Kaiser's suggestion?

Another motive behind the peace offer is the desperate need of continuing to feed the German people with lies. From the outset this has been the Kaiser's favorite expedient. He knew their docility and it seemed as if he wished to put their gullibility to the test. They were told long ago that he had taken Paris, occupied London, subjugated England and burnt Edinburgh. They were told that in the Battle of Jutland the German fleet had won the greatest naval victory of all time. They were told that we Americans were a wretched lot of cowards, who couldn't raise an army if we wished, and couldn't send one to Europe even if we raised it, on account of the submarines, which controlled the Atlantic and were starving England into submission.

A people which not only swallowed all these lies but smacked their lips in the process, naturally found it quite logical that their war lord, from his victorious height, should condescend to agree to allow his poor beaten enemies to stop fighting. To the German people, accordingly, the peace offer is another proof that they have won the war.

The Bloodstained Hand

The Kaiser has sneered at the participation of the Americans in the war, just as he sneered at the British "Contemptibles," but he understands very well that the American troops are crossing regularly to France, and he wishes to get peace before their numbers, added to the armies of the Allies, shall vanquish Hindenburg on the Western Front. This is another reason.

But the paramount reason for his frantic desire for peace is that if the war can be closed now he will realize his Middle Europe dream, which will assure for him in a very few years the domination of the world. This is why his terms must not be considered for a moment. He slyly counts on any consideration of peace as a point in his favor. The temptation, which at first sight reveals itself in all its repulsiveness, may exert its seductive power over us if we give it time—"We first endure, then pity, then embrace." This may be the effect that a bastard and deceitful peace offer may work upon the Allies.

We may pertinently inquire, What would be the preliminaries of such a peace? Whom could the Allies treat with? Not with the Kaiser, because he is forsworn; his oath is worth nothing, whether he pledges himself as monarch or as man. Tirpitz, Hindenburg, and the imperial ring could not be trusted. They boast that they hold no word as sacred, and they are busy fabricating lies, plots and conspiracies which they sow broadcast. Until German troops shall evacuate the territories they have seized, and shall disarm, it would be suicide, therefore, for the Allies to check their military operations, to withdraw their troops from any position, and much less to think of reducing their forces by a single man.

Here is a practical difficulty which the Kaiser cannot have overlooked, but there is a moral consideration which cries out far more solemnly against the Kaiser's schemes. Every ally, every neutral, every man or woman with a sense of justice, must regard such a compact as a compounding with the most atrocious criminal in history. It would make us at least the extenuators of all the German crimes, of the outrages on women and children in Belgium and France, of the massacres in Poland and Armenia, of the systematic starving of prisoners, of the deportation and enslaving of millions of noncombatants, of the deliberate ravaging of towns and countries and the destruction of works of art, of the negation of the primal trust of man in man and of the spirit of mercy and justice without which civilization cannot endure. Who among all the Allies will take the odious, bloodstained hand of William of Hohenzollern in his and say "Let us be friends"?

A principle that builds quality at least possible cost

It is the principle of specialization.

We do not scatter our vast resources. We concentrate them upon two or three definite grades at definitely known prices.

Thus, by producing clothes by the most efficient and economical method, we are able to offer you our genuinely famous values.

For Spring'18 Styleplus Clothes will be made in two grades—$21 (green label) and $25 (red label).

Each grade the greatest possible value at the price!

Styleplus distributors will sell **Styleplus Clothes $17** (black label) as long as their supplies of this grade last.

HENRY SONNEBORN & CO., INC.
Founded 1849 Baltimore, Md.

Styleplus Clothes
$21 AND $25
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

"Each grade the same price the nation over"

America's only known-priced clothes

Scattergood Makes it Round Numbers

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY WICKEY

"IT'S a telegram from Johnny Bones," said Scattergood Baines to his wife Mandy as he tore open the yellow envelope and read the brief message it contained.

"Telegram!" said Mandy. "Why didn't he write? Them telegrams come high . . . . Huh! Jest one word—'Come!' Costs as much to send ten as it does one, don't it?"

"Identical," said Scattergood.

"Then," said Mandy sharply, "if he was bound to telegraph, why didn't he git his money's worth?"

"I calc'late he thought he said a-plenty," Scattergood replied. "Johnny, he don't like to put no more in writin' that's apt to pass from hand to hand than he's obleeged to. . . . Mandy, looks like we better start for home."

"What d'you s'pose it kin be?" Mandy asked, already busy laying clothing in their canvas telescope. "Mostly telegrams announces death or sickness."

"I kin think of sixty-nine things it might be," said Scattergood; "but I got a feelin' it hain't none of 'em."

"We shouldn't of come away on this vacation," said Mandy. "Johnny Bones is too young a boy to leave in charge."

"Johnny Bones is a dum good lawyer, Mandy, and a dum farseein' young man. I don't calc'late Johnny's done us no harm. Hain't no hurry, Mandy. We can't git a train home for five hours."

"We'll be settin' right in the depot waitin' for it," said Mandy, who declined to take chances. "Be sure you keep your money in the pants pocket on the side I'm walkin' on. Pickpockets'd have some difficulty gittin' past me."

"Only thing agin Johnny Bones," said Scattergood, "is that he hain't a first-rate hardware clerk."

Scattergood, in spite of the ownership of twenty-four miles of narrow-gauge railroad, of a hundred-odd thousand acres of spruce and of a sawmill the capacity of which was thirty thousand feet a day, persisted in regarding these things as side lines, and in looking upon his little hardware store in Coldriver as the vital business of his life. It had now been ten years since Scattergood had walked up Coldriver Valley to the village of Coldriver. It was ten years since he had embarked on the conquest of that desirable valley with a total working capital of fifty dollars and some cents; and he not only controlled the valley's business, and timber and transportation, but generally supervised the politics of the state. He could have borne up manfully if all of it were taken away from him—except the hardware store. To have ill befall that would have been disaster indeed!

On the train Scattergood turned over a seat to have a resting place for his feet, took off his shoes, displaying white woolen socks—a refinement forced upon him by Mandy—and leaned back to doze and speculate. When Mandy thought him safely asleep she covered his feet with a paper to conceal from the public view this evidence of a character not overgiven to refinement. It is characteristic of Scattergood that, though wide awake, he gave no sign of knowledge of Mandy's act. Scattergood was thinking, and to think, with him, meant so to unfetter his feet that he could wriggle his toes pleasurably.

Johnny Bones was waiting for Scattergood at the station.

"Johnny," said Scattergood, "did you sell that kitchen range to Sam Kettleman?"

"Almost, Mr. Baines—almost. But, when it came to unwrapping the weasel skin and laying money on the counter, Sam guessed Mrs. Kettleman could keep on for a spell cooking with what she had."

"Johnny," said Scattergood, "you're dum near perfect; but you got your shortcomin's. Hardware's one of 'em. . . . What about that telegram of your'n?"

"Yes," said Mandy.

"Mr. Castle, president of the G. & B. ——"

"I know what job he's holdin' down."

"—— came to see you yesterday. I wouldn't tell him where you were; so he had to tell me what he wanted. He wants to buy your railroad. Said to have you wire him right off."

"Um!" Scattergood walked deliberately, with heavy-footed stride, to the telegraph operator and wrote a brief but eminently characteristic message. "I might!" the telegram said to President Castle. "Now, folks," he said, "we'll go up to the store and sort of figger on what Castle's got in mind."

They sat down on the veranda, under the wooden awning, and Scattergood's specially reënforced chair creaked under his great weight as he stooped to remove his shoes. For a moment he wriggled his toes, just as a golfer waggles his driver preparatory to the stroke.

"Um!" he said. . . . "Castle," he went on presently, "works for jest two objects—makin' money and payin' off grudges. Most gen'ally he tries to figger so's to combine 'em."

Johnny and Mandy waited. They knew better than to interrupt Scattergood's train of thought. Had they done so he would have uttered no rebuke, but would have hoisted himself out of his chair and waddled away up the dusty street, and neither of them would ever hear another word of the matter.

"He knows I wouldn't sell this road without gittin' money for it. Therefore he's figgerin' on makin' a lot of money out of it or payin' off a dog-gone big grudge. . . . Somebody we don't know about is calc'latin' on movin' into this valley, Johnny. Somebody that's goin' to do a heap of shippin'—and that means timber cuttin'. . . . And it must be settled, or Castle wouldn't come out and offer to buy."

Johnny and Mandy had followed the reasoning and nodded assent.

"What timber be they goin' to cut?" Scattergood poked a chubby finger at Johnny, who shook his head. "The Goodhue tract, back of Tupper Falls. Uh-huh! Because there hain't no other sizable tract that I hain't got strings on. And the mills, whatever kind they be, will be at Tupper Falls. Mills got to be there! Can't git timber out to no other place. And, Johnny, buyin' timber is a heap more important and difficult than buyin' mill sites. Eh? . . . Johnny, you ketch the first train for Tupper Falls. I own a mite of land along the railroad, Johnny; but you buy all the rest from the Falls to the station. Not in my name, Johnny. Git deeds to folks whose names we're entitled to use; and the more deeds the better. Scoot!"

"Now don't go actin' hasty," said Mandy. "You don't know ——"

"The only thing I don't know, Mandy, is whether Johnny's too late to buy that land. Knowin' nobody else wants it—and it hain't no good for nothin' but what they want it for—these folks may not have bought yit!"

Scattergood shouted suddenly at a passing drayman:

"Hey, Pete! . . . Come here and git a cookin' range and take it up to Sam Kettleman's house. Git a man to help you. Tell Mis' Kettleman I sent it and she's to try it a week to see if she likes it. Set it up for her and all."

Scattergood settled back to watch with approval while two men hoisted the heavy stove on the wagon and drove away with it. Presently Sam Kettleman appeared on the porch of his grocery across the street, and Scattergood called to him:

"Well, Sam, glad you decided to git the woman a new stove. Shows you're up an' doin'. It's all set up by this time."

Sam stared a moment; then, smitten speechless, he rushed across the road and stood, a picture of rage, glaring at Scattergood.

"I didn't buy no stove! You know dum well I didn't buy no stove. I can't afford no stove! You jest git right up and haul it back here—d'you hear me?"

"Well, now, Sam, don't it beat all? Me makin' a mistake like that! Sure, I'll send after it. Right off! . . . Now I won't have to order one special for Locker." Locker was the rival grocer. "I kin haul this one right to his house and explain to him how he come to git it so soon. I'll say: 'Locker, we jest hauled this stove down from Sam Kettleman's. Had it all set up there; and then Sam, he figgered it was too expensive a stove for him, and he couldn't afford it right now, on account of business -not bein' brisk.'"

"Eh?" said Kettleman.

"'Twon't cause a mite of talk that anybody'll pay attention to. Everybody knows what Locker's wife is. Tongue wagglin' at both ends! And I'll take pains to conterdict whatever story she goes spreadin' about you bein' too mean to git your wife things to do with in the kitchen, and about how you're most bankrupt and ready to give up business. Nobody'll b'lieve her, anyhow, Sam; but if they do I'll explain it to 'em."

"Now ——"

"Locker's wife'll be glad to have it too. She'd have to wait two weeks for hers, and now she'll git it right off. Oven's cracked on her'n, and she allows she spoils every batch of bread she bakes—and her pledged to furnish six loaves for the Methodist Ladies' Food Sale!"

"Scattergood Baines, if you dast touch my stove I'll have the law onto you. You can't go enterin' my house and removin' things without my permission, I kin tell you! If you think you can gouge me out of my stove jest to make it more convenient for Mis' Locker, you're thinkin' wrong!"

"'Tain't your stove till it's paid for, Sam."

"Then, by gum, it'll be mine darn quick. Thirty-eight dollars, was it? Now you gimme a receipt!"

Scattergood waddled into the store, wrote a receipt and put the money in the safe. When Sam had recrossed the road Scattergood turned to Johnny Bones:

"Sellin' hardware's easy if you put your mind to it, Johnny. Trouble with you is you don't take no int'rest in it. . . . Next time you'll know better. Train's goin' in fifteen minutes. Better hustle."

Next noon Scattergood was in his usual place on the piazza of his store when the train came in. Presently Mr. Castle, president of the G. & B., came into view, and Scattergood closed his eyes as if enjoying a midday snooze. Mr. Castle approached, stopped, regarded Scattergood with a pucker of his thin lips and said to himself that the man must be an accident.

It was one of Scattergood's most valuable qualities that his appearance and manner gave that opinion to people, even when they had suffered discomfiture at his hands. Mr. Castle coughed, and Scattergood opened his eyes sleepily and peered over the rolls of fat that were his cheeks.

"Howdy?" said Scattergood, not moving.

"Good day, Mr. Baines. You got my message?"

"Seein' as you got my reply to it, I must have," said Scattergood.

"Can we talk here?"

"I kin."

Mr. Castle looked about. No one was within earshot. He occupied a chair at Scattergood's side.

"I understand your message to mean that you are willing to sell your railroad."

"I calc'late that message meant jest what it said."

"I know what your railroad cost you—almost to a penny."

"Uh-huh!" said Scattergood without interest.

"I'll tell you why I want it: My idea is to extend it through to Humboldt—twenty miles. May have to tunnel Hopper Mountain; but it will give me a short line to compete with the V. & M. from Montreal."

"To be sure!" said Scattergood, who knew well that such an extension was not only impracticable from the point of view

(Continued on Page 31)

Save Shoe Costs in Two Ways

Consider the shoe item in your family budget.

It is a fact that shoes cost more per pair than they did. You cannot help that. But it is also a fact that *your shoe expense depends largely on the wear you get from soles.*

Obviously, then, by getting soles that wear better you can reduce your annual expense for shoes.

This leads naturally to the use of Neōlin Soles, for these soles do wear better and do save considerable sums for all who use them.

Why not cut down *your* shoe bills with Neōlin Soles? Do it in two ways:

First—get your old shoes out of the closet and have Neōlin Soles put on them.

Second—make sure that the new shoes you buy—for any member of the family—have Neōlin Soles.

These measures for economy mean no extra initial expense, for Neōlin Soles—either on new shoes or as resoles—cost no more than leather.

And there is no sacrifice connected with the saving which Neōlin Soles bring—quite the opposite.

You lose nothing that leather soles can give and you gain much that leather can not give.

Neōlin Soles, for instance, are waterproof. They protect your health from dampness underfoot. They are flexible—make walking easier for men and women and give children's feet a chance to develop proper strength. They wear well, resist slipping and have a quiet tread. *They have all the qualities soles should have.*

When you buy Neōlin Soles—either on new shoes or as resoles—be sure the Neōlin trade mark is underneath. *Mark* that mark; stamp it on your memory: Neōlin—

the trade symbol for a never changing quality product of

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

Neōlin Soles

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Industry Moves on Wheels—and United States Tires Are Helping to Keep The Wheels of Industry Moving

Stop the wheels going 'round—on passenger automobiles and on commercial motor vehicles—and industry stops.

Transportation of men and merchandise is to commercial forwardness and prosperity as is the circulation of blood through the veins to the vigor and vitality of a man.

The automobile enables man and merchandise to "circulate" more quickly.

The United States Tire Company is doing its part to enable man and merchandise to circulate more quickly,

—by building tires that give the lowest possible cost per mile and the longest possible mileage,

—by building tires for almost every form of conveyance not moving on tracks:

—five types of tires for passenger cars—the 'Royal Cord', the 'Nobby', the 'Chain', the 'Usco' and the 'Plain':

—three types of tires for commercial vehicles—the Presses-On Solid Truck Tire, the Demountable Solid Truck Tire, and the 'Nobby' Cord Pneumatic Truck Tire;

—also tires for Motorcycles, Bicycles and Aëroplanes;

—all built to give supreme service, as proved by the fact that United States Tires of every kind show such vast sales increases that there is only one conclusion to draw:

—that United States Tires are giving complete and absolute satisfaction.

The "Five"—
'Royal Cord', 'Nobby', 'Chain', 'Usco' and 'Plain'

United States Tires Are Good Tires

Also tires for Motor Trucks, Motorcycles, Bicycles and Aëroplanes

United States Tubes and Tire Accessories Have all the Sterling Worth and Wear that Make United States Tires Supreme.

(Continued from Page 28)

of engineering but also from the standpoint of traffic to be obtained. "Good idee!"

"I'll pay you cost and a profit of twenty-five thousand dollars."

"Hain't int'rested special," said Scattergood. "I git that much fun out of railroadin'."

"It isn't paying interest on your investment."

"I calc'late it's goin' to. I'm aimin' to see that it does."

"Set a figure yourself."

"Hain't got no figger in mind."

"Mr. Baines, I'll be frank with you: I want your railroad."

"So I jedged," said Scattergood.

"I need it! I'll pay you a profit of fifty thousand—and that's my last word!"

Scattergood closed his eyes, opened them again and sat erect.

"Now that business is over with," he said, "better come up and set down to table with Mandy and me. Mandy's cookin' is considered some better'n at the hotel."

"You refuse?"

"I was wonderin'," said Scattergood, "if you had any notion that I could buy the Goodhue timber reasonable."

"Eh?" said Mr. Castle, startled. "The Goodhue timber?"

"Back of Tupper Falls."

"Who told ——" Mr. Castle snapped his teeth together sharply.

"Leetle bird!" said Scattergood. "Dinner's ready."

"There might come a time when you'd be mighty glad to sell for less than I'm offering."

"Once there was a boy," said Scattergood, "and he up and says to another boy: 'I kin lick you!' The story come to me that the boy sort of overestimated his weight."

"I'm not threatening you," said Castle.

"It's a privilege I don't deny to nobody. . . . Say, Mr. Castle, be you goin' into this deal to make money or to take somebody's scalp?"

"Baines," said Mr. Castle, "I'll buy you the best box of cigars in Boston if you'll tell me where you get your information."

"Hatch it!" said Scattergood gravely. "Jest set patient onto the egg, and perty soon the shell busts and there stands the information all fluffy and wabbly, and ready to grow up into a chicken if it's used right."

"Will you answer a fair question?"

"If our idees of the fairness of it agrees with each other."

"Has McKettrick got to you first?"

It was the information Scattergood wanted, but his dumplinglike face showed no sign of satisfaction. As a matter of fact, he did not know who McKettrick was—but he could find out.

"Don't seem to recall any conversation with him," he said cautiously, leaving Castle to believe what he desired—and Castle believed.

"He was keeping his plans almighty dark. I don't understand his spilling them to you. It cost me money to find out!"

"Dinner's waitin'," said Scattergood.

"Did he offer to buy your road?"

"If he did," said Scattergood, "it didn't come to nothin'."

It will be observed that Scattergood had obtained important information, though affording none; and, in addition, he had surrounded himself with a haze through which President Castle was unable to see clearly. Castle knew less after the interview than he had known when he came; Scattergood had discovered all he hoped to discover.

Johnny Bones came home next noon and reported to Scattergood that he had been partly successful.

"I couldn't get all of that flat," he said. "Somebody's been buying on the quiet. Three strips from the river to the hill were not to be had; but I bought four strips—two at the ends and two between the pieces I couldn't get."

"Better call it a side of bacon, Johnny—strip of fat and strip of lean. Dunno but it's better as it lays. Hear anything about the Goodhue tract?"

"Somebody's been cruising it for a month back—without a brass band."

"Um! . . . Send a wire, Johnny: 'Lumberman's Trust Company, Boston: Set price Goodhue tract.'"

Johnny telephoned the wire. Two hours later the answer came: "Goodhue tract no longer in our hands."

"Did you ever wonder, Johnny, why I never got interested into that Goodhue timber?" Johnny shook his head.

"Because," said Scattergood, "you got to log it by rail. Forty thousand acres of it, and no stream runnin' through it big enough to drive logs down. . . . But I got an idee, Johnny, that loggin' by rail can be done economical. Know who bought that timber?"

"No."

"McKettrick, of the Seaboard Box and Paper Company—biggest concern of the kind in America. Calc'late they'll be makin' pulp here to ship to their paper mills. Calc'late I'll give 'em a commodity rate of round seven cents to the G. & B. Johnny, our orchard's goin' to begin givin' a crop. That'll give us sixteen dollars and eighty cents for haulin' a minimum car of twenty-four thousand.

"And this hain't goin' to be any one-car mill neither. Five cars a day'll be increasin' our revenue twenty-four thousand three hundred dollars a year—on outgoin' freight. Then there's incomin' freight to figger. All we got to do is set still and take that! Beauty of controllin' the transportation of a region. But it seems like we ought to git more out of it than that—if we stir round some. Special when you come to consider that McKettrick and Castle is flyin' at each other's throats. It's a situation, Johnny, that a man owes a duty to himself to take advantage of."

Scattergood went back to his hardware store and seated himself on the piazza. Presently a team drove up from down the valley and a tall, gaunt individual, with hair of the color of a dead leaf, alighted.

"I was told I could find a man named Scattergood Baines here," he said.

"You kin," Scattergood replied.

"Where is he?"

"Sich as he is you see him."

The man looked from Scattergood's shoeless feet and white woolen socks to Scattergood's shabby baggy trousers, and then on upward by slow and disapproving degrees to Scattergood's guileless face; and there he stopped.

"Some mistake," he said; "I want the owner of the Coldriver Valley Railroad."

"It may be a mistake," said Scattergood. "Calc'late it is a mistake to own a railroad. But 'tain't the only mistake I ever made."

"You own the road!"

"Calc'late to."

Evidently the stranger was not impressed by Scattergood in a manner to rouse him to a notable exertion of courtesy. He allowed it to appear in his manner that he set a light value on Scattergood; in fact, that it was not exactly pleasant for him to be compelled to do business with such a human being. Scattergood's eyes twinkled, and he wriggled his toes.

"I want to talk business to you."

"Step into my private office," said Scattergood, motioning to a chair at his side, "and rest your legs."

"I'm thinking of establishing a plant below," said the stranger—"a very considerable plant. In studying the situation it seems as if your railroad might be run as an adjunct to my business. I suppose it can be bought."

"Supposin'," said Scattergood, "is as free as air."

"I'll take it off your hands at a fair figure."

"'Tain't layin' heavy on my hands," said Scattergood.

"How much did it cost you?"

"A heap less'n I'll sell for. . . . You hain't mentioned your name."

"McKettrick."

"I'd sell to a man of that name."

"How much?"

"One million dollars!" said Scattergood.

"You're—you're crazy!" said McKettrick. It was an exclamation of disgust, a statement of belief, and a cry of pain. "I might go a quarter of a million."

"This here's a one-price store—marked plain on the goods. Customers is requested not to haggle."

"You're not serious?"

"One million dollars!"

"I'll build a road down my side of the river."

"Maybe. Can be done. Twelve mile of tunnel and the rest trestle. Wouldn't cost more'n fifteen 'r twenty million—if you're figgerin' on the west side of the stream. . . . How you figgerin' on gettin' your pulp wood down to Tupper Falls?"

"What? . . . What's that?"

"Goin' to log yourself or job it?"

"Look here, Baines; what do you know?"

"About what's needful—I try to keep posted."

"Tell me what you know. I insist!"

Scattergood opened his eyes and peered over his dumpling cheeks at McKettrick; but he said nothing.

"And how you found it out!"

"I've been figgerin' over your case," said Scattergood. "I'll give you a side track into your yards pervidin' you pay the cost of bridgin' and layin' the track, me to furnish ties and rails. Also, I'll give you a commodity rate of seven cents to the G. & B. As to sellin', I don't calc'late you want to buy at a million. But that hain't no sign you and me can't do business. You got to log by rail. You got to cut a consid'-able number of cords of pulp wood. I'll build your loggin' road, and I'll contract to cut your pulp and deliver it. . . . Want to go into it with me?"

McKettrick peered at Scattergood with awakened interest. His scrutiny told him nothing.

"What backing have you?"

"My own."

McKettrick almost sneered.

"Been lookin' me up?" asked Scattergood.

"No."

"Let's step to the bank."

McKettrick followed Scattergood's bulky figure, wondering. In the bank Scattergood presented the treasurer:

"Mr. Noble—meet Mr. McKettrick. He wants you should tell him somethin' about me. For instance, Noble, about how fur you calc'late my credit could be stretched."

"Mr. Baines would have no difficulty in borrowing from five hundred thousand to three-quarters of a million," said Noble.

"How's his repitation for keepin' his word?" said Scattergood.

"The whole state knows your word is kept to the letter."

"What you calc'late I'm wuth visible prop'ty?"

"I'd say a million and a half to two million."

"Backin' enough to suit you, Mr. McKettrick?" asked Scattergood.

McKettrick wore a dazed look. Scattergood did not look like two million; he did not look like ten thousand. McKettrick's bearing became more respectful.

"I'll listen to any proposition you wish to make," he said.

"Come over to Johnny Bones," said Scattergood.

In a moment they were sitting in Johnny's office, and McKettrick and Johnny were made acquainted.

"Here's my proposition," said Scattergood: "I'll build and equip a loggin' road according to your surveys. You furnish right of way and enough money to give you forty-nine per cent of the stock in the company we'll form. I kin build cheaper'n you, and I know the country and kin git the labor. You pay the new railroad a set price for haulin' pulp wood—say dollar'n a quarter to two dollars a cord, as we figger it later. . . . Then I'll take the job of loggin' for you and layin' down the pulp wood at sidings. It'll save you labor and expense and trouble. I've showed I was responsible. The new railroad company'll put up bonds; and so'll the loggin' company—if you say so."

This was the beginning of some weeks of negotiations, during which Scattergood became convinced that McKettrick was wishful of using him so long as he proved useful. Then, when the day arrived for a showing of profit on the profit sheet, the same McKettrick was planning to see that no

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"Some Mistake," the Man Said; "I Want the Owner of the Coldriver Valley Railroad"

—and the *woman* saves

MAN'S natural instinct is to produce, to earn; woman's to conserve, to save. Saving is a matter of what you *don't spend*.

And who does the spending?

Many a lord and master is finding out now for the first time that his share of the spending is concerned largely with car-fares, club dues and gasoline. The wife is the spender—the wise spender—of three-quarters of the average family disbursement.

A very sound situation. The war will be won. As a *buyer* the American woman is an unsung genius. Ask any retailer.

Take an up-to-date thrifty American home. The husband finds one day that he is using Pears' Soap. He likes it, of course. Now, just how does Pears' get into that home?

Perhaps the wife buys it first for herself.

To her husband soap is just soap. But she knows what soap should do. She wants to know what she is getting for her money.

The day that a woman begins to think seriously, critically, sensibly about her toilet soap, that day she is won over to Pears'.

She wants purity. Isn't Pears' the world's standard of purity in soap? Hasn't it been so for more than a century? Why do dealers say: "Almost as pure as Pears'"?

She wants an efficient, yet delicate cleanser, something that will keep her sweet and wholesome and dainty. Why do the sales of Pears' Soap exceed those of any other toilet soap in the world? Why is "Good morning, have you used Pears' Soap?" as familiar in Singapore and Benares and Cape Town as in Chicago and London?

She doesn't need a medicated soap. She has a healthy skin. Pears' is not medicated. She doesn't insist upon a cloying perfume. Pears' has only the agreeable natural odor of wholesome ingredients. She does not like artificial coloring. The rich, transparent amber tone of Pears' is wholly natural.

She knows that Pears' Soap is matured; but she sees that it *weighs the same* as ordinary soap. To her that means one thing less water. And she's buying soap, not water. Pears' is all soap. That means economy—a big word to her just now.

Thus Pears' Soap goes into that home—and invariably stays there. The husband begins to say that he always uses Pears' Soap, that he wouldn't have anything else. He doesn't know just how it happened—*and the woman saves*.

For sale at all toilet supply stores: 15c a cake; $1.65 a box of one dozen. Pears' Glycerine Soap (scented), 20c a cake, in single cakes or boxes of three; $2.25 a box of one dozen.

If you wish to test Pears' for little expense, Walter Janvier, 419 Canal Street, New York (Pears' United States Agent), will send you a trial cake of the unscented soap for 4c in stamps.

Pears' Soap, made by A. & F. Pears, Ltd., has the largest sale of any high-grade toilet soap in the world.

P E A R S' S O A P

(Concluded from Page 31)

profit should be there, and that Scattergood Baines should be eliminated from consideration—to McKettrick's profit in the sum of whatever amount Scattergood invested in the construction of the railroad. It was a situation that exactly suited Scattergood's love of business excitement.

"If McKettrick had come up here wearin' better manners," said Scattergood to Johnny, "and if he hadn't got himself all rigged out as Little Red Ridin'-Hood's grandmother, figgerin' I'd qualify for Little Red Ridin'-Hood, without the eyesight for big ears and big teeth that little girl had—why, I might 'a' give him a reg'lar business deal. But, seein's he's as he is, I calc'late I'm privileged to git what I kin git."

Therefore, Scattergood made it a clause in the contract that all the stock in the new railroad and construction company should remain in his own name until the road was completed and ready to operate. Then forty-nine per cent should be transferred to McKettrick. This McKettrick regarded as a harmless eccentricity of the lamb he was about to fleece.

The new company was organized with Johnny Bones as president, Scattergood as treasurer, an employee of McKettrick's as secretary, and Mandy Baines and another employee of McKettrick's as the remaining two directors.

While the negotiations regarding the railroad were being carried on, another matter arose to irritate Mr. McKettrick and, in some measure, take the keen edge off his attention. Scattergood usually endeavored to have some matter arise to irritate and distract when he was engaged on a major operation. For this reason he had bought the four strips of land at Tupper Falls.

McKettrick woke suddenly to find that his men had not secured the site for his mills, and that apparently it could not be secured. He discussed the thing with Scattergood.

"Prob'ly some old scissorbills that got a notion of hangin' onto their land," Scattergood said.

"It can't be that, for the sales to the present owners were recent. The new owners refuse absolutely to sell."

"And pulp mills hain't got no right of eminent domain like railroads."

"All substantial businesses ought to have it," said McKettrick. "You know these folks. I wish you'd see what you can do."

"Glad to," Scattergood promised; and two days later he reported that all four landowners might be brought to terms. Three would sell surely, one was holding back strangely; but the three had put the matter into the hands of a local real-estate and insurance broker by the name of Wangen. "We'll go see him," said Scattergood.

Which they did.

"My clients," said Wangen importantly, "realize the value of their property. That, I may say, is why they bought."

"It cost the three of 'em less'n three thousand dollars for the three passels," said Scattergood.

"Prices have gone up," said Wangen.

"Give them two hundred dollars' profit apiece," said McKettrick.

"Consid'able difference between givin' it and their takin' it," said Scattergood.

"I agree with that," said Wangen.

"Now, Wangen, you and me has done consid'able business," said Scattergood; "and you hain't goin' to hold up a friend of mine?"

"If it was a personal thing, Mr. Baines—but I've got to do my best for my clients."

"What's your proposition?"

"Five thousand dollars apiece for the three stripe."

"It's an outrage!" roared McKettrick. "I'll never be robbed like that."

"Take it," said Wangen, "or leave it."

"You've got to have it!" Scattergood whispered.

McKettrick spluttered and stormed and pleaded; but Wangen was firm and gave but one answer. There could be but one result: McKettrick wrote a check for fifteen thousand dollars, and still had one strip to buy—a strip not at an edge of his mill site, but bisecting it.

This strip caused the worry when Scattergood needed attention distracted the most. But he finally managed to secure it for McKettrick for seventy-two hundred and fifty dollars. Thus it will be seen how Scattergood resorted to the law of necessity, and how McKettrick suffered from failure to build his commercial structure securely from its foundation. Twenty-two thousand two hundred and fifty dollars was paid by McKettrick for land that had cost Scattergood exactly three thousand six hundred dollars. Scattergood believed in always paying for services rendered, so Wangen and the four ostensible landowners were given a hundred dollars each. Net profit to Scattergood was eighteen thousand one hundred and fifty dollars.

"Which it wouldn't 'a' cost him if he hadn't looked sneerin' at my stockin' feet!" said Scattergood to Johnny Bones.

Johnny Bones prepared the papers for the incorporation of the new railroad and the organization was perfected. There were two thousand shares of one hundred dollars each. McKettrick put in his right of way at five thousand, an excessive figure, as Scattergood knew well, and gave his check for the balance of his forty-nine per cent. Scattergood deposited a check for his fifty-one per cent, or one hundred and two thousand dollars. Work was immediately begun on grading the right of way.

McKettrick vanished from the region and did not appear again, except for flying visits to his rising plant at Tupper Falls. He never inspected so much as a foot of the new railroad back into the Goodhue tract; and Scattergood very correctly took this to be suspicious. The work was left utterly in Scattergood's hands, with no check upon him and no inspection. It was not like a man of McKettrick's character—unless there was an object.

Once or twice Scattergood encountered President Castle, of the G. & B., while the road was building.

"Hear you're putting in a logging road for McKettrick," Castle said.

"For me," said Scattergood. "Stock stands in my name. Calc'late to operate it myself."

"Oh!" said Castle, and drummed with his fingers on the window ledge. Scattergood said nothing. "Own the right of way?" asked Castle.

"Tain't precisely a right of way," said Scattergood; "it's an easement, or property right—or whatever the lawyers would call it—to run tracks over any part of McKettrick's property and operate a loggin' railroad—where McKettrick says he wants to get logs from."

"No definite right of way?"

"Jest what I described."

"Capitalized for two hundred thousand, I see."

"Uh-huh!"

"Any stock for sale?"

"Not at the present writin'."

"At a price?"

"Wa-al, now ——"

"Say, a profit of twenty dollars a share?"

"It'll pay dividends on more'n that figger," said Scattergood—"which," he added, "you know dum well."

"Yes," said Castle; "but for a quick turnover—and I'm not figuring dividends altogether."

"Kind of got a bone to pick with McKettrick—eh?"

"Maybe."

"Tell you what I'll do," said Scattergood: "I'll sell you forty-nine per cent of the stock at a hunderd and twenty; stock to stand in my name till the road's ready to operate. I don't want it known I've been sellin' any. . . . Shouldn't be s'prised if you was able to pick up control, one way and another; but I hain't goin' to sell it to you."

"I see!" said Castle, closing his eyes and squinting through a slit between the lids. "It's a deal, Mr. Baines," he said presently.

"Cash?" said Scattergood.

"You'll find a certified check in the mail the day after I get the proper papers."

Which transaction gave Scattergood another profit on the whole affair of nineteen thousand six hundred dollars—this time a capitalization of the spite of man toward man. It will be seen that McKettrick owned forty-nine per cent of the stock, Castle forty-nine per cent and Scattergood two per cent. He was now in a position to await developments.

They arrived as the railroad was on the point of running its first train. McKettrick brought them in person. He burst upon Scattergood as Scattergood sat in front of his hardware store, and began to storm.

"What's this? What's this?" he roared. "What's that railroad doing up the easterly side of our timber? It's waste money; lost money! It'll have to be rebuilt. We've arranged to cut off the westerly side. Now we'll have to swamp roads and log by team till the railroad can be moved."

"Um!" said Scattergood. "So that's it, eh? I was wonderin' how it would come."

"It was an inexcusable blunder and it'll cost you money. You know how the railroad's contract with the company reads. Who gave you directions to run up the easterly side?"

"My engineer got 'em in your office."

"Oh, your engineer! He made the mistake, eh? Then the mistake's yours all right; for every scrap of writing in our office has the word 'westerly' in it, plain and distinct. It means tearing up those rails and grading a new line—and you'll pay for it. I shan't stand any loss for your mistake. It'll cost you a hundred thousand dollars for that blunder!"

"Hain't you discoverin' it a mite late?"

"It was left wholly to you."

"Seems like I noticed it," said Scattergood. "So, all that work's lost, eh? Seems a pity too."

"You don't seem to take it seriously."

"You bet I do; and I calc'late to look into it some!"

"It won't do any good. The mistake is plain."

"Shouldn't be s'prised. I git your idee, McKettrick. You've been figgerin' from the start on smougin' me out of what I invested in that road, eh? . . . By the way, your stock's in your name. I'll git the certificates out of the safe."

McKettrick shoved the envelope into his pocket.

"The Seaboard Box and Paper Company will force you to remove your tracks from our land. I'll sue you for damages for your blunder. The Seaboard will sue the new railroad for damages for failure to have the tracks into the cuttings on time. I guess, when we begin collecting judgments by levying on the new road, there won't be much of it left. The Seaboard will come pretty close to owning it."

"And you and I will be frozen out, eh?" said Scattergood.

McKettrick purred and smiled.

"Exactly!" he said. "Now my advice to you is not to fight the thing. You can't deny the blunder, and you'll save the cost of litigation."

"What's your proposition?"

"Transfer your stock to the Seaboard."

"And lose a hunderd and two thousand dollars?"

"It's not our fault if you make expensive mistakes."

"Course not," said Scattergood. "I admit I hain't much on litigation. S'posin' you and me meets in Boston to-morrow with our lawyers, and sort of figger this thing out?"

"There's nothing to figure out; but I'll meet you to-morrow. You're sensible to settle!"

"Calc'late I be," said Scattergood.

That afternoon Johnny Bones carried President Castle's forty-nine per cent of the railroad's stock to the G. & B. offices and gave it into the hands of the railroad's chief executive.

"Mr. Baines will be here to-morrow. There will be a meeting at his hotel at three o'clock. McKettrick will be there."

"I'll come," said President Castle.

The meeting was held in the shabby hotel that Scattergood patronized. McKettrick was there with his attorney; Scattergood was there with Johnny Bones—and last came President Castle. At his entrance McKettrick scowled and leaped to his feet.

"What do you want here?" he demanded.

"Well," said Mr. Castle with a smile that descended into great depths of disagreeability, "I own forty-nine per cent of the stock of this concern. I imagine I have a right to be here."

"What's that? What's that?"

McKettrick glared at Scattergood, who sat placidly removing his shoes.

"Calc'late I'll relieve my feet," he said.

"So I got you too?" McKettrick said to Castle. "I didn't figure on that luck!"

"Got me? I'm interested!"

McKettrick explained at length; and as he explained Castle glared at him, and then at Scattergood with increasing rage. As he saw it, there was a plot between Scattergood and McKettrick to get him—and he appeared to have been gotten. He started to speak, but Scattergood stopped him.

"Jest a minute, Mr. Castle," he said. "'Tain't time for you to cuss yet. Maybe you won't git to do no reg'lar cussin' a-tall. You see, McKettrick, he up and made a little error himself—regardin' me makin' an error. Yas. . . . I don't calc'late to make errors costin' upward of a hunderd thousand. No. . . . Not," he said, "that I got any doubts about the word 'westerly' appearin' in all the papers McKettrick's got regardin' this enterprise. What I doubt some is whether the word 'westerly' was there right from the start-off of the beginnin'.

"In other words, it looks to me kind of as if McKettrick had done a mite of fixin'-up to them documents—rubbin' out and writin' in, so to speak."

"Fiddlesticks!" said McKettrick. "Of course that is what you would charge."

"McKettrick," said Scattergood, "did you figger I'd take notes in lead pencil on my cuff of where I was to build that railroad? Did you figger I was goin' to lay down a railroad without knowin' that the place I put it was where it b'longed? Castle, he knows me better'n you, and he wouldn't guess I'd do sich a thing. No, sir, Mr. McKettrick! I took them original papers out of your office for jest a day; and, bein' as they constituted an easement on land, I got 'em recorded in the office of the recorder of deeds. Paid reg'lar money in fees to have it done.

"And who do you think I got to compare the records with the original, in case somethin' come up? Eh? Why, the circuit jedge of this county and the prosecutin' attorney—they both bein' pers'nal and p'litical friends of mine. . . . That's what I done, and if you'll search them records you'll find the word 'easterly' standin' cool and ca'm in every place where it ought to be. . . . So, if you're figgerin' on litigation, I guess maybe we'll litigate. Eh?"

"These are the references to the records," said Johnny Bones, laying a memorandum on the table. "You'll find them correct."

"Knowing Baines as I do," said President Castle, "I'm satisfied."

McKettrick and his attorney were conversing in hoarse whispers. McKettrick looked like a man who had come out of a warm bath into a cold-storage room. He was speechless; but his lawyer spoke for him.

"You win!" he said succinctly.

"Always calc'late to when I kin," said Scattergood. "Now don't hurry, gentlemen! I got another leetle matter to call to your attention. McKettrick there's got forty-nine per cent of the stock in the railroad that's built where it ought to be, and Castle's got another forty-nine per cent. That leaves two men with all but two per cent of the stock, and neither of them in control. If I know them men, they hain't apt to git together and agree peaceable and reasonable.

"Therefore, the feller that has the remainin' two per cent of the stock, or forty shares, stands perty clost to controllin' the corporation—eh? Him votin' with either of the forty-nine per cents? Sounds that way, don't it? . . . And I got that two per cent. . . . Do I hear any suggestions?"

Castle stood up and bowed.

"I take off my hat to you, Baines. . . . I bid ten thousand!"

"Eleven!" choked McKettrick.

"This here road's goin' to be mighty profitable," said Scattergood. "Contract with the Seaboard folks makes it look like it would pay eighteen—twenty per cent on the investment; maybe more. And control—hain't that wuth a figger?"

"Fifteen!" said Castle.

"Sixteen!"

"Seventeen five hundred!"

"That's enough," said Scattergood. "I got a leetle grudge agin McKettrick for havin' bad manners and for regardin' me as somethin' to pick and eat. It'll hurt him some to have you control this road, Castle; so you git it—at seventeen thousand five hunderd. I don't want to burn you; and I calc'late the figger you're payin' is clost to bein' fair. I'm satisfied. Write a check."

Castle drew out his check book and in a moment passed the valuable slip across to Scattergood.

"Thankee," said Baines—"and good day! . . . Another time, McKettrick, don't look sneerin' at white woolen socks!"

He walked out of the room, followed by Johnny Bones.

"Perty fair deal for a scissorbill!" said Scattergood. "This last check, deductin' cost of stock, gives me a profit of $12,250 for the day. Add that to eighteen thousand one hunderd and fifty on the stripe of land, and $19,600 on the stock I sold Castle, and what do we git?"

"Even fifty thousand!" said Johnny.

"I always did cotton to round numbers," said Scattergood comfortably. "Let's git us a meal of vittles."

BRAND WHITLOCK—Diplomat

By WYTHE WILLIAMS

BY MERE blind chance Brand Whitlock happened to be the American Minister at the Court of Brussels in August, 1914, when Belgium was suddenly engulfed by war.

He had not gone after the job. The legation had needed a minister. Whitlock was a good and deserving supporter of the Administration, and he was available; so he was offered the job and took it. Whitlock was pleased, because he already knew and loved Brussels; the American Government was pleased because the good and deserving supporter was available, and the job was, therefore, so happily disposed of. If the American Government could be interviewed on the subject it probably would not state the facts so baldly; but, sifting through its verbiage, we should undoubtedly strain out a line that could be so translated as the correct feeling in the case. Therefrom I deduce that the god of chance was about on that day of the Whitlock appointment, and that Belgium, the United States and the world at large, including Germany, were playing in luck.

It may seem bizarre to mention Belgium and luck in the same sentence; but Belgium was lucky because she found a new Saint Michael for her hour of trial. Saint Michael is the patron saint of Brussels, and now Brand Whitlock is given that name in Belgian prayers. The United States was lucky because she found she had something rare among her possessions—namely, a real diplomat; and that the god understood how much she needed one at that place and time. Germany was lucky because, through Whitlock, she was restrained from being a bigger brute than she is. The world at large is lucky because to-day, in the ripeness of his experience and knowledge, Brand Whitlock is only arriving at the zenith of his physical and mental powers; and to-day the world at large has so much for such a man to do.

The selection of Whitlock was pondered heavily enough to meet all requirements of the simple times before the war; but any one of ninety-nine other equally good supporters might have been chosen. They were available and many were clamorous with qualifications. Whitlock spoke perfect French, while the majority of the ninety-nine could not; but any one of them might have held down the job equally well—in the simple days before the war. Then, whenever an American took a diplomatic position he was given a courteous welcome as the representative of the Great Republic Oversea, and whether he was really good did not so much matter. Our diplomats muddled along fairly well with such matters as then arose. There was always plenty of time to get instructions from Washington. It was never very necessary for them to use initiative of their own; and if they kept a good chef, and worked him, all went well.

Whitlock Before the War

Since August, 1914, ambassadors and ministers representing the United States have needed to become more than glorified messengers.

The United States has not developed a training school for diplomats, as France and England have. It is to the credit of native American intelligence that our representatives in so many places have turned out to be real diplomats, rough hewn though some may be, and have commanded respect in times when the very institution of diplomacy has been on trial.

I talked with Brand Whitlock on the day before he became our Minister to Belgium. I talked with him a second time nearly three years later on the day after he left Germany, en route to Havre, where he still remained our representative at King Albert's court.

I have never forgotten that first talk. It was at the Hôtel de Crillon, in Paris, during the height of a very gay season. Whitlock was going out for a drive in the Bois de Boulogne; but he sent word down that he would see me first. He seemed a slightly world-weary man, who had been offered something fresh in the way of entertainment. He was very elegant, with boutonnière and stick; he was just about to be a diplomat and he was very happy. I remember the details so well, because war came so quickly that I could not help often comparing the Whitlock dream of that day with its realization.

He told me in a gratified sort of manner how pleased he was that President Wilson had picked him for his particular post. He loved Brussels just from his visits there; and that he was actually to live there filled him with thoughts which were rose-colored. The work would not be too hard. He had done a great deal of hard work in his native Ohio, and he was a bit tired.

He would find some time to write, perhaps—in Brussels—about Brussels and other subjects he loved.

I reflected that it was for his books he was then chiefly known. And what did he know about diplomacy? I reflected that perhaps he knew less than some of his fellows and more than others. At least, he had been mayor of Toledo; and I hoped that Toledo, with its complex and delicate problems of gang politics, bosses and reform, might have taught him something of the game for which he was going to Brussels to take a postgraduate degree.

A Magnetic Personality

When we met again—also in a Paris hotel—Whitlock had taken his degree with honors. Undoubtedly Toledo had helped a lot; but Brussels, the Germans and the war had put on many finishing touches, and he was greatly changed. When I entered the room he was being interviewed by a dozen French journalists. They thought they were getting interviews; but those with cameras were the only ones who really profited. Whitlock faced the lens and the questions in superb silence. I knew he was a real diplomat. There was no need to wonder about it. He looked the part.

He was as elegant as ever—slim, tall, gray and alert, with a carnation in his buttonhole; but he seemed shrouded in an atmosphere that, though distinctly Whitlockian, put him in a class apart. It was not a halo of dignity such as envelops men like Lord Bertie, then His Britannic Majesty's Ambassador to France; but there was a manner that made every question well chosen and of the diplomatic brand.

There never was any of the hail fellow about him. I can imagine anyone who had the temerity to slap him on the back reddening, stammering and withering under the glare of the Whitlock eyes. And probably he would not trouble to say a word!

Those eyes can rebuke and summon at the same second. One of the journalists became pressing. Whitlock had explained, clearly and slowly, that it was impossible for him to talk about conditions in Belgium—at least, not until after his reports had reached Washington.

"And I am not sure I shall be able to say anything then," he concluded.

"Well, how soon afterward do you think you can talk? Will it be a short time or a long time?" this journalist asked.

His voice was pitched a trifle too high; there was just a touch of the imperative note. Whitlock looked him over very carefully; then, without raising his voice, he said very slowly:

"I may say to you, Mr. X, that I think it is likely to be quite a long time." There was only a shade of emphasis on the word you, but the journalist got it and shuffled his feet.

This article is not to be primarily a description of Whitlock or a history of his past performances. These matters are touched upon only to show how some of the real miracles he worked with the Germans in Belgium were accomplished. Everyone knows what his service to the world has been. It is the knowledge of how it was done, and by what manner of personality, that will best show the world how Whitlock can best serve it in the future. He is still a man not beyond middle age; so the world—and especially the United States—will yet have plenty of service for him to perform.

The fact that Whitlock practically saved the city of Brussels from German bombardment and destruction is history, but the details have been largely newspaper imaginings.

When the Germans closed in on Brussels a conference of the diplomatic corps was held to decide whether they should remain or follow the court to Antwerp. Whitlock decided to remain and the general commanding the Garde Civique decided to defend the city. Whitlock confessed his fear of an assault and subsequent pillage—the horrors of an open city being shelled, with destruction of homes and historic monuments.

He called upon the general to induce him to change his mind; but the general was obdurate. Whitlock pointed out the inadequacy of his means of defense, that he was facing the great German machine, and that resistance could not last more than a few hours. But the general would fight.

Whitlock hurried in despair to the burgomaster, Adolphe Max, who took a more intelligent view of things. Even so, the negotiations were very long and delicate. Max was a very proud and patriotic man, and surrender was a hard blow to his pride. Finally Whitlock induced him to surrender without attempting a hopeless and futile fight. The Germans were only six miles away. The next day they entered the city, and Whitlock stood in the street and watched them file past for hours and hours.

He went back to the legation awed by the sight of the most powerful military machine the world had known up to that time, and shuddered to think of the fate that awaited Brussels if the little Garde Civique of thirty thousand men had attempted resistance.

Also, the world knows and will never forget that it was Whitlock who was responsible for the organization of the famous Commission for Relief, which kept Belgium from starving. With the Germans came Von der Goltz, and famine was threatened. Wheat and flour were giving out in Brussels and the wheat in Antwerp was the property of the Belgian Government. Whitlock negotiated with Governor von der Goltz and General von Luttwitz for permission to bring this wheat through the lines to Brussels.

The negotiations were difficult and delicate, with the Germans on one hand and the Belgians on the other. There was food in the city for only forty-eight hours. Whitlock sent his secretary of legation, Hugh S. Gibson, in an automobile, which was hit by bullets several times, through the lines to Antwerp; and tons of wheat came back. Later, Gibson was sent to London, with two representatives of the Belgians, to purchase other foodstuffs; and he sent a telegram of appeal to President Wilson, which roused America to a sense of the necessity of aiding Belgium.

Two Sets of Guaranties

Then Hoover entered the movement and the Brussels office of the Commission for Relief in Belgium was founded, with Whitlock named as the patron, or protecting minister. It was necessary to submit all dealings of the commission with the occupying army through Whitlock. The long tedious routine work of organization and the arrangements for a fundamental working basis somewhat resembled what Whitlock had been used to in the management of local affairs in Toledo. The volume of his correspondence with the Germans regarding violations of agreements filled many a large filing cabinet. This was the hardest work Whitlock had to perform and the most ungrateful—seeing to it that guaranties given by the Germans were kept.

Especially was this true with regard to their promise that food raised by Belgians would not be requisitioned or purchased by the German Army. Von Bissing gave Whitlock his solemn undertaking that he would do his utmost to have native production respected, that none of it should be exported or used by the army; and in this it must be said he was honest. But, as in everything else, he was overruled by Prussian militarism, and his efforts were more or less vain when it suited the army either to requisition or to steal.

There were two sets of guaranties—one, obtained originally when the relief work was organized, exempting imported foodstuffs from requisition; the other, obtained in April, 1916, exempting native foodstuffs. The first, relating to imported foodstuffs, was always scrupulously respected, because of the American control; the second caused much difficulty, because the foodstuffs remained in the hands of the peasants.

I thought of all these things and many others on that day as I watched this man, in the room of the Paris hotel, giving a diplomatic interview to the French journalists, parrying everything with seasoned skill, never bothering to thrust, but sometimes slipping in a riposte that was brilliant and delightful to watch.

I tried to size up the character of man he is—this man whom the Belgians nowadays almost never refer to as the American Minister, but who is simply called Le Ministre. There are three names in Belgium the population remembers in its prayers—the King, the Cardinal and Le Ministre. There is only one minister—Brand Whitlock, newspaper man, lawyer, author, and ex-Mayor of Toledo.

The Flank Attack

I decided, as I watched him and listened, that his character is many-sided and complex. Except for his American methods and honesty, which glimmer through every shroud he draws over his personality, his appearance might, at first, suggest some strange combination of a Machiavelli and a Jap.

To secure proper recognition for his dexterity, his subtlety and his finesse he should have arranged to be born somewhere east of Suez, rather than in Ohio.

Also, he has an understanding of what I term flank attack, that is disassociated in my mind with anything I should ever have believed it possible to acquire in Toledo. I can imagine him often indulging in a sort of unholy and calm ecstasy on occasions when he has landed certain Prussian personages in a corner and given them their needed medicine. When talking with the Belgians he used a *douceur* which gave him an influence over them that was extraordinary; but he worked Germans into the corner by means of this indirect flank attack.

As a military operation the flank attack is generally a success; and Whitlock applied it in the same manner. It is something few Americans have ever learned in their dealings with Europeans, and that is why they often think they are in hard situations.

To accomplish something that would take two Americans a quarter of an hour of straight-from-the-shoulder talk, an American and a European will use up days of backing and filling and hedging about. An American business man once said to me in this connection: "Why is it I seem always to go the hardest route to do the easiest thing?"

I could only shrug my shoulders and say that here one must always use the flank attack; but he did not understand.

Whitlock understood perfectly. He knew, particularly with Germans, that he couldn't get direct action on anything. He knew that if he wanted something from a man who might be standing directly in his way it was far better for him to approach a second man first and then probably a third. With the Germans his sense of the zigzag was uncanny; and he won. He outbluffed them, he outgamed them, he outmanned them; but I am sure he did not do it through qualities of either the Italian or the Jap. He did it simply because he is an extraordinary American, and because he has something many Americans possess but do not know how to use.

I think I can guess where the secret of the Whitlock inscrutability comes from. Inscrutability, combined with the honesty that shines through, is the outstanding characteristic and the difficulty with Whitlock—particularly the Whitlock face. He got it in Ohio, in a little university town where he also received other parts of his education. There is a frat house in that town, where I suppose the boys still hold a regular evening class in poker. I know so much about it because in that same town and fraternity I, too, was a subject for education.

(Continued on Page 37)

Their Guide to Safety!

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(Continued from Page 34)

Whitlock was ahead of my time; so I can say nothing of his ability as an imbiber of education, forced or otherwise; but I know the traditions and I know the gang. And they were some poker players, too! While Whitlock was in Belgium the Germans frequently didn't know whether they were dealing with God, man or devil; and probably very often they imagined it was a strange combination of all three. But the truth is, Whitlock was wearing a perfect poker face.

Combined with this, his method included tact, infinite delicacy and unwearying patience. An example of this latter quality is shown in the fact that when the English finally agreed to permit wheat to go into Belgium they stipulated that it should be sent, personally and officially, to Brand Whitlock. This went on for nearly a year and a half, when Whitlock had to sign all the bills of lading for every article received by the Relief Commission. On four occasions he was sued by Dutch skippers for demurrage and other trifling matters.

With the Germans he usually first tried to show them politely that they could not do thus and so; and often it was not done. He often got results by taking the baffling attitude that even Germans might have a spark of decent feeling.

Thus, when they wanted to requisition the Royal Palace, which had been turned into a hospital by the queen, Whitlock immediately called upon one of Von Bissing's aides. He explained politely that it really looked very bad for him to expel from the palace a hospital installed there by the queen herself. He said that it was almost an ungentlemanly thing to do; that it showed a lack of courtesy and *savoir-faire*. Von Bissing didn't say very much. He couldn't. But the palace remained untouched.

In the same manner he went again to Von Bissing's aide, Count von Moltke, when he learned the Germans were proposing to turn the golf links into a training ground for machine guns, and told him he was acting like the English suffragettes. He almost never insisted.

He was greatly annoyed at the report of an American newspaper man at the beginning of the war to the effect that he was riding roughshod over the boche. His own words on the subject were: "To begin with, you could not do it to military authorities in such circumstances; still less to the German military. And, anyway, I am not that sort."

The Murder of Miss Cavell

His greatest trial and effort with the Germans came in the Cavell case. The question has been asked as to whether a more aggressive man could have saved Miss Cavell. Tact takes time, and that affair was practically over in a few hours. I tried to get him to talk about it; but I couldn't budge him. He only said: "I don't like even to think about it." And his manner was quite as final as during his interview with the Paris press.

Whitlock hates talking about himself, and, with most of the material I have gleaned for this article, one of his secretaries has done the telling. Being a journalist himself he has the journalist's aversion to publicity. But I will illustrate in Whitlock's own words another change that came over him with the war, which best illustrates his philosophy and broadness of vision concerning the rôle of the press. And it applies in the Cavell case; for with the press he there won a moral victory over the Germans, though the case itself failed.

He said: "You know I have sometimes criticized the press; but I shall never do so again. During the first weeks of the war we couldn't get any papers in Brussels, and being without them was horrible. In their place we had nothing but rumors, two-thirds untrue and the remainder greatly distorted. I then came to the conclusion that the greatest rôle of the newspaper is to act as a clearing house for rumors. The newspaper often prints the rumor and often goes beyond the fact; but in the end it does sift out the truth."

As to the Cavell case, here is the inside story of its handling, as I have managed to drag it from his entourage: Whitlock, who had charge of the British interests, first managed to obtain permissions from the Germans for British women and children to leave Belgium. Special trains were arranged from time to time and were taken to the Dutch frontier in charge of a member of the legation.

Whitlock also visited the hospitals where British wounded lay and secured first-hand knowledge of their treatment; but then the Germans became obdurate and refused to arrange any further departures. So it became the minister's lot to look after British subjects who were arrested for one reason or another and tried before the German court-martial.

In this way he became identified with the case of Miss Cavell. As soon as the seriousness of the charge became known he lost no time in looking after legal talent to defend her. One of the best lawyers pleading before the German courts was appointed for her defense; but the Germans absolutely refused to let him see her. She was *au grand secret*. The lawyer had to prepare his defense while the witnesses were being heard in court. All through the days the trial lasted the telephone between the legation and the political department of the governor-general was kept busy.

Von Sauberzweig the Guilty Man

As late as six-thirty P. M. of October 11, 1915, the last day of the trial, the legation was informed that no decision had yet been reached, but that the prosecuting officer had asked for a sentence of death. Then, at eight o'clock that night, a woman who had been working with Miss Cavell came to the legation and said that she had been sentenced to die and would be executed at daybreak the next morning. That was how the American Legation, charged with British interests, all of which was recognized by the Imperial German Government, received this vitally important information.

Had it not been for this outside woman, Germany would have got away with her gunman performance, as she hoped to do, without the eye of the then neutral republic upon her.

Whitlock had to act quickly. He was ill and confined to his bed; so he sent Gibson, the secretary of legation, with De Leval, the legation counselor, to find the Marquis of Villalobar, the Spanish minister, who was to take a *recours en grâce* to the governor-general. While Gibson and De Leval were looking for Villalobar, Whitlock, in his bed, was writing that document which closed with the now famous appeal: "*Ayez pitié pour elle!*"

The delegation took his document to Military Governor von Sauberzweig, the man who held the power of life and death. He could have postponed the execution or commuted the sentence; but he refused even to receive the delegation. He would not even receive Baron von der Lancken, of the political department, and Von Bissing's right-hand man, who, as well as all the members of the civil staff, declared that he was opposed to the execution.

Von Sauberzweig is the guilty man. On Von Sauberzweig must rest the opprobrium for the murder of Edith Cavell. I think it is due to Von Bissing that this should be plainly stated. He was bad enough, God knows, without being charged with something over which he had practically no control.

All of Whitlock's efforts proving futile, the delegation returned to the legation at two in the morning. At two-thirty Miss Cavell was taken out and shot down. She was brave to the end, and did not collapse, as some stories have it.

All that night Whitlock sat up in his bed waiting to receive the final word of the tragedy. At five o'clock in the morning the Germans, considering that sufficient time had elapsed before the United States and Great Britain should be informed of the matter, sent a messenger to the legation. He came to the door and simply said: "They've shot her!"

The delegation—Gibson, De Leval and Villalobar,—were waiting in the sick room with Whitlock. The news was brought in. Gibson conveyed it to Whitlock with the words: "They've pulled off a trick that Gyp the Blood or Lefty Louie would have been ashamed of."

Whitlock said nothing, but lay back on his pillow, eyes staring at the ceiling. The others left the room. And several days later Whitlock received an invitation to come to the political department to get an official report of the affair. Though not entirely recovered he felt strong enough to make the call. He found Von der Lancken in a state of excitement. He was walking about the room like a bull that is being harassed by flies. Lying open on a desk was a copy of the London Times, with as large a headline as that daily ever prints: The Murder of Miss Cavell!

Whitlock's report of the affair, sent to Ambassador Page, in London, had been transmitted to the British Foreign Office, which, in turn, handed it over to the Times. When the paper reached Brussels the Germans realized, for the first time, what the civilized world thought of the affair and that they had made a mistake. Up to that time they thought they had performed a meritorious act and would get the Iron Cross for their bravery. As a matter of fact, some of them did.

Whitlock took a seat and listened to all that was said. The officer remained standing and delivered a rambling statement to the effect that the civil government had done everything possible to stop the execution, and ended with the words: "But it was Messieurs les Militaires." Whitlock then got up and left the room without having spoken a word.

As this scene was given to me, I could understand the minister's words: "I don't like even to think about it." I have been told by those at the scene that Miss Cavell might have saved her life had she remained silent; but she appeared to glory in her work and proudly told the court that she had been instrumental in getting hundreds of young men across to fight for England.

The German attitude toward Whitlock personally, before and after the Cavell case, was always formal and polite; but there always seemed to be a veil—always something just beyond that was baffling. There was a marked change in their attitude after the sinking of the Lusitania. Though not outwardly unfriendly their manner became more distant and cool. There were weeks of uncertainty as to the possible departure of the legation. The frontier on the Dutch border was closed and the American courier stopped for two weeks.

Meantime Whitlock was looked upon by the Belgians as their only hope; so their idea of his powers was often exaggerated. If people had trouble of any kind they came to The Legation—not to the American Legation, but The Legation—just as, in the case of Whitlock, it was not the American minister, but The Minister. They came to ask him to save a brother, a husband or a father who had been sentenced to death; they asked him to get So-and-So's sentence reduced from twenty years to five, from ten to two—and so on. One visitor would ask him to be the patron at a charity bazaar, while the next might be a poor woman pleading for her husband's life.

The Father of the Poor

In some cases the more ignorant peasants appeared to hold him practically responsible for the misfortunes that had befallen them. "Why have you let them take my husband to Germany?" was the question asked more than once in a reproachful tone. If someone's bread ration was short he came to Le Ministre. If someone wished to go to Holland he begged Le Ministre to get him a pass. From all parts of Belgium came appeals for charity. There were letters setting forth the most desperate situations from persons in every walk of life. The letters invariably ended: "A little help, please; a little help!"

In a word, they looked to Whitlock as they would have done to their own king, had he been there; only they could reach Whitlock far easier than would have ever been the case with the king. And he knew that he was working for them! One heard people say in street cars, to close a discussion: "I tell you Whitlock said so!" And that invariably ended matters.

His photograph was in nearly every shop window, alongside that of the king. Postcards with his likeness on them were seen everywhere; in fact, there were more pictures of Whitlock to be seen than of the king, owing to the fact that the Germans frowned on displaying the king's photograph, while, in the first two years of the war, they did not object to that of Whitlock.

They were all formally ordered down on our break in diplomatic relations.

Before that time the Belgians openly taught about Whitlock in the public schools. They told the children to remember his name as the savior of Belgium. Priests delivered sermons on the gratitude that Belgians owed him. On one occasion, in the streets, a group of Franciscans drew up before him and saluted.

On another occasion a big auto, loaded with trunks, left the legation one morning. Like a flash a rumor spread over Brussels that the minister was leaving. In a few minutes the legation was surrounded by an anxious crowd, belonging to every class of society. Though Whitlock was very tired and almost ill, he at once ordered an open car, and drove slowly for three hours through the populous quarters of the city, just to show his presence to the people.

During the entire time in Belgium Mrs. Whitlock was in charge of many charities. She took a particular interest in the lace committee. Most of the real lace in the world is made in Belgium, and before the war the condition of the women who made it was deplorable. They worked at home at small wages, and each made only part of a certain design, and were unable to do all of it; so that they had to work for the same dealers, who made enormous profits by exploiting their labors.

Mrs. Whitlock's Charities

Sometime previous to the outbreak of the war the Queen of the Belgians had organized a committee to bring about reforms; and after the departure of the queen Mrs. Whitlock was made patroness of the committee. As a result of her efforts not only was the quality of the lace improved, but the forty-four thousand lace workers were emancipated from their former state of absolute dependence and slavery. Each learned to do a whole design, and therefore they could fill an order direct, instead of, as before, being entirely in the hands of their employers.

Mrs. Whitlock worked hard to introduce the lace in America, where it was sold in large quantities; and, as a result, the forty-four thousand lace workers were furnished with their daily bread without being forced to have recourse to public charity.

The most dramatic if not the most interesting episode that shows Whitlock's relations with the Belgians came on Washington's Birthday. Owing to a misunderstanding the Belgians had been led to believe that it was the American Independence Day, and they wanted to make a monster demonstration. By dint of delicate *démarches* Whitlock succeeded in having the idea abandoned. He feared trouble. His popularity was becoming too much for the boche temperament. He feared the Belgians would be carried away by their enthusiasm and commit acts that would be interpreted by the Germans as justification to shoot them down.

The Belgians then decided to make a silent demonstration. The day was cold and sunless; but every Belgian put on his Sunday best. The men wore their black frock coats and high silk hats, while the women donned the latest modes they were able to secure. All day long they filed past the legation in a steady stream, and one by one they solemnly deposited their visiting cards in the letter box outside the door. Over ten thousand cards were dropped in the letter box during that day. There was no trouble. The Belgians were calm, impassive and impressive; but Whitlock heaved a sigh of relief when the day was done.

The news of the break by the United States came on Sunday, February fourth, in a Wolff Agency dispatch from Berlin. The legation staff packed up and made ready to depart for the fifth time since the beginning of the war. Followed days of uncertainty, with no official message from Washington until the following Wednesday. The Germans immediately assumed a more hostile attitude. There were no more cipher telegrams, no more couriers to Holland, and there was a curt hint to remove the flag from the legation staff and from the minister's automobile.

The Germans had been wont to address the minister with the most elaborate politeness. Their letters were always headed: A Son Excellence, Monsieur Brand Whitlock, Envoyé Extraordinaire et Ministre Plénipotentiaire des Etats-Unis d'Amérique. But now he became plain Monsieur Brand Whitlock.

Just to illustrate how petty and mean they were, a telephone message came one day from the political department as follows: "Will you oblige us with a list of the English properties that were under the protection of your legation?" The clerk at the phone said, as if he had quite understood: "Oh, you would like a list of the English properties that are under our protection." And back came the reply: "No; we should like a list of the English properties that *were* under your protection." These conversations with the Germans were always in French.

Then Ambassador Gerard left Berlin. Whitlock decided to remain in Brussels to insure the continuation of the work of the Relief Commission. The Germans made it plain that he would remain in no official capacity; so he stayed on until the United States actually went to war, purely as a distinguished private citizen and a patron of relief work.

When he finally decided to leave, the Germans, though still having a thin veneer of politeness, had undoubtedly hatched a plot that, had not Whitlock been Whitlock and all that Whitlock is, would have prevented some of his entourage from safely passing through and out of Germany into Switzerland.

They first informed him that—because of the military again—they could not furnish him with a special train. He blandly informed them that a special train was not necessary to his comfort; he could travel just as well in a third-class coach if necessary. They appeared shocked at such a suggestion and told him they would arrange a private car.

There were to be three trains, they said—the first for Whitlock and his staff; the second for the American consuls summoned from various points in Belgium; and the third for the thirty-odd members of the Relief Commission and members of the Chinese Legation, who, fearful that they should be left behind, had persuaded Whitlock to take them out under his protection. The Chinese Minister had been gone a long time.

Whitlock knew the Germans meant trouble for somebody; so he told them to attach the private car to the third and last train and that the consuls and relief workers and Chinese would go first. They refused; but he made no argument and went home. A couple of days later they made the same proposition and Whitlock again made the same baffling statement about the last train. They asked him whether he suspected them. He didn't bother to reply, but merely shrugged his shoulders and again went home.

A third time they made the proposition and a third time he rejected it; but this time he talked. He told them he would not argue the question as to whether he suspected them; but that a captain of a ship was always the last to leave. And then, when asked by the Germans whether he was willing to accept the consequences, he said:

"I don't know what you mean by consequences; but if you mean being taken a prisoner to Germany or stood up against the wall in the Grande Place and shot—well, yes; I accept the consequences!"

This conversation, of course, was all in nice, polite, quiet diplomatic French. The Germans expressed polite horror at the Whitlock idea and held a hasty consultation. The result was that the wants of the military were overlooked and the special train, which "under no circumstances could be provided," carried the entire Whitlock entourage away from "the odor of invasion," as he himself expressed it, out through the invaders' mire and safely into a neutral land.

Just one more scene: After Whitlock passed through Paris to Havre, the present seat of the Belgian Government, he immediately went to the Front to make a personal report to the king. The interview took place at La Panne, on free Belgian soil. The minister had traveled through Belgium, Germany, Switzerland and France—seventy-two hours of actual train ride—to get within three hours of Brussels, his starting point.

Mrs. Whitlock accompanied him and together they visited the trenches at Pervyse and Ramscapelle. She was complimented by General d'Orjo de Machevrolette as being the only woman who had been that far in the trenches, with the exception of the queen.

The Belgian soldiers had heard so much about Whitlock that when they learned he was visiting them they all saluted whenever he came into their sight. Numbers of them stepped out of the ranks and asked him about their folks in Brussels or in other cities of Belgium. They had an idea that he was conversant with the welfare of the family of each and every one of them.

The party lunched with the royal family and the queen took their photographs. Then the king indicated that he should like to talk with Whitlock alone. The two men went to one of the three little villas the king occupies among the dunes. They entered a plain little room. There were three or four chairs, a table and a barren mantelpiece.

It was such a room as one might see in the cottage of a small-salaried man along the shores of Long Island Sound, or at Bradley Beach, for example. The king drew up a chair and bade the minister be seated. Then for more than an hour, without an attendant, military or civil, he talked with the king.

Whitlock told the king many things, and if I knew what was said this article might have a different ending.

THE OLD ROMANS AND THE NEW PRUSSIANS

(Continued from Page 13)

were Germans first, and rulers of Rumania afterward. They had no children, but their nephew, Ferdinand, who became Crown Prince of Rumania, was also German born and German trained, having done his term of military service in the Prussian Army; and they assumed that he would be as German as they. He married the daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh, King Edward's younger brother, and, though the Princess Marie was only seventeen years old when she went to the Rumanian court, she was a young woman of such force of character that the old King failed in all his efforts to make a German *hausfrau* of her. She and the Crown Prince managed to retain their own personalities and live their own life, despite the utmost that King and Queen could do to the contrary. If Princess Marie had been a less forceful personality Rumania's history might be different today. Now, by a singular coincidence, she is revealing literary gifts surpassing those of Carmen Sylva.

At the outbreak of the great war a grand council of state was held in Bukharest, both past as well as present cabinet ministers attending. Rumania's relation to the situation was thoroughly canvassed, and all present except one man, a former premier, declared that Rumania's sympathies and destinies lay with the Allies, and that if she participated in the struggle it should be on the side of France and Britain and Russia. After the discussion had reached this point the old King, who had been showing increasing signs of surprise and depression, produced a paper, saying in effect: "But, gentlemen, I have here a document which settles the question. It is an agreement made with the Kaiser that in case of war Rumania will join forces with Germany."

At once there was an outburst. The cabinet knew nothing of the existence of such a document. They expressed indignation that the Kaiser should treat their sovereign as a vassal, coming to private agreements with him as if he were merely the governor of a province and not the head of an independent government with a constitution and a cabinet. For the nation they repudiated any agreement which had not been made with the responsible heads of the people and in accordance with the law. If Rumania entered the war it would be on the side of the Allies. Meantime the army would be mobilized and made ready.

The blow nearly killed the King on the spot. He could not realize that the country of which he was the head would fight against his dear Germany. He brooded so deeply over the supreme tragedy which had come to him that some of his friends feared for his reason. Mercifully death released him before hostilities began between Rumania and the Kaiser. For it had been necessary for the country to temporize for a time, until it could be made

German Soldiers Inscribed on the Cross Above the Grave of Three Hundred and Thirteen of Their Comrades, "Died for the Kaiser"

ready. There never was any doubt about which side she would espouse, despite a lavish German propaganda.

As one young officer said to me, himself a large landowner and a member of the aristocracy: "We had resolved that before we would allow Rumania to be turned over to Germany by the King we would take our revolvers and go down into the streets and start a revolution. I did not care about my estates, my name, my life or anything else. The only thing was to save our country from making any such horrible mistake."

There are several reasons for Rumania's affinity with the Allies. She is a Latin nation, and not Slavic or Teutonic. Her particular pride and boast is that she is more truly Roman than the Italians, being the remnant of the Eastern Roman, or Byzantine, Empire, and having kept her stock and lineage pure amid her mountain fastnesses. Hence the "Rum," or "Rome," in her name; and her scholars do not favor the present tendency of the English-speaking world to spell Rumanian without the "o"; they would prefer to drop the "u." Having resisted the racial tides of Slav and Teuton and Turk, the little country clings tenaciously to her ancient Roman inheritance; and the common people, it is said, have retained the essentials of the language of Cæsar.

Educated Rumania has for a generation spoken French; the closest ties of the leaders of the nation's life are with France. To have fought on the opposite side from France would have been like a severing of heartstrings. It is noteworthy that the four hundred French officers who have been training the Rumanian Army always say "we." I found the Rumanians praising the French and the French praising the Rumanians, in a sort of conspiracy of mutual admiration.

Then, too, Russia was a factor in determining Rumania's course. She neither desired nor dared to affront her big neighbor on the East, who could, it was then thought, swallow her at a gulp. The destinies of the two nations lay in friendly coöperation. A still further and powerful factor was Rumania's ingrained hostility to Austria, which has in Transylvania a large share of the Rumanian people, whom the mother nation wants back. One hears in Jassy horrible stories of how Austria is at present systematically trying to diminish the number of Rumanians in Transylvania, in order that the ethnographical charts of which Rumania is so fond, showing the preponderance of her people in Transylvania and Bessarabia, may no longer be true when the peace conference sits. Again, and potently, there was the influence of the talented and beautiful Queen, who is beloved by the people and who, even in her very devotion to the country over which her husband reigns, is British to the core.

Underlying all these reasons for Rumania's unity with the Allies is the presence of a strong, widespread and increasing spirit of democracy among the Rumanian people. It is not Bolshevikism, but real democracy. When agitators from the Russian Army tried to win over the Rumanian soldiers to their way of thinking the latter, despite their historic courtesy, treated the orators to most improper language, and even to shoe leather—which was surely extravagance, considering how important it is to conserve the shoes of the soldiers.

The which is aymptomatic. Rumania may have lost three-fourths of her territory and all her food supply, but she has not lost her head or her heart. This is the sublime discovery that repays one for the long hard journey to Jassy. The change from the clutteration and chaos of Russia to the organized life of Rumania is no greater than the transition from the atmosphere of maudlin self-pity and bewilderment to that of serene and sure self-confidence and unostentatious heroism. Rumania is not holding any dress parades or mass meetings over the fact that she is going forward open-eyed against the most desperate odds of the war; but she is quietly carrying on. If any people have cause for recriminations and self-commiseration it is the Rumanians. Their black betrayal by the old Russian régime—one of the most stupendous and dramatic as well as perfidious treacheries in history—was followed, consequently, by the great retreat and the occupation of most of their country by Germany—which is now assiduously at work trying to create there a German sentiment and a German state.

Then the Russians calmly appropriated the large food supply that was left in the remnant of the land, promising, of course, to make it good later, which promise is not easy of fulfillment, since it is dependent upon one disorganized line of Russian railway and upon a government in continual process of revolution. As a top-piece to this accumulated pile of injuries, the Rumanian troops are limited in all their efforts by the presence on both sides of them of the demoralized Russian Army. When the Rumanians advanced, their allies, the Russians, retreated! Frankly, it is easier for Rumania to deal with the Germans in front of them than with the Russians on both sides of them and in their rear. For this poor little country is absolutely cut off from all of her allies except Russia; there is no window or door for her except those opening upon the darkness of the Russian night.

So there would have been unlimited precedent for this sorely beset nation had she given herself up to lamentations and to bitter railings against Fate and Russia. Yet that is exactly what she is not doing. She shares with France a dauntless and even jaunty spirit of self-possession and steadfastness. Her heart is mailed in the proof of courage and honor and self-restraint. Perhaps I was fortunate in the company I kept, but I never once heard a Rumanian whine about his lot. The people are busy fighting the enemy and administering the country so that they may get through the winter without starvation or epidemics. Pathetic little Jassy, with its empty stores and its overfull houses, shows no aspect of discouragement. The women are smiling and vivacious; the men are debonair. It is not good form in the capital to wear a mask of gloom. True, terrible typhus and other plagues carried off more

(Continued on Page 41)

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(Continued from Page 38)

than a hundred thousand of the people last year, and is knocking insistently at the door again this winter. Also it is true that every family is separated from loved ones in the occupied territory; and from every circle toll has been taken by the soldiers slain. Nevertheless, Rumania bears herself with the front of an undefeated and forward-looking nation.

All this would be relatively easy to a high-spirited people in the first flush of a noble sacrifice. But Rumania is on her second mile. The condition has reduced itself to all the definiteness and detail of everyday-ness. Jassy has nothing. It is a meatless city. One cannot buy even the simplest necessities of attire. A trivial illustration will make my meaning clear. The evening of my arrival in Jassy I was to have an audience with the Queen. Certain pieces of my luggage had been lost on the one thin line of Russian railway that connects the world with Rumania; and the only proper collar I possessed for wear with evening clothes would scarcely stand "the fierce light that beats upon a throne." When I tried to buy a collar in what had once been a haberdasher's shop the merchant regarded me as if I were a zany. It had been many a day since there had been a collar for sale in Jassy, yet the Rumanian men somehow wear them and keep themselves spruce and Europeanized. Even a sample of Rumanian embroidery could be bought only after prolonged shopping in company with an expert; there is no thread or cloth. One of the governesses in the royal family lost her all in a fire; she had to be outfitted from the wardrobes of the Queen and princesses, because clothes simply cannot be bought in Jassy.

The small supplies of sweets and canned goods and cigarettes that are vended on the streets, at incredible prices, tell their own story. The problem of milk for the babies, and for the tubercular patients, and for soldiers whose jaws have been shot away, is a concrete case in point. There is absolutely no possibility of securing it except from America; and then it must enter over the single miserable railway which has to bear the burden of supplying Rumania with munitions, clothes and food. The American Red Cross missions in both Rumania and Russia are taxing their resourcefulness to overcome these well-nigh insuperable obstacles. For as both King and Queen told me, and as everybody else echoes, "America is Rumania's only hope."

A Frank and Plucky King

In the display of a spirit of fortitude and cheerfulness the royal family is easily first—naturally, for that is a primary part of the king business. They must show the people how to face hard times. Private griefs, such as the burial, in an unnamed grave, of their four-year-old son, just as the retreat from Bukharest began, must be hidden away. The fact that they are branded by the Germans among the greater part of their own subjects as traitors and renegades, and singled out as the special object of German vindictiveness and vengeance, may be given no place in their conversation and no trace in their conduct.

So the King and Crown Prince are often among the soldiers at the Front, frequently under fire, and will be found with their troops if a last stand must be made by an isolated army. The Queen, who is greatly gifted with graciousness and charm, spends busy days, usually in the garb of a nursing sister, visiting the hospitals and the villages. She has a mother smile for all her people, high and low, and rides about among them, often on horseback, and sometimes in fourteen-year-old Prince Nicholas' little two-seated motor car, entirely without escort. Neither plague nor bullets deter her from going on her errands of ministry; and I have seen her laugh away the fears of her aid-de-camp when under the falling shrapnel of an aëroplane attack. She went to the front-line trenches and to the observation posts beyond them, within sound of the German voices.

His Majesty the King is equally dauntless and democratic. We talked for half an hour over questions relating to the war and Rumania. He is an intense but genial man, almost spluttering in the quick flow of his German-flavored English. That he has clear and strong views upon current issues is apparent in a minute; and he is the sort of public man who delights an interviewer's heart, because he dares to be indiscreet, speaking freely upon delicate subjects without so much as a single intimation of self-conscious fear of being quoted thereupon.

The Queen and Princess Elizabeth

We talked of Rumania and of Russia and of America and of the Jewish question and of the outlook.

There were no protestations that Rumania would keep the faith to the end; that, of course, was assumed, and all discussion of the future based upon it. Nor was any mention made of the German sword that hangs over the King's own head; this cheerful gentleman, so far as the evidence went, has no time to think about personal trifles like that. His chief anxieties were, first, that I should understand Rumania's appreciation of America's assistance; and, secondly, that I should see as much of the Rumanian people and troops as possible, to learn to know their spirit for myself. Evidently the devotion between the royal family and the nation is mutual.

Instead of talking about Rumania's sorrows I found men keen to talk about the Battle of Marachesti, last July, when they gave a superior German force such a thrashing that now the Rumanian Front is held by Prussians; and even these have instructions to avoid bayonet conflicts with the Rumanians. A little army that can win a big victory when its allies on both flanks are retreating deserves the respect in which it is held.

That Rumanian Front would make glad any soldier's heart. I had to go through a little war of my own before getting to the very outermost trenches, but it was worth the battle. After spending a day with the Queen and Princess Elizabeth at a field hospital, I was taken off, escorted by two English-speaking officers, to the front-line divisions and regiments. Since American correspondents are rare birds in Rumania everything imaginable was done for my pleasure and information—except, at first, to admit me to the front-line trenches. Any jaded newspaper man in search of a large time, wherein he will be treated in full accordance with even his own conception of his personal importance, has but to go to Rumania. I was given freedom to photograph as I pleased, though the sun did not coöperate in this; and I met generals and colonels and other officers and privates galore. I was dined and toasted to the point of embarrassment, usually being the only civilian who had sat at these messes for a year.

All was to the music of the big guns; and for my edification the artillery was especially fired, after it had been examined in its concealed dugouts, the general himself attending. We sent three 120-millimeter shells into the German reserves four miles away, and six 105 shrapnels—within the space of three-quarters of a minute—upon Pig Hill. It was an ear-splitting but highly interesting private rehearsal; I hope it messed up the enemy a bit. We spoke of it as sending the American correspondent's visiting cards to the Germans.

When I went to have tea with the general and to examine again with him the map of the positions, I found the major portion of a fourteen-inch shell at his door. Of course all the automobile and horseback travel of those days was amid shell holes; and at night the Germans staged a beautiful exhibition of trench fireworks for me—rockets, star shells, hanging lights and searchlight floods like an aurora borealis. Between whiles there was gorgeous autumn mountain scenery. I wonder if any other correspondent has had as much beautiful landscape on the side as has been my good fortune to see while visiting Fronts.

The Queen of Rumania and Prince Nicholas

Let me tell about one of the dinners at which the representative of the American public was guest of honor. It was marred only by the final decision, withheld until then, by the commanding officer that I could not go to his front-line trenches, two-thirds of a mile away. Arguments availed not.

"Apparently," I told him rather ungraciously, "American correspondents are incubator babies, to be kept wrapped in cotton wool, and carefully fed and amused and tenderly safeguarded from bad weather."

His clinching retort was: "Ah, what's the use of being killed?"

And that night at army headquarters he telephoned with an I-told-you-so air that there had been an assault upon that particular Front in the afternoon, with fatalities; and of course the American would have been killed had the officer not intervened! The simple fact of the matter was that every commander considered it etiquette not to let an American be hurt while his guest.

Each was sure that I could get to the front line somewhere else. And I did; but of that later.

This dinner, by a nameless regiment at a nameless point, was altogether the jolliest stag party in which I have ever shared. It was held in the mess hall, which is a dugout with a roof of logs and stones and earth several feet thick, and seating fifteen persons, but with no space for waiters to pass behind the chairs. It was a good dinner, with both turkey and roast pig for meats; and great was the chaffing directed at the proud chaplain who was in charge of the mess. Of course, ran the jibes, the priests know all about the good things of life, and they can get food when soldiers would starve. Though he was unmercifully tormented upon all the weaknesses of the cloth and his own failings, from his anxiety over his young beard to his ambition for a captain's stripes, the radiant priest was prouder of that dinner than of any sermon he had ever delivered; and he was happy to be a man and an equal among men rather than a cassocked "papa" among peasant women and children.

Dinner at Headquarters

It was not only the smiling chaplain who "got his" at that dinner; the division commander and colonel and the major and the other officers, and America also, were made the butt of original songs, written for the occasion. They were well sung, too, and all to the accompaniment of a nine-piece orchestra in the adjoining room—an orchestra of real musicians. Their soloist, a Vienna-trained professional, could hold the high notes in a way that would thrill a Philadelphia audience; but also he could wind up with a rollicking slam bang and mimicry that a popular entertainer would envy.

Merriment unrestrained and the high spirits of schoolboys reigned in that little dugout, unmarred by any formal speeches except the commander's toast to America and the guest's reply, which utterances were seized as the opportunity for a pro-American demonstration that would have educated some of the folk at home. All the while the big guns boomed without, unheeded by anybody. It was hard for the guest to realize that many of these officers had just come in from the front trenches, where they had been peering with steady and unblinking gaze into the near eyes of death; and that in an hour others of them were going back to the same grim post. None of them had enjoyed leave for more than a year. While the heavy fighting was on, the regiment had been actually forty-five days in the trenches. During last July's big battle and victory they had been two days without any food; and when they sent messengers to the rear it was not for food but for more ammunition.

Storybook soldiers indeed are these fine young fellows. They needs must live in holes in the ground—the roof of the division commander's quarters was twenty feet thick—but they do not regard that as any occasion for living like animals. So their dugouts are not only clean but also well finished and ornamented, and in some cases even plastered. The fronts of some, well concealed beneath the trees, displayed the architecture of a Swiss chalet; and the colonel of the regiment with whom I dined even had a name above his quarters, Felicia Villa, in honor of his wife. Thanks to the abundance of white birch, more artistic buildings could not be found at a fastidious American summer resort. Marvel of marvels, the well-kept walks were bordered with small evergreens, and the dirt spaces covered with moss. Even the spring from which came the water supply had been piped through a hollow log carved like a ram's head; and this, too, had quickly become covered with moss.

Every regiment has its bathhouse and disinsector. When the men come off duty in the trenches they proceed, carrying long sticks of firewood with them, to the regimental bathhouse. While their clothes are being disinfected—or, at least, disinsected—they are having a steam bath—cold water on hot stones makes the steam—and the subsequent showers. Men who are accustomed to the Western Front might not marvel at the completeness of the Rumanian sanitary arrangements as did the man fresh from the Caucasus, where in the Russian camps, in which the Tartar ancestry of the troops had its way, he had grown used to

"All along o' dirtiness,
All along o' mess,
All along o' doing things
Rather more or less."

Of course I examined the bomb-proofs, deep, deep in the ground, in which the ammunition for the big guns is stored; and the others to which the men scurry during a heavy bombardment. At convenient points along the front-line trenches there are also these underground havens. They, with the careful protection of all positions by branches of trees against detection by aëroplane or other observation, constitute an efficient precaution for the safety of the men. Communicating trenches, too, are shielded by branches. In all my journeyings about among the Rumanian forces at the Front I never saw a gun until it was pointed out to me.

Industry goes hand in hand with skill and imagination at the Rumanian Front. The men are kept busy. There are no idlers to gather round the civilian and stare as if he were a two-headed calf. No shouting and screaming are heard in camp. The men are strangely quiet and placid and serious. They seem to be neither affrighted nor exhilarated by their trade. They impressed me as being good journeyman mechanics at the art of war. Their thoroughness showed itself in the good trench housekeeping at the Front; aside from an occasional German helmet kicking round there was no clutteration of the regimental highways. The trenches themselves were as clean as if dug yesterday, and ever new ones were being made. Graves of the fallen were beautifully cared for. These men know how to utilize to the full the artistic possibilities of the white birch.

Rumanian Sentiment

The rich vein of sentiment that flows in the Rumanian nature was illustrated by what I found at the extreme front-line trench the last day of my sojourn with the army. Oh, yes; I got to the Front by flatly telling the commanding general that his charming plan for a day's entertainment for the American newspaper man was all off unless I got as close to the Germans as his farthest soldier. Front or nothing! And so, Front it was.

The Queen had visited this Front three days before. It is a moving-picture experience. An automobile journey through a charming valley from general headquarters to brigade base is followed by a two-hour horseback ride up a mountain, with a panorama of peace that makes the war seem unreal. Near the top the road comes under German shell fire and can be used only on foggy days, such as favored us. At other times large trenches are employed. At the top one dismounts and enters the network of trenches amid the trees. From the point of the Queen's approach a rustic walk has been built of white-birch saplings, the path itself being of sticks bound together with barbed wire. This footpath has been named Via Regina Maria, and it follows the Queen's route through all the trenches and to the observation posts. Her Majesty's skirts must have been well clayed, for the trenches are not more than three feet wide. If anybody wants to see what a modern military trench looks like let him go down street and watch the men laying gas or water pipe. On the side of the trench nearest the enemy is an eight-inch ledge two feet up, to stand on when firing. Frequent little alcoves in the trench walls, which look as if they might be made to hold icons or images of saints, are filled with hand grenades and extra clips of cartridges. Signs are posted about telling what punishment will be visited upon the soldier who enters front trenches without his gas mask; and also instructing the men how to act in certain emergencies.

Trenches are not crowded with men, but the ubiquitous telephone makes the reserves instantly available. At intervals of possibly twenty feet the observation posts are extended out beyond the trench. These end in spaces eight or ten feet wide, and some have machine guns mounted or ready for mounting. Each is tenanted by a steel-helmeted sentinel, ever watching, watching, watching, with his rifle over the parapet and already cocked, for the first sign of life among the enemy, so few yards distant. If he sees a head he fires, and then all the other sentries instantly do the same, in order that the location of the shot may not be known. Each post is carefully screened by branches and leaves, so that it all looks as natural as the unmarred forest.

Even so the German trenches seem. I went into a dozen or so observation outposts, to look upon the enemy's line from various points. Only once did I catch a glimpse of his presence. It was difficult to realize that less than twenty yards distant, beyond the Rumanian wire entanglements and the few yards of No Man's Land and the enemy's entanglements, there were dozens of pairs of steady Prussian eyes peering as eagerly for some slight motion on our side as we were looking toward their invisible trenches. That it was not a painted show I had interesting evidence. In the first observation post I had visited, with the captain of the company on duty—what a jaunty, genial youngster he was, as proud of his men and of his work as a painter at his first exhibition!—we

The Splendid American Hospital at Roman

allowed our voices to rise; I always did talk too much! From the trench behind us came a messenger with a warning from the colonel; and we moved on to another post, thus missing the fistful of Mars' confetti—a hand grenade—which the dilatory Prussians sent over as a delicate little attention. Nobody hurt, and thanks for the touch of "local color."

While I watched—never more patiently did I search twilight forests for the elusive squirrel—there was enacted a bit of byplay that broke the monotony of trench life for one man. Where the trenches curved, so that he was almost squarely in front of us, a Rumanian soldier was hiding behind a big tree, doing special observation duty. It was like an Indian performance from one of Cooper's tales. He crouched and peered and drew back again, at one moment invisible against the tree, the next with his head in clear outline against the sky. I do not know how long he played that merry game of hide and seek with death; as we moved to the right, toward a heavy fusillade of machine-gun fire, I kept an ear turned toward the man behind the tree and rejoiced that I heard no rifle crack. The other men in the trenches were not even interested; what seemed the strange placidity of their life to me was more like ennui to them. As one officer remarked to my escort: "Such is life! This man comes all the way from Jassy to see the trenches; and we in the trenches want only to see Jassy!"

Not all the visitor's interest that day was devoted to the trenches. As we rode down the mountain side we passed a detachment of troops coming up from the base, bearing trench tools as well as rifles, and looking as matter-of-fact as a gang of workmen for whom the whistle had just blown. On the way various pieces of concealed artillery and anti-aircraft guns were pointed out. And before I again sat down to mess with a group of officers I had passed through by moonlight the bombarded town that had so filled my eye earlier in the day. This place is one of the unrealities of experience at the Front. It seemed too much like a moving-picture stunt to be true. Here was a town, the size of Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, or Grand Forks, North Dakota, which had been systematically shelled by the Germans. The effect was so pictorial that one expected to see the man with a camera round the next corner, and to hear the high voice of the director issuing instructions.

The town was as empty of life as a camp-meeting in midwinter. One lone dog I saw at night, and wondered how he survived; for the dog thrives only in the presence of humans. I have seen Babylon and Nineveh and Assur and Baalbec and Karnak and a hundred other ruined cities; but none impressed me with the sense of utter desolation that prevailed in this uninhabited place. Here were some houses, modern houses, such as my neighbors and I live in, with never a mark on them except the loss of all window glass. Glimpses of curtains and furniture reminded one how recent had been the catastrophe that had driven forth the inhabitants. Other houses had gaping shell holes where doors should be, or a cornice was knocked off, or a wall tumbled down, or often the entire structure was reduced to a formless heap.

Unbroken Commandments

One block of stores was burned to the ground. The city hall had huge shell holes in its new red-tiled roof. That for which many a schoolboy has longed had happened to the public school. The church steeple hung over on one side like the head of a drunken man asleep. The Jewish synagogue had lost one end—but the copy of the Decalogue in stone above the door was unscathed. I cannot understand how the Germans could possibly have failed to smash the Ten Commandments! Business signs invited one to enter marts of merchandise; and the bombardment had opened new doors, as wide as the welcome. Everything, from mansion to cottage, was pock-marked with bullet scars from exploding shrapnel. Big shells had made craters in the highways. The exhibition was complete in every detail, as if some genius had staged it all for exhibition in London or New York. Never in his palmiest days of self-delusion as an artist did the Kaiser paint such a complete picture as this one.

Followed a long, long night ride, through a drenching storm, that did not end until half-past one in the morning, when the welcoming gates of the splendid American hospital at Roman opened to me and I was once more among my own, the nobly representative company of men and women of the American Red Cross Mission to Rumania—a perfect end of a perfect day.

A look at the map reveals the perilous plight of Rumania. No map, however, can make clear what it means that Rumania is enmeshed and enveloped by the Russian mind. Because the Rumanians prefer their own life and form of government, the Bolsheviki have even dared to send a large number of the troops who had fled from the Germans to make an armed demonstration at the Rumanian border, in an effort to compel the nation to depose its royal family and to accept Bolshevikism.

Should the cables from Jassy or Paris or Washington—not from Petrograd—report the abdication of the King, it must be understood that this is of Russia's doing and not at the instance of his own people. The latter were obliged, against the will of officers and men, to join the Russian armistice, as a matter of military necessity and upon the advice of the French officers who are directing the Rumanian Army. It would be a calamity should the American public get the impression that there is any kinship of sentiment between the Rumanian and the Russian troops with respect to the war.

On the Cross Over the Graves of Fifty Rumanian Soldiers is Written: "For the Defense of the Motherland and the Liberty of Subjugated Peoples"

Why Women Are Becoming Disgusted with Poor Snap-Fasteners— and with the Store that Sells Them

A FEW years ago the snap-fastener came to save women from the slavery of small buttons and hooks and eyes.

It was a great boon. Among other things it has saved the making of ten billion buttonholes.

The growth of the snap-fastener business was a sensation. Then everybody got to making them. Every day new brands came out. Stores bought from jobbers; jobbers bought on price.

The snap-fastener has been miserably cheapened. Anything today is a snap-fastener that looks like it might be.

* * *

Reputable Dry Goods and Notion Stores sell snap-fasteners of such inferior quality as to ruin the garment on which they are used.

Good storekeepers don't intend to do this—but a snap-fastener cannot be judged by appearance. A Store's Notion Buyer orders an apparently good fastener from an apparently reliable source, and the store never realizes that it is creating dissatisfaction and losing the confidence of some of its best patrons.

* * *

A snap-fastener cannot have virtue unless the shape of the dome is correct, and the phosphor-bronze spring is of uniform tension—having a lasting grip. A grip that will yield when necessary but will not slip. And you cannot tell this by its looks.

Every woman appreciates the feeling of comfort and security in a gown held by fasteners that will not let go unexpectedly.

Heretofore, like other manufacturers, we have sold our production to distributors of private brands—who bought from us today and somebody else tomorrow.

We make a dependable snap-fastener. We have never seen one that we thought was as good. It is made of solid brass, it is fast color and rust-proof. It will not tarnish or come off on the garment. It has smooth edges and will not cut the thread. It has large holes and is easy to sew on.

It looks well on the garment. It is easy to snap. It has a lasting grip. It will not slip or come unfastened until you want it to.

* * *

Every woman likes it who has tried it.

Now, in order that she may always be sure of what she is getting, we are putting up our entire production under the trade-mark "*3MORE.*" (On every card of a dozen—whether the 5c or the 10c kind—are 3 extra fasteners.) We give you 3 more than a dozen.

In order that your storekeeper may have no excuse for selling you an inferior fastener, we are going to supply him direct from the factory—giving him quick deliveries by Parcel Post.

By adopting this most modern and efficient system of direct distribution we are saving 25% in costs which we give back to you in the form of 3 more fasteners to every dozen.

Dressmakers especially, we feel, will appreciate this 25% extra measure and will give 3MORE their preference.

We believe that dealers who have the interest of their stores at heart—dealers who appreciate the importance of having the little things right and who realize the possibilities of the 5c and 10c trade—will wake up and build up their snap-fastener business by specializing on a brand of unquestioned merit.

* * *

The sooner a dealer eliminates all his odds and ends and gets rid of the questionable "job lot bin," the quicker he will regain the confidence of his customers.

Ask your dealer for the dependable "3MORE" brand of snap-fastener and insist on his getting it for you. You will be doing yourself a service—and the dealer, too, as he will find out later.

Important Notice to Dealers.

To turn our distribution from the jobber to the dealer direct, BEFORE the Spring trade starts, means quick work.

TERMS on open account, 2% ten days—30 days net, F O B. Philadelphia. All orders accompanied by cash or check we will deliver free at store. This means a saving of at least 5c a box east of the Mississippi and 10c a box beyond.

PRICES. All 3MORE 10c Snap-Fasteners, unless otherwise ordered, will be packed 3 dozen cards of assorted sizes, half black and half white finish, in a display carton at $1.50 per box. This is at the rate of 50c per dozen cards, or $6.00 per Gross. All 3MORE 5c Snap-Fasteners will be packed, unless otherwise ordered, 3 dozen cards of assorted sizes, half black and half white finish, in a display carton at $1.00 per box. This is at the rate of 33⅓c per dozen cards, or $4.00 per Gross.

A COMBINATION ORDER, consisting of two boxes of 5c 3MORE Snap-Fasteners and two boxes of 10c 3MORE Snap-Fasteners (144 cards in all), for the sum of $5.00, is a good order to start with.

If you want us to send this Combination Order we shall be pleased to do so upon receipt of your

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

PENN RIVET CORPORATION

Manufacturers of Clinch Rivets and Rivet Setting Machines for the Manufacture of Leather Goods and Metal Specialties

Eleventh and Cambria Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

The weight of this bridge over the Göta Canal at Gothenburg, Sweden, exceeds 500 tons. More than 100 trains pass over it every day. It was mounted on SKF thrust bearings in 1910 and has been in continuous service—day in, day out—ever since.

SKF
BALL BEARINGS

SKF quality cannot be measured by the physical qualities of the bearing alone. SKF stands above all for the quality of the engineering service that goes with it, and the quality of the business organization behind it.

STARS AND WAGONS

(Continued from Page 12)

The landlord interrupted: "Let your dog come along, mister. We ain't fussy here."

"It isn't my dog."

"Well, he seems to have adopted you. I own three dogs and I know their notions. You must be pretty near all right."

Mr. Macgill found that opinion encouraging. He was a stranger and had arrived without baggage.

"But this dog must belong to somebody here in the village."

"I know every dog in town. He's a stranger. Don't try to disown him if he's yours. I know that most hotels won't let 'em in. But I'm a friend of dogs. I'm a nut about dogs. I'd rather have that dog's indorsement of you than the word of even Squire Starr. And if you suit the squire you'll suit everybody else in this town."

Fate did seem to be handling affairs for Macgill in a manner which left him more or less a mere passenger.

He sat down in a corner of the hotel office and stared into the dog's wistful eyes and muttered: "We seem to be vouching for each other, even though we've both dropped in without baggage. I guess you must be a part of the rest of it, mutt! Wagon hitched to a star! Need a dog under the wagon! Shake!" He lifted the dog's paw and shook it cordially. He continued to lean forward. "I can't keep on calling you 'it'! Your name is—let's see! Er-a-a-ah! Your name is—there's a star that starts off dog days."

The landlord loaned Mr. Macgill an almanac, on request.

"Your name is Sirius. It ought to be Joker to go with that mug of yours. But I'm playing the hunch!"

III

BIG JIM, being an adaptable chap with a knack for mixing with men, owning a dog, which establishes some men as solidly as real estate establishes others, was settled into the life of Starvale inside of a week with much of the snugness of a rubber boot in a bucket of mud. The barber shop was a queer little cubby of a place, and Big Jim's head was near the ceiling and his elbows close to the walls; he was really a comical spectacle, the room was so small. But he made no complaints or comments. The fact that Squire Advencin Starr owned the building glorified all the surroundings.

The squire came every day and seemed to take quite a fancy to this amiable and garrulous giant; Big Jim's breezy ignorance, which he displayed in regard to all the larger matters in the world, tickled the lawyer's sense of humor. Mr. Macgill possessed, as flavoring for his views, a line of picturesque profanity which he had collected in the circles in which he had moved, and he loosened up as soon as he felt on easy terms with the squire. His growing familiarity was not rebuked. It was not cheeky presumption. It was eager, anxious, honest effort to be friendly; it was admiration expressing itself as best Jim knew how. He used to grow almost hysterical in his thankfulness because he was admitted to such familiarity, and the squire understood the sentiments and pardoned all the poor fellow's rawness. After any day of dry legal research the lawyer found Mr. Macgill as refreshing as a cool draft and as inexhaustible as an artesian well. One day in his utter absorption in discourse, the squire being in the chair, Big Jim went to stropping his razor upon the unbuttoned suspender of another patron, who had volunteered to finish his shampoo at the sink.

The subject of the discourse was the absolute folly of any man's allowing himself to be absent-minded. The incident made one of the squire's best stories as he told it at the next bar dinner.

Mr. Macgill promptly discovered facts that increased the fervor of his devotion. The squire's little arms were as hard as hornbeam; he explained that he had a gymnasium in his stable chamber. He also stated with pride that every morning he went to an arbor in his back yard, stripped off his bath robe, and threw over himself a pail of water ice-cold from the deep well; in the winter, when there was snow, he dived into a snow bank before breakfast.

When Big Jim confessed that he had once been a pugilist the squire offered the use of his gymnasium and suggested that Jim might be able to pick up a few local bouts; and in the early winter Jim did so, with credit and to the profit of his popularity. Soon after that the star did lift the wagon in fashion which dizzied Mr. Macgill! There was a fire in Hale Block in Starvale, and old Blake, chief of the department, blew up at a critical moment and allowed about half of the hose to burn. Volunteer Macgill butted in and saved the block, after he had bawled out the sputtering old chief. Inside of a week Squire Starr had secured the resignation of Chief Blake and the appointment of Jim Macgill, who thus reaped more completely the profit of his popularity as the village's champion pugilist. The fire station was at the rear of Starr Block, and Big Jim could continue to scrape chins while drawing down ten dollars a week as chief. Furthermore, the appointment gave him a title. His loyal men snapped military salute when they met him on the street and addressed him as "Chief." Old Blake had never elicited such honors. But in the case of Mr. Macgill the salute was for prowess as well as personality.

Stars have been worshiped in the past on notable occasions; Mr. Macgill had only limited stock of information on that point; he was sure that nobody had ever worshiped a star with the devoutness that enthralled him. The star to which Jesse Hanlon had hitched his wagon! Mr. Macgill snorted when he reflected.

He would have relished discussion of the matter with somebody who could appreciate the odd mysteries of a regular hunch, played with all the zeal and surrender of a true sport. But Sirius was the only listener in whom he dared to confide.

"It shows that when advice comes out of the Bible, pup, it's good and ought to be followed. Of course, it would have been better if it could have come to me when I was beside a mother's knee. But this goes to show that even a parrot can't put the Indian sign on good advice. I've got Jess Hanlon's star faded to a fisheye in a fog bank. I'm hooked on. I'll never let go."

That decision accounted for this announcement, pinned on the door of Mr. Macgill's barber shop one morning in late winter: "Closed for 2 daze. Gorn to Coart."

The wagon had tagged behind the star on various occasions when the squire had spoken in public in Starvale. Big Jim always sat in the front row in any gathering where the squire was to appear, and gazed and listened raptly. Whenever a good point was made Mr. Macgill nudged the next man to him, led the applause and looked round to make sure that others were following his example.

But to this big treat of the winter the devotee had been looking forward with zest—an opportunity to see and hear the squire conduct and plead a case in court.

IV

MR. MACGILL posted himself among the spectators in the front row and hearkened, wide-eyed, his mouth gaping. It was a dull suit, dealing with the intricacies of equity practice, and not one word did Big Jim understand. However, it sufficed for his content to be there and behold the squire ruffle important-looking papers, jot notes with careful pencil and thrust incisive questions at witnesses. The devotee's interest was so great that he was annoyed by the coming of Alja Hacker, who jammed in his case-knife figure on the crowded bench.

"I saw you running that day," wheezed Hacker in cautious whisper in Macgill's resentful ear. "I didn't know what it was for. I found out. They got me; cheating by false pretenses. They gave me sixty days in the county jail here."

Reproach for failure to warn a friend seemed to be next in order, and Macgill waited for it crossly. There was no reproach. "Being arrested was one of the luckiest things in my life. By being in his jail I met him! Do you want to lay eyes on the grandest and noblest man in all creation? Well, look up there—the high sheriff!"

A grossly fat man was crowded into an armchair in front of a little desk. On the desk was a gavel; beside it loomed a silk hat with a rosette on the side of it.

"He has adopted me," whispered Hacker. Macgill rolled slow eyes of incredulity. "Well, it's just the same as that. I'm in the family. Do his errands, drive his horse, take him round town. He says he never found a man before who didn't crowd him on a wagon seat. He has changed all my life over for me. Gives me good advice and says I can always have a job with him. Didn't you ever hear 'em sing that hymn about 'Hitch your wagon to a star'?"

"It ain't no hymn—it's in the Bible," growled Big Jim. His tones were audible, for he had never learned how to whisper. The high sheriff frowned and tapped with his gavel.

"And now see what you've gone and done! You've got me into a mess with him," hissed Mr. Hacker. "I ought to have known better than ever to go mixing in with any more fakers." He went tiptoeing away.

Big Jim set his teeth and stared straight ahead; his anger and his embarrassment were topped by his sorrow; in his determination to set right a fool who had tampered with the one great truth of Mr. Macgill's life he had incurred the blame of disturbing the sanctity of proceedings which were being conducted by his idol. The squire had paused in a question and had looked round. The culprit had mental vision of manner of revenge—he would pick up Mr. Hacker and snap him in bits as a cook breaks a stick of macaroni over the pot.

When recess was ordered the big fellow went stumbling and crowding his way to the squire and stammered explanations, which were coupled with threats of what he proposed to do. But the squire reassured him indulgently and invited him to come into the lawyers' retiring room for a smoke. There he completely overwhelmed Jim by introducing him to several sociable attorneys, calling him "Chief Macgill, of our fire department." Somebody handed him a cigar, but Big Jim did not have the presumption to light it; he backed away from the group of men and listened to their chat with awe.

In the past he had had certain unpleasant experiences in court, his sole perspective being from the prisoner's dock. He had often wondered what went on behind the paneled doors where the grave lawyers cloistered themselves betweenwhiles. Here he was in one of those sacred places, admitted on a plane of something like equality! It was some time before he collected his thoughts enough to understand anything of the matter the lawyers were discussing in guarded tones. It was a longer time before he realized that the terms "solemn old nincompoop," "regular old ass," "pompous know-nothing" were character labels which the gentlemen were pasting on the personality of no less a potentate than the honorable justice presiding at that term of court—his first term after the ratification of his appointment to the bench.

"That's about the only thing the bar of this state can lay up against you, Squire Starr," stated a spokesman for the group—"that you turned down the appointment. It gave Governor Talbot his chance to play politics after he had done his plain duty in your case."

"Couldn't take it. No taste for it," remonstrated the squire, firing up the black pipe.

"I don't see how you can stand it—to try a case like this before him, squire—you with your knowledge of equity practice!"

"Pretty hard! Pretty hard! Had a mind to insist on continuance when I heard that Judge Steaves was sick and MacCorkle had been shifted here."

The other lawyer adopted the squire's hint in the way of nomenclature. "MacCorkle is sitting on that bench to-day showing the prejudice of his peanut mind; he can't forget that the only reason he's a judge is because you turned the honor down."

"Quite likely! Very probable! Notice it myself! Offensive attitude! Not judicial!" A puff on the black pipe for each sentence.

"Talbot is playing politics too much," growled another. "It's Talbot's fault that there's all this rumpus on in the legislature right now over the impeachment of sheriffs."

"Oh, come now!" protested the squire. "Talbot is helpless. The political opposition is running the thing!"

"Yes, now! But I know the inside—how it started. In that first county where Talbot called for an investigation he himself secretly started the petitions so that he could fire the high sheriff and slip in one of his friends who could deliver the county next election. Straight! I know what I'm talking about! 'Fine!' said the boys in the other crowd. So they got after one of Talbot's friends in another county. And we all know what's going on now. Everybody doing it! First a Republican and then a Democrat. Those kiwhoops up in the legislature aren't impeaching on right or wrong—they're impeaching to keep the score even."

"Yes! It's evident—evident," commented the squire. "I never had a very high opinion of Talbot. But I did think he knew better than to push over the first of a row of bricks in that fashion."

"And this morning poor old Sam got his," declared one of the group. He jabbed a gesture with his thumb toward the court room.

"What?" yelped the squire.

"It's right! Haven't you looked at Sam's face to-day?"

"But Sam Erskine, as high sheriff of this county, is an institution. Clean as a hound's tooth!"

"But he got his telegram this morning. Come up and submit to the guillotine! Twenty years an honest high sheriff! But what do those damnation reign-o'-terrorists care? It's history repeating itself, once a clean-up gang gets to slaughtering!"

The squire trotted to the door admitting to the court room and opened it. They saw the high sheriff sitting jammed between the arms of his chair. His gaze seemed to be centered on the rosette of his plug hat. His eyes were as mournful as those of a sick hound; his jowls hung low. He had remained at his post, motionless, taking no advantage of the recess for relaxation.

"Sam," commanded the squire, "come in here!"

The high sheriff rose with the arms of the chair hugging his hips and obliviously brought the article along with him for a few steps. But the attentive Hacker was close at hand and plucked the chair barnacle off the huge hulk. The servitor edged in on the heels of his master and was not gainsaid.

"Sam, show me that telegram."

The sheriff's fat hand stroked the moisture of perturbation from his forehead and then plucked the paper from his breast pocket.

"Yes, signed by the secretary! Day after to-merrow! Sam, this is too devilish bad!"

"It's going to be a dreadful setback," lamented the sheriff. He had a falsetto voice to go with his size and the contrast was a bit grotesque.

"You have done credit to the position. You have been honest. I'm sorry I can't encourage you much. They'll work the trumped-up-charge racket on you, as they have on the others—not time enough given to disprove."

"Where they can't get 'em on anything else," said one of the group of sympathizers, "they call on the president of the state university and he and that cheap hired spotter of his tell about the games and the dancing girls at the county fairs." Big Jim's eyes glittered balefully. "Sam, here, let 'em operate, of course! You can't expect a fair to get along with a knitting contest between picked teams of old maids."

"Well, buck up, buck up, Sam!" counseled the squire cheerfully. "You're well fixed financially. And this isn't the only job in the world!"

"I've had it for twenty years. I don't care to keep it much longer. Sitting still so much is fattening—and I'm sick of lawyers' squabbles and having to make kings of old judges," confessed the sheriff, whining. "But losing the job right now is a dreadful setback."

"You'll keep your friends! It can't be much of a setback!" The squire had modified some of the indignation of his protest; the reference to lawyers was not tactful.

"It ain't the friends! I ain't worrying but what they'll stick. But I've got a hundred and seventeen hogs and pig kind. I'm making a good thing with 'em on the jail swill, and the rush of tramps here in the winter gives me plenty of swill. If I have to move them hogs and buy feed, war prices what they are, it'll be an awful setback."

The squire fingered his nose and surveyed the sheriff with appreciative and kindly consideration. "Sam, I don't want to give

(Continued on Page 47)

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DU PONT

(Continued from Page 45)

you any false hopes, but I advise you to submit that plea to the legislature. It's the only original thing that has been handed in, so far as I have read the testimony the newspapers have printed. That plea—or a broken leg! Not much of anything else can save you."

"A broken leg?"

"The law provides that a man cannot be impeached and removed from a position like yours unless he is present in person before the legislature. But you're so well padded that a broken leg seems a far-fetched suggestion."

"That's so," acknowledged Sheriff Erskine hopelessly, endeavoring to bend over far enough to get a view of his legs. "If there were farmers enough in the legislature I could make 'em understand. But the lawyers have crowded out most of the farmers.

"Nothing but law these days! And one part of it contradicting the other part so much that it's lucky if a man can get a thing decided in a whole year—something that could be settled man-fashion in two minutes if lawyers wasn't called in."

He went back into the court room, his acolyte at heel. Mr. Hacker's eyes goggled widely, his forehead was corrugated, his lips were moving and he scratched the side of his head; he had developed that appearance of deep cogitation after the squire's declaration regarding the legal necessity of an accused official's appearance in person at the legislative bar. He looked from his broomstick shanks to the prodigious underpinning of the waddling high sheriff and sighed and shook his head. But he did not lose the appearance of a man who was thinking deeply.

"Sam seems to be a little mordant, having run afoul of the law," commented the squire. "We must excuse his feelings and his comments, I suppose. And I'll admit that his last statement was a very fair description of some kinds of equity practice. Sometimes I am sorry that I have made a specialty of it." He knocked the ashes out of his pipe.

"Haven't got that one quite up to shade yet, squire," suggested a friend.

"No; that was my favorite." The attentive Mr. Macgill followed the gaze which the squire cast upward. From the high chandelier dangled a clay pipe, black as ebony. A placard identified it. "Sacred to the Memory of Advencin Starr, Esq." "I have missed it dreadfully ever since you boys took it away from me."

"It's a pretty long reach for you, squire," jested a lawyer.

Big Jim decided that the expression on the master's face indicated yearning. He had spoken of his old pipe in a manner almost pathetic. By standing on tiptoes and then leaping a little the big fellow swept down the pipe, breaking the string.

"By gad, they ain't going to keep anything away from you, sir, so long as I can reach it. Yes, sir! And if anything is hung higher, and I can grow as much as one feather, I'll fly and get what you call for."

The outburst and the performance were so precipitous that nobody found voice until the squire had received the pipe in his hands. "Really, chief, you took it a little too seriously," he said.

"Why, it has been one of our standing jokes," protested a lawyer.

"Standing jokes or sitting-down jokes or hanging-up jokes! He is too grand a man to have any kind of jokes played on him! I won't stand for any jokes."

"Well, well, chief that will do, I'm sure!" But there was indulgence in the squire's tone and kindness and appreciation were in his smile.

"I hope I ain't saying or doing anything but what's genteel and proper. But there don't any of you know what this grand man means to me. He don't know. He probably never will. I haven't got any brains to use for him, but every ounce of my meat ——"

Mr. Macgill was getting a bit hysterical and was not obeying the squire's monitory head waggings. The shrill tones of the sheriff sawed across the champion's declaration in effective fashion: "The Honorable Court!"

The little squire reached as high as he could and patted the big chap. "You're all right, my boy! Don't mind their grins. Whenever I get into trouble I shall depend on you."

"You bet you can depend on me!"

"That's understood." The squire hurried into court, leading the procession.

"Say, some protector!" remarked one of the lawyers *sotto voce*. "If he can get as savage as that about a joke he'll certainly raise some ructions if somebody ever does the squire real dirt."

♥

MR. MACGILL, from his seat, surveyed the judge with much disfavor. The champion had not lost one word of the suggestion that the new justice was entertaining petty spite in the case of Squire Starr. And he had the squire's own admission! Jim had hardly looked at the judge during the first hours in court; there was only one real man there for him, and that was the squire. Hostility which was slowly growing into something with a personal flavor took possession of Macgill. The judge had a sort of sour and provoking pug-dog face. Every time he spoke he cleared his throat with a rattle like a pug dog's breathing. He began to talk and to rattle a great deal. He started in on Squire Starr's client. Big Jim knew very little about law and nothing about the deferential ethics of legal practice. But he noted from the expressions on lawyers' faces and the manner of the squire that the latter was getting the raw end of some kind of a deal. The squire had propounded set questions and the client had replied. But the judge, by new questions, seemed determined to tear those replies in pieces. Big Jim was in a front bench near the attorneys' inclosure and overheard a whispered comment: "That's the first time I ever saw a judge try to beat the opposing counsel to a cross-examination. It's a wonder the old squire doesn't get up and throw books at him."

But Squire Starr was restraining himself, though his brows were knotted and his face was pale. He folded his little arms and sat straight in his chair while His Honor rasped at the witness after the squire had announced that he himself had no more questions to put. After a time the judge sat back in his chair with a grunt and with significant demeanor, as if he desired to inform all that he had shown up at least one attempt to put something over on his judicial intelligence.

The squire rose. His tones were sweet. "Has Your Honor quite finished?"

"I have, sir!"

Squire Starr turned very slowly, revolving on his heels, looking into all faces. There was profound silence. Breaking that silence he purred in dulcet tones, coaxingly: "Is there any other gentleman in the court room who would like to ask my client a few questions?"

There was longer silence—even more profound; the mere spectators hardly understood the full measure of the squire's sarcasm and waited with curiosity; the attorneys did realize how much affront to the bench there was in the rebuke and perched themselves straight in their chairs like so many exclamation points.

"Nobody is barred," suggested the squire, his demeanor even more bland, surveying all the loungers expectantly, his back to the judge.

Justice MacCorkle's manner of pounding with his fist and his impetuosity in resentment revealed that he had come to his first term of court with chip on shoulder and with self-conscious estimate of opinion prevailing behind his back.

"You shall answer for that, sir!"

Squire Starr turned and bowed meekly. "Ah, you have some questions for me also? Very well! I will answer."

"Sir, this is deliberate contempt of court."

"I am sorry if it appears like that, Your Honor. I was merely trying to show that I could adopt an implied suggestion from the bench."

"What suggestion?"

"That there be friendly coöperation in court broad liberality of treatment in order to avoid the technicalities of legal procedure."

"That is further contempt."

"I protest, Your Honor. It was not in my power to express further contempt." He bowed again.

Justice MacCorkle worried the breast of his black robe with trembling hands as if he felt an impulse to cast the garment away, as he used to pluck off his coat prior to combat in the hot times of his training in old Ward Eight.

Mr. Macgill was thoroughly posted in all the preliminaries of menace. He clenched his big fists and set them on his knees. He did not understand. On the part of the idol the worshiper had seen only politeness, humility, declared willingness to follow the example set by the judge. But that incomprehensible person in the high place was standing up, purple with passion, acting as if he intended to come down and beat up an inoffensive gentleman. Big Jim knew, so he felt, what was really requisite to start a fight; he saw absolutely no provocation in this case.

"You stand in contempt of this court, sir. I impose a fine of fifty dollars and in addition demand that you purge yourself of contempt by an apology here and now in open court."

The squire bowed and sat down and was silent.

"Are you not going to obey the mandate of the court?"

Squire Starr leaned close to the ear of the opposing counsel: "Here's a chance to get this case before a real judge. You'd like a continuance, wouldn't you, Brother Saunders?"

"Yes, but ——"

"Then I'll stand pat."

The whispered conference, the studied insolence of the squire's air of inattentiveness, drove Judge MacCorkle to the final bounds of fury. He took it for what it seemed—a test of his ability to be boss of his own court.

"The fine—your apology! At once!" he shouted. "Are you deaf?"

"I heard you plainly the first time, Your Honor. I am still seated. I am not reaching for my wallet. You may draw what inference you wish."

"Mister Sheriff! Arrest Attorney Starr, remove him from the court room and hold him in the county jail until I order otherwise. Mister Clerk, prepare the papers of commitment."

Mr. Erskine always consumed considerable time in getting up his physical steam before trying to move his unwieldy hulk from moorings; on this occasion he did not move a muscle for a long period.

"At once, Mister Sheriff!"

The officer's motions were confined to mere rockings and heavings.

Two lawyers hastened to the little squire and leaned over him. "You mustn't let him put anything like this across," urged one in husky whisper. "He's ugly."

"It's my best way to get this case put over till Steaves can hear it."

"But you mustn't go to jail, squire! Jeffrey, here, is a bail commissioner and we'll arrange ——"

"Your excitement has made you forget your law, boys, for a minute. Contempt of court, as well as murder in the first degree, is not a bailable offense in this state."

Sheriff Erskine got under way dragging anchor; the armchair stuck tightly to him, and was pulled off by the hands of the faithful attendant; but Mr. Hacker's slight form was dragged along for some distance before he could prevail. Physiologists know that excitement and fear cause the human body to swell; the chair stuck on in a fashion which suggested that Mr. Erskine had suddenly grown much larger and was therefore excited and afraid. But his face expressed no emotion except by exuding more copious sweat.

"Thank you, Mister Sheriff! I'll go right along with you as soon as the papers are ready," proffered the squire politely. In low tones he added: "I reckon your swill proposition encourages you to set a good table, Sam. I'll probably have a mighty good visit with you."

Mr. Macgill reached over the bar inclosure and grabbed one of the lawyers with clutch that made the man wince. "What's all the bunk? What's it all about?"

"The judge is sending Squire Starr to jail for contempt of court."

"He can't do nothing like that!"

"Oh, yes, he can."

In Mr. Macgill's roaring ears there was something like an echo of the words: "In case of trouble I shall depend on you." In the fires before his blinking eyes there were the blazing words: "You bet you can depend on me."

He pushed aside the lawyer and straddled over the rail of the bar inclosure. There was considerable disorder in the court room and the general bustle protected his performance to some extent. He got between the sheriff and the squire. "You lay one finger on the Honubble Starr," he muttered in the officer's ear, "and hell will get meat enough for a general barbecue!"

Mr. Erskine blinked.

"Good Cephas, Mac, mind what you're doing," hissed the horrified Hacker. "This is the great—the high sheriff!"

"Don't I know it? That's why I'm talking to him. If he puts paw on my star ——"

"Mr. Starr is all right enough! But I've hitched! I've done what the hymn says to do. You understand! Lay off'n it, Mac! Else it'll be between you and me. You've got the muscle! But I've got a tongue!"

Big Jim knew what that tongue might accomplish! The squire was within hearing. It was like being challenged by a polecat.

"You needn't be afraid of him," Mr. Hacker assured his own star, after scrutiny of Mr. Macgill's face. "I've known him a long time. He's all gas! Nothing will happen to you. Leave it to me!" He extended a spaghetti-sized arm in front of the swelling paunch of his patron and superciliously pushed Mr. Macgill to one side, having detected plain signs of intimidated surrender.

"Mister Sheriff," roared the judge, beating angry knuckles on the desk, "secure order in this court room and take away your prisoner!"

According to what Mr. Macgill had heard and seen since coming to court, that judge had no bothersome friend and protector. The big fellow was not without man's common sense under ordinary conditions. But that day, in those strange surroundings, having seen politeness answered by violence, greatness humiliated and threatened by "a nincompoop," "an old ass," everything seemed to be upside down; therefore, Big Jim's valor was operating on its own hook while his brain took it easy. He whirled on the squire.

"Beat it!" he suggested. "They're all your friends down here, even the sheriff. I'll go up there and paddle the phiz of that plug-ugly while you make a get-away."

"Tush! Tush! Be careful! I know what I'm doing."

"But you ain't getting a square deal."

"Macgill, you must keep quiet or they'll have you in jail too."

The champion's whirling thoughts steadied themselves long enough to force the conviction that a willing friend cannot do much for a prisoner unless the willing friend is outside the prison walls. And he found much significance in the squire's next words:

"I don't want my friends in jail with me. Understand, chief?"

Mr. Macgill promptly decided that he did understand. He would have liked to have still better understanding, along with definite suggestions and commands, but the judge was sharply commanding the bailiffs to arrest all persons in the court who were making a disturbance. Mr. Macgill was fully aware that he had been making a disturbance and had intended to make a worse one. Conscience and his anxiety to be outside prison and available for future operations made him a fugitive. He climbed back over the rail, grabbed his hat and overcoat and fled. The door tender who saw him coming decided that, like an aching tooth, he was better out than in and therefore afforded him free egress.

The jail was attached to the courthouse as a wing. Macgill groaned when he stood in the street and looked up at its barred windows.

Squire Advencin Starr in there!

♥

VI

THE winter wind from the north had a cutting edge and Big Jim's bobtailed overcoat was none too thick, but he began a march round the county buildings along the four-square of streets; it was as if an anxious monkey were trying to find crevice in a gigantic coconut. Macgill chafed red ears and warmed tingling nose in cupped palm and cursed in dismal monotone. His anger grew hotter as his feet grew colder. He raked his mind in order to recollect the details. His circumambulation kept bringing him in front of the jail; his ponderings always brought him to the same absolute conviction: The squire had done nothing to deserve such punishment. All at once the patrol was able to intercept Mr. Hacker, who was hurrying back to the jail from downtown. In mittened fist Mr. Hacker carried a small parcel tied up with druggist's pink twine. He seemed to have much more of a burden on his mind than he had in his hand. He nimbly avoided the big paw which sought to restrain him.

"No, I won't help you to have a word with him! You keep off'n me. You've made me trouble enough!"

Mr. Macgill had fairly good speed, but he was no match for Mr. Hacker, who raced

(Continued on Page 50)

"THE GOLD STAN

RE

There's a go for everything

Not only in the major units, but in the smallest and seem
care and sound engineering principles applied in the desig

A hackneyed phrase, but the only one that is adequatel
can only be as strong as its weakest link."

It isn't sufficient, to our mind, that an automobile possess
type of clutch or other unit. It is vital, however, that ev
correctness of design, in quality of materials and in careful

For, what profit the motorist if he have a fifty horse pow
the stresses of a forty horse power engine? Or of what av
in diameter or in length? Of what value a good transmis

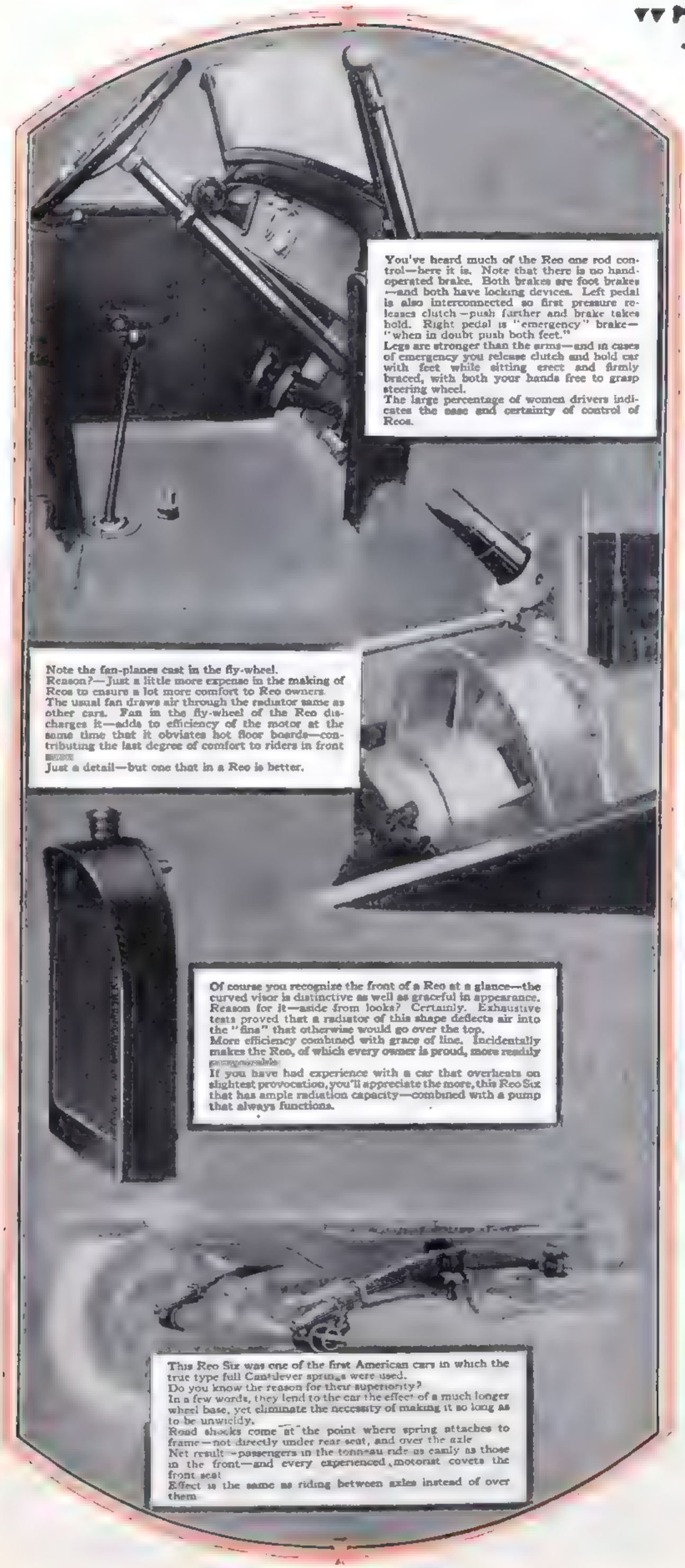
We show here just a few parts of the Reo Six and explain

If you will investigate you will find in every smallest part
—evidence of careful discrimination based on the ripest e
the facilities, to do things the right way, are the reasons fo

As final proof that Reo engineering is right—is sound—
upkeep of his Reo Six.

For that, in the final analysis, is the answer to all question

Reo Motor Car Compa



You've heard much of the Reo one rod control—here it is. Note that there is no hand-operated brake. Both brakes are foot brakes—and both have locking devices. Left pedal is also interconnected so first pressure releases clutch—push farther and brake takes hold. Right pedal is "emergency" brake—"when in doubt push both feet."
Legs are stronger than the arms—and in cases of emergency you release clutch and hold car with feet while sitting erect and firmly braced, with both your hands free to grasp steering wheel.
The large percentage of women drivers indicates the ease and certainty of control of Reos.

Note the fan-planes cast in the fly-wheel.
Reason?—Just a little more expense in the making of Reos to ensure a lot more comfort to Reo owners.
The usual fan draws air through the radiator same as other cars. Fan in the fly-wheel of the Reo discharges it—adds to efficiency of the motor at the same time that it obviates hot floor boards—contributing the last degree of comfort to riders in front seat.
Just a detail—but one that in a Reo is better.

Of course you recognize the front of a Reo at a glance—the curved visor is distinctive as well as graceful in appearance.
Reason for it—aside from looks? Certainly. Exhaustive tests proved that a radiator of this shape deflects air into the "fins" that otherwise would go over the top.
More efficiency combined with grace of line. Incidentally makes the Reo, of which every owner is proud, more readily recognizable.
If you have had experience with a car that overheats on slightest provocation, you'll appreciate the more, this Reo Six that has ample radiation capacity—combined with a pump that always functions.

This Reo Six was one of the first American cars in which the true type full Cantilever springs were used.
Do you know the reason for their superiority?
In a few words, they lend to the car the effect of a much longer wheel base, yet eliminate the necessity of making it so long as to be unwieldy.
Road shocks come at the point where spring attaches to frame—not directly under rear seat, and over the axle.
Net result—passengers in the tonneau ride as easily as those in the front—and every experienced motorist covets the front seat.
Effect is the same as riding between axles instead of over them.

NDARD OF VALUES"

EO

ood reason
in a Reo Six

mingly least important details, will you find painstaking
n and making of this Reo Six.

y expressive when speaking of motor cars is, "A chain

a good motor; or any special kind of axle; or popular
very detail of every unit be in keeping with the rest in
l workmanship.

er motor but driving gears capable of withstanding only
vail a heavy axle shaft if the bearings be skimped either
sion system if the clutch be faulty?

briefly why Reo engineers use this rather than that.

of this Reo Six—in every manufacturing operation too
xperience. Good intent backed by the knowledge, and
or Reo Quality.

we refer you to any owner for facts as to the cost of

s of design and of construction—cost of upkeep.

ny, Lansing, Michigan

Price $1550 F.O.B. Lansing
subject to increase without notice

Note that the electric starting motor is located under the foot boards—instead of cluttering up the room under the hood where already there are enough devices.
But there's a still better reason. Starter operates through the main driving shaft—and by chain instead of gears.
Is inoperative save when gears are in neutral.
More efficient and—fool proof. No matter when the starter is operated—even when car is running—it is impossible to do any injury either to the car or the starter.

Does it seem ridiculous to "feature" a hub cap in an advertisement?
Let's see. This small detail has saved Reo owners in the aggregate hundreds—yes, thousands—of dollars.
We call it a "stream line" hub cap. Foolish of course—but it expresses the idea in looks anyway.
Its serious purpose, however, is to protect the axle, spindles and fenders from injury.
Hub caps extend beyond line of fenders—first to touch any obstruction. Being all curves and smooth and stout—they glance off.
On the rear wheels they serve also to take the driving stresses. The rear hub cap is one member of the hub and an integral part of its driving axle shaft. Simplicity, efficiency, security—and shock insurance.

Timken and Hyatt and ball bearings are all used in the Reo Six—no one to the exclusion of the others, but each where our experience proves it best suited to the particular service in that place.
For example, in the transmission we like Hyatt with balls to support end thrusts. In the front wheels and in the rear axle—Timken.
In all cases we use bearings that are "50 per cent oversize" according to the makers' specifications, for this weight of car.
Ever hear of bearing troubles in a Reo—hardly ever—if ever.

We like to show the "hook-up" of the major units—motor, clutch, transmission and driving axle—of the Reo Six.
Each unit is separate—more accessible—more flexible. Relieves operating mechanism of road shocks and strains.
More expensive to build than if we adopted the expedient of incorporating two or three units in one housing—but our experience proves it to be worth the difference to the owner.
And we like to build Reos just as we would if we ourselves expected to drive and care for all of them—and to pay the upkeep.

(Continued from Page 47)

along on the snow without seeming to dent it. Well in advance of the pursuer he reached a big door in the basement wall of the jail, opened it, dived in and slammed it. Through a peekhole he squealed, "He's probably in solitary in the doghole on bread and water. It's what comes of sassing a judge. You go way! I can't bother with your foolishness—I've got real business of my own." He dropped the iron disk over the peekhole.

He had left a word picture for the raging thoughts of the man outside. The doghole and bread and water for the first citizen of Starvale!

Clairvoyant vision would have shown Mr. Macgill the squire in a big easy-chair in the sheriff's private office, smoking the black pipe—the rescued favorite—and getting ready to attack a magazine.

"Principle, Sam! It's a matter of principle with me," he said, soothing the perturbed officer. "Also a little policy to save my equity suit from that numskull! Don't fuss yourself. Attend to your own troubles."

"I reckon I've got enough of my own to keep me busy," admitted the sheriff.

Clairvoyant vision would surely have comforted Big Jim; could the sheriff have looked down through the floor and observed the activities of the gentleman known on the Squashvine Circuit as "Doctor" Hacker, doubt might have accompanied the comfort of knowing that Mr. Hacker had resolved to trig the avalanche of the sheriff's descending troubles. It was sudden resolution based on the smattering of medical knowledge possessed by the "doctor." It was desperate, but the devoted aid assured himself that it was the best he could do on short notice. In the seclusion of a locked pantry Mr. Hacker broke the pink twine, unwrapped a vial labeled "Iodide of Potassium" and took a big dose.

At just about that moment, in another secluded spot—the telephone booth in the corridor of the county buildings—Mr. Macgill was getting connection with Starvale, First Hoseman Doty on the phone. The chief's message was a bit incoherent in some respects, but one terrible fact was voiced and reiterated like a trumpet call to duty: The Honorable Advencin Starr had been arrested for no fault whatsoever, simply on account of a political grudge, and had been jammed into the county jail and now from a doghole appealed to his home friends for help. Chief Macgill put it up to the Starvale Fire Department!

He got profane and comforting assurance from Foreman Doty. There were plenty of pungs and horses in Starvale; there was a full moon; there was slick sledding across country; there were some good hard-cider cellars on the way—these facts were emphasized by the foreman. It was with enthusiasm he stated that he could answer for a bunch of the boys of the right sort who would keep their mouths shut; he promised that they would start after dark so that no foolish pacifists of the village would interfere with what was just as plain a call to duty as if Starr Block were on fire.

During the recess period of the afternoon session Justice MacCorkle sent down to the imprisoned squire a peace-seeking emissary in the person of the clerk of the court. The squire looked over his magazine from the depths of the easy-chair and listened with patient indifference.

"Willing to throw off the fine and accept the apology, eh? Gellerson, you go back and tell him if that's his expressed estimate of me we stand about even on the contempt proposition."

"I'm sorry it has happened in our county, squire. I pity His Honor. They're making it pretty hard for him upstairs."

"Undoubtedly!"

"But can't it be compromised in some way?"

"The only sensible thing I can think of is to have a board of appraisers appointed in his case. He set the damages as high as fifty dollars. In that case, Gellerson, he must be pretty nigh a total loss."

"But he wants you to know he is very sorry he lost his temper."

"I don't need his assurance or yours, Gellerson! He'll be sorrier. I'm a fair man, but no judge can so grossly overstep legal ethics in my case and get away with it."

It was plain that the divinity which doth hedge a judge in the estimation of a veteran clerk of the court was having its effect on Gellerson and he tried to argue the matter.

"That's enough," interposed the squire with decisive manner. "I'm here on principle. I want no favors from MacCorkle. He tried to use me as a punching bag to show off his judicial biceps. Has he managed to pull on another case for trial?"

"Yes, sir!"

"We still have a few fools in our bar association. What's the case?" he inquired with professional interest.

"Suit by dentist to recover from woman for false teeth furnished. Defense claims teeth did not fit. Plaintiff asserts that woman had a parrot mouth and that he did the best he could with it. It's a comical case, squire," he added, seeing an opportunity for further entreaty. "Why don't you fix it with His Honor and then come along up and listen?"

"I'm glad that at last MacCorkle has a case that's exactly suited to his grade of intelligence. I'll stay right here. I must encourage him by keeping equity practice away from him."

It was plain that even the humorosities of the false-teeth case could not lighten the gloom of the judicial apprehensiveness. At least four other peace delegates dropped down from the court room before the adjournment of the session for the day. They approached the stubborn squire from different angles but did not prevail.

Nor did Judge MacCorkle himself prevail!

In desperation, fearing what the outcome of the affair might be, he was like a man who has caught a tiger by the tail and is wondering how he can best let it go. He put on an incog cap and muffled his face in a scarf and came up to the jail from his hotel during the course of the evening.

Sheriff Erskine had become an advocate in behalf of settlement, so far as his limited powers of argument went, but neither judge nor sheriff could stir the squire from his stand. And they could not ascertain just what his stand was except that he proposed to remain in jail.

"All in due time!" he told the judge. "I shall make this affair serve its purpose in the courts of the state. I shall not disclose my plans at present."

In this sphinxlike attitude there was veiled threat which filled the novice judge with panic. The squire remained very amiable, entirely master of the situation, and was manifestly enjoying his experience. The more anxiety the judge displayed the more bland and patronizing was the attitude of the prisoner. He loftily put aside His Honor's proposition that the two of them signify reconciliation by a handshake in court the next morning—no fine, no spoken apology.

"No-no! I stay! On no consideration will I leave until I have carried out my designs."

The squire smiled and quietly whittled tobacco for the black pipe. The honorable justice of the supreme judicial court and the high sheriff of the county were veritably at his feet, begging him to take his freedom!

VII

"IN A DARK dungeon—that's where he is, gents!" repeated Chief Macgill, addressing his band of zealots under the high midnight moon on the outskirts of the shire town. He had marched out to meet them. "Bread and water! I ain't guessing at it. A friend of mine works in that jail. He told me. War is just what they say it is, but I'll be cussed if politics ain't worse! Now, are you with me?"

They were. They told him so with vociferous earnestness.

"There's only one thing you can't do—that's hold us back!" stated Foreman Doty. "When hard cider is hard enough it makes a fighting fluid that will send rabbits out shopping for brass knuckles."

"There's a lumber yard right on our way," reported the chief. "I located it. Plenty of joists!"

"But if we stand outside and let the sheriff know that we mean business," suggested one of the milder of the adventurers, "we may not have to destroy property."

"This is no night for stump speeches and a joint debate," retorted Big Jim. "Give 'em no time to slip bolts, drop bars and get their guns. Up to the big door as soft as cats skating on whipped cream, bang with the joists, and in we go! And out we come with the grandest man in the world in our arms!"

Squire Starr's recalcitrancy and the Starvale delegation's precipitateness so timed matters for a midnight climax that the door of the county bastile came crashing in just as the eminent prisoner was reiterating his unalterable determination to stay.

In reply to the volley of demands, "Where are you, Squire Starr?" the lawyer ran out of the office, through the anteroom and into the jail office.

Judge MacCorkle did not follow; he felt more fear than curiosity and squatted down behind the sheriff's desk. The suddenness of the thing was terrifying, the uproar was frightful. Mr. Macgill's great voice rose above the bedlam:

"We'll show that old wizzenpoof of a judge what's what!"

In his fear His Honor wondered how much of the spirit of a lynching bee there was in that party of the squire's friends.

Before Sheriff Erskine had worked himself out of his chair and had set his huge legs to moving toward the scene of the tumult the rescue had been accomplished. Somebody grabbed a handy greatcoat from a rack and wrapped up the little squire. Big Jim received the burden in his arms and started away. "It's your friends—me and your friends, squire," he urged. According to Jim's perception the reclaimed prisoner seemed to be entertaining an erroneous view of the situation. The wiry little magnate was fighting with the ferocity of a wildcat. "There ain't no jail in the United States strong enough to hold you, not when the Starvale Fire Department is outside that jail."

Mr. Macgill wrapped the big coat more securely about his captive and jumped into a pung. "Give 'em the braid, boy!" he yelled. "If they catch us this side of the Starvale town line they'll do it in an airplane."

A procession of pungs drawn by galloping horses passed out of the shire town.

VIII

AFTER quietness had prevailed for some time, Judge MacCorkle took courage and went out to the jail office.

The sheriff, assisted by the night turnkey, was propping the splintered door with bars. "The hellhounds!" he panted. "I know who they be. I saw the faces of the last run of 'em. I'll start for Starvale with warrants as soon as I can get my horses harnessed."

The judge watched the job of temporary reconstruction of the door, cogitating. Then he called the sheriff to one side.

"You'd better allow this matter to rest right where it is—not saying to anybody that I advised you. Do you understand?"

The sheriff worked slow eyebrows.

"You see, sheriff, Starr can't afford to do any talking. It might be alleged that he conspired with his friends to effect this jailbreaking. You remember that he was in an extremely easy frame of mind for a prisoner committed without bail. I don't say that he did conspire.

"It's probably mistaken zeal. But he'll be willing to protect his friends by keeping still about the whole affair, contempt and all. The essential feature of the case is, he's out! It's a relief for me; it must be for you."

"It is," admitted the jailer, stroking the perspiration with the flat of his hand. "But he was in my charge and ——"

"I'll be more grateful if you'll keep him out than I'd have been if you had managed to keep him in. Fate and fools have helped us."

The turnkey lifted the door ajar for him and His Honor wrapped his scarf about his face and went away.

Along toward midnight Mr. Hacker, in the sanctity of his little room in the lower regions, was surveying his countenance in a mirror with more or less satisfaction.

"It's lucky that I ain't got any meat on me to speak of," he mused. "It has took effect on me quicker than it would on anybody else. Gor ram it, I'm well speckled already. That stuff sure does drive out the pimples!"

He took another dose from the vial labeled "Iodide of Potassium."

Then bedlam broke out above his head! He rushed up, reconnoitered, and lurked in a dark corner of the anteroom until all was over and the sheriff and the turnkey were alone.

"Talk about your circuses and your stage shows, Sheriff Erskine," said the turnkey, hammering nails into the door; "it's getting to be a continuous performance. But I hain't seen nothing to laugh at, up to date!"

The manner of Mr. Hacker's entrance at that moment might have suggested that he was doing his best to make up for the deficiency in the comedy. He came in, frisking and leaping. He tossed his arms. He pirouetted on his toes. He rolled up his eyes and simpered in foolish fashion.

"'For I want to be Queen of the May,'" he squealed. He grabbed up a husk mat, curved it about his waist and continued to dance.

The sheriff backed into a corner, his jowls quaking.

"Suffering Sifferus!" yelped the astounded turnkey, his hammer in air in posture of defense. "That cussed darning needle has gone loco!"

"Fetch him a crack! Knock him down!" urged the sheriff, who had but a tiny core of courage in his wrappings of fat. But Mr. Hacker "found himself" suddenly. He stood still and blinked at the sheriff. "It was your voice! It done it—it brought me to myself! But I'm awful sick."

"Sick? What's the matter?"

"Fever. Delirium. Have I been acting queer?"

"Lookit, sheriff! Lookit!" stuttered the turnkey. "He's been peppered with something. He's all broke out!"

"I was afraid so," wailed Hacker. "I have been exposed. I kept still about it. I hoped I wouldn't catch it."

The sheriff was peering about, showing much of the same kind of terror that would be displayed by one of his own pigs seeking escape from the butcher.

In default of a leading question Mr. Hacker volunteered explanation: "I have been exposed. I'm afraid I've caught it. It's smallpox. Better put out a red flag and call a doctor. I feel my de-re-lillum coming on again." He fixed vacant stare on the sheriff's face. "'Twinkle, twinkle, little star!'" Then he began to cavort in his grotesque rigadoon.

"We're nailed!" gasped the turnkey.

The sheriff waved limp gesture toward the telephone and slumped into the nearest chair; it was plain the fear impulse had reached extremity in the matter of bodily distention; he broke off one of the chair arms when he sat down.

IX

THE rush of Squire Starr's rescue party was tempestuous; Big Jim's precautions lest the squire should be exposed and catch cold were so earnest and his general excitement was so profoundly engrossing that he held the little man in his wrappings for a long time, though the squire put up a vicious fight. Therefore, between haste and Jim's solicitous drynursing, the rescuers had dashed all of two miles on the way back to Starvale before the squire got his head out and was in sufficient control of voice and emotions so that he could make his sentiments known. But after he had secured a halt and had expressed himself fluently and with the only profanity he had used in a good many years he found that Mr. Macgill's understanding continued to be nebulous. The squire's heated discourse was shot through with this remark from the chief rescuer: "Of course it's so if you say it's so, sir, but ——"

After a half score of those comments, delivered in unvarying monotone of cloudy comprehension and half-belief, the squire shouted an ultimatum. The pungs were grouped in a heater piece where converging roads came together. "You—take—me—back!"

"I know how to obey orders if you say so," stated Mr. Macgill, "but ——"

"Obey them!"

"Back into that jail, is it?"

"Back into that jail. Quick about it!"

"Give 'em the braid, boy!" snapped Macgill.

"His not to reason why"—not any longer.

"Squire Starr, sir," he ventured when the procession was on its headlong way back to town, "you said that you'd depend on me if you got into trouble, and so I ——"

"We'll talk about that later, sir." The squire pulled the greatcoat over his head and crouched in the bottom of the pung. From his mufflings he declared, "I'm in trouble as long as I'm outside that jail."

Mr. Macgill set his jaws. "Keep your settin', sir! You've got the friends here who'll see that you get into jail all right, if that's your hankering!"

When they were back in front of the county buildings the squire commanded those friends to remain in the street; he marched up the jail steps, twirled the handle of the gong on the door and waited

(Concluded on Page 54)

Mechanical Rubber Goods Headquarters

THE Mechanical Goods Division of The United States Rubber Company serves a vast industrial field. Its products are absolutely essential to all classes of manufacture and transportation.

These products include Rubber Belting; Packing; Water, Garden, Fire, Steam and all other kinds of hose; Rubber Tiling; Matting; Mats; Jar Rings; Plumbers' Supplies; Rubber Tape; Fibre Soles; Rubber Soles and Heels; Rubber Toys and hundreds of miscellaneous rubber items.

The demand for these goods has become so great, especially among the industries engaged in war work, and the matter of national distribution, quick service and convenience has become of such importance that an improved method in marketing has been instituted.

Heretofore each of our subsidiary companies making these mechanical rubber goods has sold its own lines.

The subsidiaries include the

Revere Rubber Company
Peerless Rubber Mfg. Co.
Mechanical Rubber Co., Cleveland
Mechanical Rubber Co., Chicago
Sawyer Belting Company
India Rubber Company
Eureka Fire Hose Mfg. Co.

makers of such well known mechanical rubber goods as ***Peerless Rainbow Belting, Rainbow Packing, Eureka Fire Hose, Sawyer Canvas Belting, Supremo Conveyor Belting, Spring Step Heels, Rinex Soles, Giant Steam Hose, Revero Garden Hose, Usco Heels.***

These companies will continue to make the items for which they have become justly famous. Their trademarks, brands and names will continue, to which will be coupled for quick identification the great seal of the United States Rubber Company.

By assembling the entire list of U. S. Rubber Mechanicals in one line served by branches in the most important cities, with agents everywhere and with factories at a number of centers east and west, we can assure our customers a maximum manufacturing and distributing service in mechanical goods by "The largest rubber manufacturer in the world."

Wherever there is a branch of the Mechanical Goods Division of the United States Rubber Company *there* is Mechanical Rubber Goods Headquarters with all its ability to serve.

United States Rubber Company
Mechanical Goods Division

To JOBBERS of LYKNU Polish And Their SALESMEN

WHEN we started out last September to put Lyknu Polish on the national market, it was new to you, except to a few of you who had shared in its tremendous local successes.

We were confident, however, that as soon as you had time to recognize the superior merits of Lyknu, you would give us the co-operation necessary for obtaining national distribution. We felt this confidence, but we underestimated your willingness to be shown.

You met our salesmen fully half way. You said, in effect:—"Just demonstrate that your polish is better." Our men demonstrated Lyknu right on your own desks and chairs and—

In three months you helped us to a volume of business that we had been prepared to work fully a year to attain.

We feel that a good way to show our appreciation is to address it to you in the pages of this great publication, where it can be read by many millions of people.

Our experience is just another striking proof that your service is as ready as it is necessary for placing and keeping within reach of the trade and the public any article of superior merit that has a responsible manufacturer, with a fair, straight policy, behind it.

In three months, your repeat orders for Lyknu amounted to 55% of your original orders. Many of you sent in your third, fourth, fifth and even sixth repeat orders within these first three months.

Day in and day out have added to the list of Lyknu jobbers, even through the holiday and inventory seasons.

We especially thank you jobber salesmen for your liberal and enterprising co-operation with the retail trade. Your many letters of personal endorsement of Lyknu are most highly prized by us.

Appreciating to the full the enthusiastic support of the jobbing trade in our great first success, we assure you that we will do our full part with you in the still greater success that must grow from this fine beginning.

Lyknu Polish Manufacturing

LYKNU POL

The "One Cloth" Polish For Furniture

To RETAILERS of LYKNU Polish And Their SALESMEN

To have your furniture
"Made Like New"
look to the
"Lyknu Maid"

YOUR part in our success has been to sell Lyknu Polish to many hundred thousand homes.

This could not have happened did you not consider your customers' interest and satisfaction as of first importance.

It could not have happened, not nearly so fast, if you were at all indifferent to your customers' needs—if you didn't go out of your way to have something better to sell them when something better came into the market.

You certainly proved yourselves open to opportunity to be of service to your trade when you learned the remarkable qualities of Lyknu Polish.

And the thousands of reports you have so kindly given us of the delight of your customers with the wonderful ability of Lyknu to make and keep things *just like new* must be as pleasing to you as they are to us.

Let us make one or two suggestions:

In selling Lyknu Polish to your customers, the great and telling point is the wonderful results that it accomplishes—the fact that Lyknu removes all grease and gum and dirt and brings out the first, fine, lustrous finish the furniture had when bought—*just like new.* Lyknu leaves a thoroughly clean and perfectly dry surface without the least suggestion of dust-collecting stickiness.

Do not forget to point out the simplicity of Lyknu, too—the ease with which it accomplishes its amazing results. Lyknu is the "one cloth" polish. All that is necessary is to dampen a piece of cheesecloth with a few drops of Lyknu and rub the surface until dry.

And do not overlook the fact that Lyknu is absolutely harmless to the most delicate surface, and that it goes three times as far because its "spreading" quality is three times as great.

By bringing all the advantages of Lyknu to the attention of your customers, we are sure that your sales of Lyknu will be even more gratifying than they were during the past season.

25c, 50c, and $1.00—Grocery, Drug, Hardware and Department Stores.

Company, Pittsburgh, Pa., U. S. A.

(Concluded from Page 50)

in full confidence of his ability to handle Sam Erskine. The sheriff in person presented one doleful eye at the peekhole.

"You'll have to go away and mind your business, squire," he said, interrupting his late prisoner's first words.

"My business is in this jail, Sam."

"You can't come in!"

The squire replied sharply, and his voice rang out on the frosty air of the still winter night: "But I am coming in, just the same. The law is with me. I have been duly committed. I am surrendering myself. It's your duty to hold me in custody. I can have you impeached for betrayal ——"

"They're going to impeach me anyway!"

"I demand my privileges as a prisoner."

"Do you hear that?" rasped Mr. Macgill, turning to his mates. "Understand what that means? That pickerel-eyed old hog hostler that calls himself a sheriff is trying to keep the squire out of jail!"

"Does sound like it," agreed Foreman Doty.

"I don't know what he wants to go back in jail for. But that's his business. He's got brains. He knows. Come on!"

Sheriff Erskine's determination was backed by the judge's last word; but he had a more compelling reason for keeping his prisoner on the outside. The physician had arrived and was gravely considering the case of Mr. Hacker.

"Sam, open that door!"

"I warn you, squire! There's smallpox in here."

"Pish! Nonsense! Do you take me for a child?"

But the sheriff dropped the cover over the peekhole.

"Won't he let you back in?" demanded Mr. Macgill, stamping up the steps. He was enlightened by a word or two of indignant anathema from the squire.

"You're going in there, sir, even if we have to knock the roof off and drop you in. There are the same old joists, boys." The timbers were beside the steps. "Go to it!"

The battered door fell easier victim this time; it crashed in at the first onslaught of the battering rams. Like the crest of a leaping wave Big Jim led his party in, the squire at his champion's back.

"Good evening, Sam," cried the restored prisoner cheerfully.

"My Gawd!" squalled the sheriff. "Can't I be allowed to run my own jail?"

"Not so long as Squire Starr has his orders to give out," stated Mr. Macgill with decision. "What's further orders, sir?"

"Go home, boys! Go home quietly and forget all about this thing, if anybody asks questions."

But forth stepped a professional gentleman who wore a physician's magnifying goggle propped up over an eyebrow. "One moment! I have something to say about anybody going home from this place."

"It's just as I told you and warned you," bleated the sheriff; "there's a case of smallpox here."

"I have not yet definitely determined the nature of the rash," stated the physician. "At this period of the onset it is impossible. We must wait until the vesicle develops and the pupule appears, in order to be sure." At that moment Squire Starr seemed to possess more human intelligence than anybody else in the crowd and the doctor explained to him: "The varieties of smallpox make the disease very treacherous, sir. Some of the most deadly of our epidemics have started from so-called mild cases improperly diagnosed; they are dangerous foci. It will be three or four days before this case will develop sure symptoms. And even if the symptoms do not develop, the case may be abortive smallpox in this patient, infectious in the case of persons who have been exposed at the time of onset. The incubation period is twelve days."

"You don't mean to say that we must be quarantined for that time, do you?" demanded the squire.

"I do, sir."

"It's confounded nonsense! You doctors split hairs."

"And they say you lawyers give close shaves! But we'll not discuss the tonsorial art, squire." Big Jim, trying hard to understand, showed acute interest. "It would be a criminal act to allow these men to disperse. You know the law, you know I'm fulfilling my duty. I shall wire to the secretary of the State Board of Health. I declare this jail under quarantine. You must stay here during the period of incubation."

The squire was silent. Mr. Macgill was driven by curiosity and leaned close to the ear of his fount of all wisdom. "What does that mean, sir? Incub—whatever he said?"

"Hatching!" snapped the squire irascibly.

Big Jim looked at his loyal band and turned again to Squire Starr. "Does he mean it? We've got to stay here twelve days?"

"Yes!"

Mr. Macgill drew a long breath. He counted. There were fourteen in his retinue. "While it's hatching!" he muttered. "S-o-m-e hen!"

In the party were men whose jobs had to do with the industrial welfare of Starvale, such as the foreman of the light-and-power station, the engineer of the sawmill, the super of the shoe factory. They raised raucous lament. But Squire Starr shook his head when they appealed for law! He had no law by which he could let those men loose to menace an innocent community.

"Where did this person contract the disease?" asked the squire.

"He is delirious and pays no attention to questions."

"Who is he?"

The sheriff volunteered at that point: "My hired man—name o' Hacker."

"This is dreadful, dreadful!" clucked the squire, wagging his head slowly. He repeated that statement many times, dolorously. "It's going to paralyze our village—and I'm afraid it will shame us a great deal. Oh, Macgill, what a blundering, bull-headed jackass you are!" It was delivered in the orotund of passion and contempt.

"But I was trying—Hacker said to me that you was in the doghole! I meant ——"

"Oh, you fool! You fool! Don't speak to me again. When they let you out of this jail go as far away from me and Starvale as you can!" The squire turned his back. The herded victims glowered on the deposed chief. They backed away from him. He stood alone in one corner of the jail office. He felt that they would sooner chum with the stricken Hacker in the anteroom.

He tried to hold his countenance. He had been used to fronting trouble and disappointment in the world with unshaken visage, keeping the stiff upper lip which becomes the good sport. But at that moment there was something inside him that was attacking the stolid visage from the rear; it was an agonizing ache in his very soul. That ache came up into his throat. The back of the squire remained resolutely turned.

"Sir!" whimpered Big Jim.

"Never dare to speak to me again!"

Then Big Jim realized that the hurt within him was not mere wounded pride or regret for loss of prestige and for ruin of pecuniary prospects; the hunch was no longer a controlling motive. His heart was breaking! He loved that little man who had stooped to him!

The big face squizzled slowly into ridges that had never appeared there before in Jim's hard life. He kept scuffing his palms across his eyes, trying to beat back the tears. Then they came. He cried in childish fashion, openly and unashamed, his lips suffling sobs. But only for a moment did he give way. The rage that stopped his tears seemed to freeze him stiff for a little while. Even the squire surveyed him with some apprehension.

Then Big Jim went to pieces.

He prefaced action with the wickedest oath most of them had ever heard from man's lips. "All right!" He yelled the words. "I'll begin with the damn' liar who started me off!"

The manner in which he began effectively intimidated them. He did not dodge round the group of men; he plowed straight through. He leaped into the anteroom, picked up Hacker and raced out, holding the patient above his head. He continued to hold the meager figure there. Knowing what they did this burden seemed as dangerous as a bomb, and they kept back. When Hacker pleaded for help Macgill shifted hold, clutched the man's scraggy neck and stifled the squawks as he would have closed the gullet of a fowl.

"I ain't ever been nothing in life but a cheap skate. I had found my chance to be something different because the grandest man that God ever set in a poor devil's way put out his hand to me and was giving me my chance. And this is what it has come to! O God, ain't I sorry!"

He loosed his constriction of Mr. Hacker's windpipe.

"Tell 'em how ye lied to me! Tell 'em before I take you by the heels and flail the bricks out of the wall with ye!"

But Hacker seemed to have other matters to explain. "It's a fake—a fraud!" he shrieked. "Save me! I'll own up. It ain't smallpox. I took iodide of potassium to start out the spots. The bottle's in my room. I own up. I wanted to keep my noble sheriff from going up to be impeached."

Mr. Macgill did not lower Hacker from his position; the massive arms did not quiver. "Say it over again and swear to heaven it's true. Then tell 'em how ye lied to me." The frantic man obeyed. Jim tossed him into a corner.

"Send for that bottle," directed the doctor. "The patient seems to be sincere."

The men of Starvale, it became promptly apparent, were inclined to look on Mr. Macgill more favorably, as champion and savior, but he scowled when they made overtures. He stepped in front of the squire and folded his arms.

"May I say a few words, sir?" he implored wistfully. "I want to get something off my mind. It's about hitching a wagon to a star."

"Go ahead!" The squire's tone was kind. Mr. Macgill told his story succinctly. "And now I'll pass along my way, sir! I didn't have no business hitching on. I've got mine for so doing."

"And I hitched on, too," stuttered Mr. Hacker. "Sheriff, I done it to save you. Mac's story goes for me—it's ditto!"

"Just a moment!" broke in the squire. There was moisture in his eyes, though the twitching at the corners of his mouth showed that his sense of humor was particularly wide-awake. "There seems to be considerable owing all round the circle. We'll try adjustment of accounts! Sam, I'll have a talk with MacCorkle in the morning!" He winked, and pulled the sheriff's ear down. "He isn't much of a judge, but he's a good politician. I think we can save you without Hacker's help! That will pay you for keeping your mouth shut." He turned to the Starvale delegation. "Boys, I reckon the doctor is going to let you go. You know enough to keep this thing quiet, I hope." He was assured by earnest promises.

The doctor smoothed out a frown of thought. "I'll simply hold this man for observation. He has probably confessed the truth."

"Exactly!" agreed the squire. He looked up into Big Jim's face.

"Chief," he apologized, "I was hasty when I spoke a few moments ago. I take it back. You're a quick thinker. You got us out of a bad hole. We thank you. Go home with the boys!" He took one of Macgill's hands in both of his own and patted it. "No more needed between us, eh?"

"No, sir!" choked Jim. It was a bit embarrassing for both of them, men not given to putting their deeper sentiments into words. The squire turned away hastily. In his eyes was the picture of the big chap in his skimped bob-tailed coat, his huge hands still frost-red, his ears swollen slightly because the cold had nipped them. He remembered that Big Jim had resolutely devoted that greatcoat to the protection of the man whom he was "saving." The coat was back again on its hook. It was a garment of pretensions, of valuable fur. A fur cap stuck inviting peak above the edge of a pocket.

"Your coat, Sam?"

"Yes, squire. New this winter."

"What will you take for it?"

"I don't want to sell. It's ——"

"I said, what will you take?" There was significance in tone and manner.

"Two hundred—what I paid."

"Sold!" He plucked it from the hook. "Chief, you have saved me and your friends a dozen or fifteen days of valuable time. In his devotion I'm afraid Hacker would have stood pat except for you. Here! Here's a little token from one good friend to another." He stood on his tiptoes and held the big coat spread.

"I can't ——" floundered the big fellow, backing away.

"Here, I say! If you can't get it on standing up, scooch down on your knees!"

"I've been on my knees to you, sir, ever since I laid eyes on you," declared Big Jim fervently. "God bless you! You're good to me!" He snuggled himself into the coat. "Ever after this I'm going to depend more on Bible advice. See what it has done for me—just that one hunch."

"But that isn't in the Bible, chief!"

"It ain't?" He blinked his astonishment, but he did not question that authority. He had just put on his new fur cap. He took it off. "Wherever it is I take off my hat to it!"

Speaking of Efficiency

THE president of one of the big Eastern railroads last year started an efficiency campaign on his system. He figured out a plan of bonuses and promotions for the men who had shown capability and promptness and energy in the discharge of their duties. To him was brought the name of one employee who, in twenty-two years of service, had never been late, had never missed a day from his duties and had never been reprimanded for inattention. Highly pleased, the president sent for the model to come to headquarters to be questioned, complimented and finally rewarded.

Next day the paragon was shown into the chief's office. He proved to be a shaggy-headed, middle-aged individual in rough clothing.

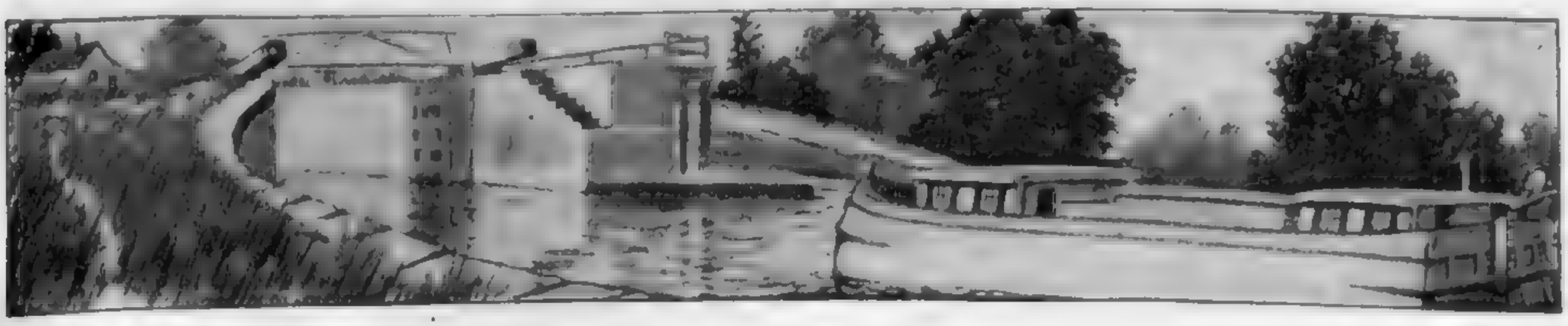
"I've heard splendid things about your record," said the great man. "Now tell me, just what are your duties?"

"Well, sir," stated the visitor, "it's my job to stay on the platform out here at Holidayville and every time a train pulls into the station I walk down along her and rap on all the wheels with a hammer. I've been doing that stiddy ever sence I went to work fur the road."

"In the name of heaven, what do you do that for?" demanded the astonished president.

The efficient one scratched his head.

"Boss," he answered truthfully, "I'm dam' ef I know!"



The Sun-Ray Lens

The refractive type of lens sacrifices diffusive side lighting for a bright beam of light concentrated on the road.

The Sun-Ray lens *combines* the advantages of both the diffusive and refractive types.

The diffusive lens gives wide side lighting but its very construction precludes the possibility of a bright "distance beam."

At Last!

A lens at $1.75 that more than meets every legal requirement

Here is a motor car headlight lens that more than meets the complicated legal requirements of *every state* in the Union—*yet costs only $1.75 a pair.*

It effectively combines *for the first time* the virtues of the purely *diffusive* type of lens with those of the *refractive* type.

It gives an extraordinarily wide side diffusion of 168 degrees *and in addition* throws a long bright penetrating *distance beam* far down the road.

It meets the 42-inch requirement. *But it goes a step farther.* It lights ditches, curves, crossroads and signs so effectively that night driving loses its terrors.

Horizontal prisms bend the light rays *down* on the road. But a number of small triangular prisms *partially break up* these sharp piercing straight-ahead-rays giving side diffusion and eliminating glare —*without* diminishing the effectiveness of the road light. All projections and prisms are on the *inside* of the lens making it easy to keep clean.

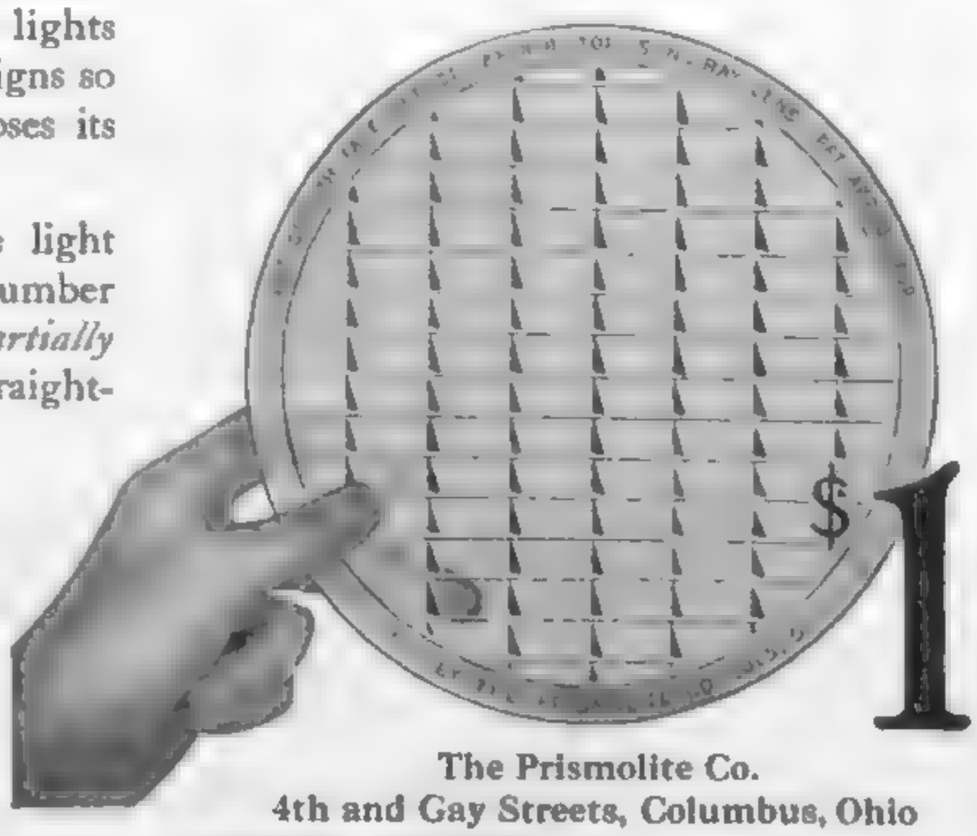
The advent of the Sun-Ray lens makes it unnecessary to pay higher prices. For the Sun-Ray at $1.75 gives you *everything a lens should give.* It is designed and built under the supervision of leading illuminating engineers and expert lens designers.

Sun-Ray lenses are made to fit *any headlight,* and come in all sizes *at one price*—$1.75.

Make night driving safe for yourself and others. Get a set of Sun-Ray lenses from your dealer and put them in *your* headlights *today.* If your dealer has not yet received his supply or will not get them for you send us $1.75 together with the make and model of your car and the diameter of your present lenses and we will send you a set of Sun-Rays.

To Dealers

Here is the greatest lens opportunity in the country. Sun-Ray lenses meet every legal requirement. They do everything that a really effective lens must do. They are scientifically correct and have many *new and exclusive talking points.* Yet they sell *profitably* at $1.75 a pair. Get in touch with us at once if you want to reap the benefits that are bound to accrue to Sun-Ray dealers everywhere.



$1.75 *for all sizes*

PER SET

In the extreme Western and Southern States 25 cents extra per pair.

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Pacific Coast Distributors

Inoculating Our Soldiers With Anti-death—By Edward Mott Woolley

AT THE outbreak of the European war one of the deadliest perils of the troops lay concealed in the germs of lockjaw, which swarmed in the highly fertilized soil of France and Belgium. Thousands of wounded men, writhing in the mud of the battlefields, were infected with a disease that had a mortality of eighty-five per cent.

Europe, at that time, was practically devoid of tetanus antitoxin, and from over the seas came the desperate call to America. Here in the United States a strange anomaly had been developing. The other day an executive at one of our great biological laboratories said to me:

"During the early part of 1914 we were using twenty horses in the production of this antitoxin; but for some mystifying reason the horses simply would not produce. Then, without apparent cause, the animals began to give us a flood of serum, and for a few months we were swamped and could not find a market. We stored half a million dollars' worth of it.

"Then came the invasion of Belgium. Not long afterward we got a long-distance telephone call: Could we ship fifty thousand packages of tetanus antitoxin to Europe on the next steamship? This was a most extraordinary order; but apparently Providence had been at work."

So great was the demand from the European armies that transportation facilities were inadequate, and special messengers were drafted from among employees of the laboratories; they went back and forth across the ocean carrying antitoxin in their satchels and trunks. During the early years of the war one concern alone sent millions of lockjaw inoculations. To-day every wounded soldier in the armies of France, England and the United States receives injections of this serum, no matter how slight his injuries; and it is estimated that more lives have been saved in this way than have been lost by bullets, shells and gas.

And this brings us to the strange story of the horse and other animals as agents for the immunizing of our soldiers, not only against lockjaw but against other disease foes. It is a story not only of immunity but of curative treatment. I visited one biological plant where nine hundred horses are now being used for bacteriological purposes. We must include in the products of the establishment a long list of vaccines and bacteriological serums used in civil life as well as in the army; but by far the greater part now goes for war purposes.

The New Cure for Snake Bites

By reason of his size the horse plays the most conspicuous part, for he is able to survive the loss of large quantities of blood. Even if he gives his vast strength unknowingly to save our soldier boys from horrible torture and death he establishes a new claim on the friendship of mankind; and we cannot but feel an awesome admiration for this noble beast.

Yet we must not forget the other animal martyrs. In this particular plant are used from twenty-five to fifty calves a week, a thousand guinea pigs, and hundreds of rabbits, sheep and goats. There are three hundred monkeys, used largely for such purposes as Wassermann's reaction and for testing the transmissibility of disease. White mice are used by hundreds of thousands. Thousands of hogs, too, are used every year; but here we strike a farmer's story that concerns the manufacture of hog-cholera serum.

Nevertheless, the production of vaccines and serums for saving the lives of animals is a war story too. Wounded horses on the battlefields are immunized against tetanus, and all horses shipped to Europe are first inoculated against influenza, pneumonia, strangles and other horse maladies.

There is an amazing list of diseases, aside from tetanus, against which immunity inoculation is used or in which curative bacteriological serums are employed. The most important are in daily use in the armies of the world, but in the following list I shall make no attempt to segregate the army from civilian life: Smallpox, hydrophobia, typhoid fever, pneumonia, common colds, influenza, cerebrospinal meningitis, anthrax, diseases of the colon, whooping cough, scarlet fever, diphtheria, hay fever, catarrh, genitourinary diseases, erysipelas, pyorrhea, dysentery, rheumatism, puerperal fever, septicæmia, tuberculosis, bubonic plague, Asiatic cholera, boils and carbuncles, and acne.

There is, also, a serum for snake venom, which is made by several biological laboratories. One of these, near Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, has a snake farm, where experiments were begun twenty years ago with poisonous reptiles. Venom is extracted from the snakes' glands, crystallized, and injected into other animals. From these is obtained a serum that is said to be a certain cure for snake bites and for a number of virulent diseases. But here in the United States dangerous snake bites are rare.

Good Work in Serbia

It was my dubious pleasure to spend half an hour in a little stone building that had a disquieting history. This biological company got an immense order in 1915 from the American Red Cross for a bacteriological vaccine to be used against Asiatic cholera in Serbia. It already had the strains of cholera in its incubators; but, not deeming it safe to do this work in any of its existing buildings, it erected this fireproof structure in twelve days, and within thirty days was delivering the preparation to the Red Cross in New York. This resulted in the cleaning up of cholera in Serbia.

Within sight of this building stands a similar one, which is used to make bubonic-plague preparations for southern countries especially; and near by is still another, where various kinds of dangerous bacteriological work are done. It is oblong and each room opens only outdoors. When in use each has a fortification of fine-mesh screen built round the door, and if by any chance a fly gets inside extraordinary caution is used to see that it never gets out.

The former cholera house is now used for making cultures of the various microorganisms that cause disease. When they stopped making cholera serum there they fumigated the building for many days, until not a trace of the plague was left. Here, in tubes and flasks, I saw quantities of bacteria growing in culture media. Some kinds of bacteria will grow only in veal broth; others like a substance made from a Japanese moss, known as agar-agar; some demand the whole blood of animals. Certain disease germs prefer a little sugar in their tea; while some ask for potato juice.

Bacteria are the lowest form of plant life and they propagate by splitting every twenty to thirty minutes.

The propagating power of disease germs is almost inconceivable. One pneumonia germ will multiply, in twenty-four hours, into seventeen millions. Eight billion germs can be held on the point of a pin. Except for the natural resistance of Nature, this diabolical and unseen nether world would speedily wipe out the earth's population. But in these days of vast armies and huge cities, where millions of men are herded together, the plague of a thousand infections undoubtedly would sweep the continents with death, except for this new science of immunity.

There are diseases, however, in which the germs are Protozoa, or a primitive form of animal life. Some of them have the power of locomotion and some are believed to have digestive organs. Malaria germs, or plasmodia, are a low form of animal life. Though malaria is an infectious disease, the remedy is not made from germs and it is not bacteriological.

To-day Europe is making large quantities of bacterial preparations; but the demand from America continues to be immense. Here is a war industry that has had almost no publicity, though without it perhaps all the armies might have been decimated.

In the wars of the last thirty years for every man killed by the enemy there has been a loss of 4.8 lives from disease. The records of the last two centuries are appalling. Yellow fever killed fifty thousand out of fifty-eight thousand men in the Santo Domingan Expedition of 1802. Typhus killed twenty-five thousand out of twenty-eight thousand members of a Bavarian army in 1812. In the last Balkan War the Turks lost five hundred men a day from cholera. In 1828 eighty-five thousand soldiers out of a Russian army of one hundred thousand died in Turkey. Our own horrors of the Spanish-American War are still fresh in our memory.

Never before have bacteriologists and medical workers, in both army and private life, conducted such brilliant demonstrations of the magic of science.

It is a subject of great technical complications; but I am going to solve it for present purposes by cutting straight through them and telling the story in plain English, so far as I can. And so I go back to the horse, which these magicians of the laboratories have turned into a factory for the making of products to cheat the great demon that haunts us all.

The laboratories, I say, have a close and practical relationship to the huge stables located some distance from them and equipped with special devices. The grounds of this plant cover several hundred acres.

In the making of the antitetanic preparation the horses confront one of the most virulent poisons known. Its spores will live in live steam for five minutes. It takes a five per cent solution of carbolic acid from twelve to fifteen hours to kill them, and they resist two hundred and fifty degrees of dry heat for more than an hour. Yet they are essentially creatures of darkness and the sun destroys them quicker than anything else.

The term antitoxin technically applies chiefly to tetanus and diphtheria. The principal danger from these diseases lies not so much in the bacteria themselves as in the poisons they elaborate, and the purpose of the antitoxin is to antagonize or neutralize these poisons.

Fighting Lockjaw

In fighting lockjaw the first step in the laboratory is to grow the bacteria for the purpose of getting their poison, the original germs having been secured from human patients.

This tetanus poison, freed from the living organisms, is taken over to the stables. Here the horses live in equine luxury, surrounded by intensive aseptic safeguards. They are really hospital patients, in charge of nurses. They have their temperature taken twice a day, and are watched with all the solicitude shown for human patients. Bacteriological tests are continually made to safeguard their health.

Most of these horses live for years in this work, but now and then one succumbs. In some respects the laboratory horse has an easy time of it. He has no work to do, enjoys the best horse menu, gets plenty of opportunity to kick up his heels in a paddock and is petted like a baby.

But he has to be inoculated with the poison and the needle worries him. A new horse gets a very small dose at first, which is increased until finally enough is injected to kill ten ordinary horses; but meantime some extraordinary things have been going on in the horse's blood.

Take, for example, the case of old George, a splendid black horse with arched neck and glossy back. Ordinarily he is docile and kind, but he doesn't like this inoculation business, and resents it by kicking and biting. And inside him there is rebellion also. Through some mysterious law of Nature the forces of his body are fighting against the invading poison. In his blood stream there appear what are known as antibodies, invisible even under the microscope; but, nevertheless, they are valiant fighters of disease. The horse manufactures these in such enormous quantities that the tetanus poison within him is killed; but the antibodies remain in the blood, triumphant.

And now the next step is to take away some of old George's blood, so they lead him to the bleeding room. Here, as in other parts of the establishment, the most extraordinary precautions are taken against infection, and visitors may merely look through the windows. Oddly, he didn't seem to mind the operation, but stood quietly, with ears forward and glistening eyes. I fancied he might have been watching the American flag through the window. Yet he supplied enough tetanus antitoxin to immunize scores of wounded soldiers over in France.

Of course there were various finishing operations to be performed at the laboratory before the serum from the horse's blood was ready to use.

Next to tetanus, lobar pneumonia probably is the chief present problem of the armies. It is a disease to which soldiers are especially subject on account of their exposure to cold, rain and slush; and the average mortality in cases that do not have modern treatment is round forty per cent. It is only recently that antipneumonia serum has attained the prominent place it now holds, though a vast amount of experimenting has been done for years.

Preventive Doses

There are three fixed types of the pneumococcus, which causes the disease, and a fourth group is made up of a dozen types. Some of these do not yield to treatment so readily as others.

In making the antipneumonia serum, of which the United States Army has ordered large quantities, the horses are inoculated with all the types, and thus is produced a mixed serum. Through its use the mortality rate has been heavily reduced.

In addition to giving this serum in the treatment of pneumonia, as many as two billion killed sensitized bacteria are hypodermically injected into the human patient in a single dose.

The term sensitization opens up another phase of this marvelous study of immunity and infection; but I can merely say here that it consists in carrying on the preliminary stages of the immunizing process in healthy animals, and employing the serum of such animals to treat the cultures of bacteria which are to be used in the vaccine. This renders them, when injected into the patient, peculiarly sensitive to destruction by the tissues, causing a rapid increase of antibodies.

Repeated attacks of pneumonia may occur in the same patient; yet there is a temporary immunity following recovery. Pneumonia germs are commonly found in the mouths of healthy persons; but it is only when some abnormal condition exists in the lungs that the pneumococcus finds a culture medium there.

Prophylactic or preventive immunization against pneumonia is also used; and some very good results, though not uniform ones, have been secured.

On the battlefields and back of them exist numerous disease carriers, always working with satanic activity to destroy armies.

Allied with the microörganisms in their devilish work are rats, mice, flies, mosquitoes, fleas, and a host of other insects and vermin. For the purpose of annihilating rats, some of the laboratories offer the germs of a fatal disease peculiar to those rodents.

The medical officers wage a desperate fight all the time. In one of the war manuals are detailed recommendations for stations used in "delousing" men.

A savage foe of the army camp, and one that has already attacked our soldiers, is spinal meningitis, infection coming through the nasal membranes. This disease formerly showed fatalities in American cities as high as ninety per cent. Since then the Rockefeller Institute finds that in twelve hundred and ninety-four instances of inoculation with antimeningococcic serum, made with the aid of horses, there was a mortality of 30.9 per cent.

In the early stages of the war a heavy percentage of wounded soldiers developed another strange infection—gas gangrene.

(Concluded on Page 59)

Artistic : Enduring : Sanitary : Economical

Important Notice

As there are inferior floor coverings now in use that look like linoleum on the surface, but which are merely felt paper imitations, remember these two easy ways to tell genuine linoleum. First, look at the back and be sure it is burlap. Second try to tear it. Inlaid ons tear easily.

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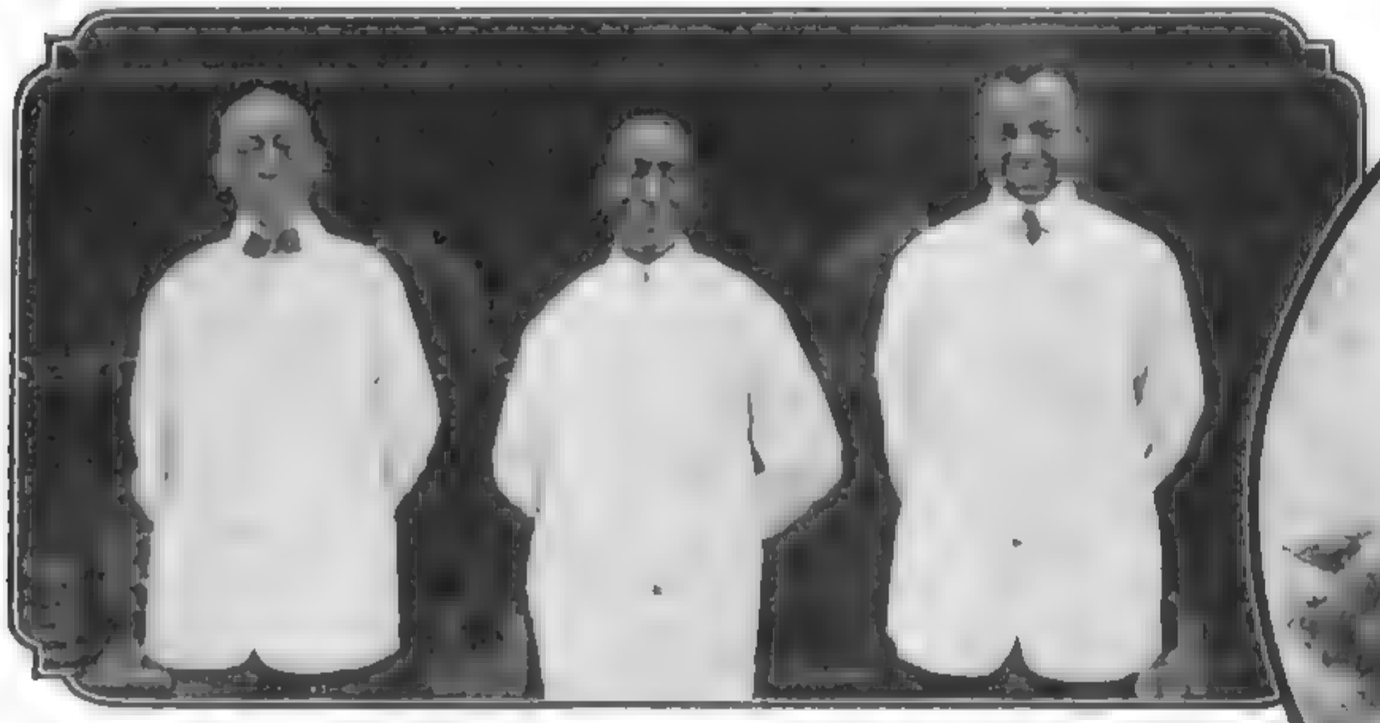

The Men Who Serve You

THE Pullman car employees are in a distinctive sense the representatives of the Company. They are continually on dress parade; their conduct is a matter of supreme importance. Their motto is courtesy and service to their passengers.

At the foot of the steps of the car, as it stands in the station, you meet the Pullman conductor, whose duties are distinct from those of the train conductor employed by the railroad. It is the Pullman conductor who takes your berth check, leaving you the stub. He is in command of all porters on the train. You may have little occasion to call upon him, but he is at your service throughout the journey for information or in any emergency.

Each Pullman car has its porter, who, in addition to his regular duties, performs with alacrity any little errand or commission within his power and attends promptly to any special wants. Especially is he charged with looking after the aged or infirm, women traveling alone, or with very young children.

Courtesy and thoughtful attention are among the most important things that the Pullman Company has to sell; and they must be of high quality. A careful record is kept of the manner in which each employee does his work, and rewards of extra pay are given for perfect records. It is noteworthy that twenty-five per cent of the eight thousand porters in the Pullman employ have been for over ten years in the service of the Company; and some have been in its employ for forty years. Pensions are provided for men retired from active service and provision is also made for sick relief for all car employees.

Discipline is held to be of the utmost importance. Instructions are carefully standardized, embodied in bulky little manuals, and made a part of each man's mental equipment. There are no rules for passengers save those which conduce to the comfort of all travelers; but the rules for employees, made in the interest of the passengers, are many and minute.

THE PULLMAN COMPANY
Chicago

Besides representing the Company the Pullman car employees are in a unique sense servants of the public. This fact gives them an esprit de corps and a pride in the performance of their duties.

(Concluded from Page 56)

This term has no reference to asphyxiating gas, but to gas that develops under the skin around wounds, resulting in horrible suffering and death. One of the principal causative organisms in this dreadful disease has been isolated by Doctor Welch, of Johns Hopkins University, and is used in producing an antitoxin for the prevention and cure of the disease. This organism, too, has a separate poison, which is injected into horses for the production of the antitoxin.

One disease that might carry off a large part of our army, except for artificial immunity, is typhoid fever. Among the United States regulars the mortality from this disease has been reduced practically to zero by preventive inoculation. Yet in civil life in this country we have about one hundred and fifty thousand cases of typhoid every year, twenty-two thousand of them fatal. If vaccination against typhoid were compulsory, as it is in the army, this disease would become extinct very quickly.

At the office of the surgeon-general, in Washington, I was told that the laboratory of the Army Medical School is now making the typhoid vaccine used in the American Army. The Government buys most if not all of its other biological products.

Every recruit is vaccinated for typhoid and revaccination is done at intervals. Army statistics are conclusive evidence of the brilliant results achieved by typhobacterin. In private biological plants I saw them making great quantities of this preparation for shipment to Europe, for all the important armies of the world now use it.

Here, again, is a curious laboratory story: When a man is taken sick with typhoid his blood immediately begins its terrific struggle to create antibodies to destroy the disease. The scientists have found, however, that inoculation with killed typhoid bacteria, though powerless to cause the disease, sets up the manufacture of antibodies in the blood; and thus immunity is established.

The task of the laboratory, then, is to grow typhoid cultures and then kill the bacilli by putting the tubes in hot water for an hour. Immunization of men consists simply of injecting beneath the skin, with a hypodermic needle, large doses of the vaccine. The first dose is five hundred million killed bacteria, and two later doses of one billion each are given. Immunization usually lasts about three years.

Typhobacterin is used not only to immunize but for curative treatment. In this, however, it is not infallible, though many extraordinary results have been reported.

Brown Jim and His Job

I shall not attempt to draw fine scientific distinctions; but, before I introduce to you Brown Jim, otherwise known as Horse Number 2072, let me say that in bacterin therapy the antibodies are produced in the human patient's blood, while in serum therapy these antibodies are made in the blood of an animal and transferred to man. In sickness the human system is often unable to create enough antibodies; so the artificial ones from the horse are like life-savers in the surf.

Along with Brown Jim I wish to present Harry XIII, Yellow Bill, Dapple Jennie, and other conscripted equines whose true names I don't know. They are diphtheria horses. Diphtheria appears in the army at times. Especially since the draft there have been small outbreaks of many so-called childish diseases, recruits from country districts suffering more than the city boys, because most of the latter have had such afflictions.

Diphtheria antitoxin, of course, is one of the priceless biological products. Before antidiphtheric treatment was known, the mortality from this malady in the United States in a given period was forty-four per cent. Now it has dropped to twelve. If administered the first day of the attack it practically saves every life, and the mortality among cases treated the second day, in Philadelphia hospitals, has never exceeded 5.4 per cent. Without the antitoxin there would be sixty-four thousand deaths a year in the United States from diphtheria, instead of fifteen thousand.

This antitoxin is used not only for treatment but to immunize. In the Insane Asylum on Ward's Island, New York, a cook died of diphtheria, and four days after this first case developed forty other cases appeared. Three thousand people on the island were inoculated with antitoxin and not another case developed.

Like tetanus, diphtheria kills by elaborating poisons—not by direct attack of the bacteria; so the first job of the laboratory is to grow diphtheria germs and let them throw off their toxins into veal broth. The bacteria themselves are killed with an antiseptic and filtered out.

Now comes Brown Jim to take up the job. I stood for a time and contemplated him as he stood sunning himself in his prison yard. Some horses, like some gold mines, are poor producers; but Brown Jim runs to diphtheria and turns out huge quantities.

Of course Brown Jim has already been tested for glanders and other things, and has proved an alibi. He has had so many doses of poisoned bouillon injected into his blood that his circulation is a river of antibodies; so now when he gets a dozen fatal doses in one he still stands up against them, and his antibodies and phagocytes begin the war game all over.

Phagocytes, by the way, is another name for one form of white blood corpuscles, or leucocytes. They are the soldiers in the blood that attack invading bacteria; and the results of the battle are antibodies.

But there is a limit to what even Brown Jim will stand, and when the bacteriologists find he has reached this point they bleed him, just as they did old George, and get the diphtheria antitoxin.

The Useful Guinea Pig

Now step over to another part of the grounds, where there is great activity in these war days for the safeguarding of our soldier boys from the dreadful smallpox. This vaccine was the first biological product used to stimulate immunity against disease.

In this plant only young calves are used, because they are usually free from tubercular and other troubles. But even the calves are put in quarantine for two weeks before going over the deadline into the laboratory grounds, and they undergo bacteriological tests. Female calves are preferred.

I happened along in time to see little Miss Heifer beginning her journey of martyrdom. Unlike the horse, her fate is death; but she dies in the great cause of smallpox extermination. In a specially equipped building she is first clipped from nose to tail and given a scrub bath, in a porcelain tub, with antiseptics. Even the water is sterile. Next she goes to the operating room, which has the appointments of a hospital. Visitors are not allowed; but I was permitted to look through a window.

On the operating table, the calf is inoculated, in long scratches, with cowpox. Meantime for six days she remains in a hospital stable, heated, and protected with every device against infection. Even the walls are scalded. There is no straw or hay for bedding and she is fed with sterilized milk.

Then the little martyr is killed and the vaccine material removed from the vesicles. It is handled in rooms supplied with filtered air, is ground in glycerin, and put into tubes in a vacuum. Post-mortems are made before the vaccine is put up, to make sure it is suitable for use. Then the carcasses of the calves go into the material employed in making a culture medium for the propagation of bacteria.

Since the European war began there has been an extraordinary demand for smallpox vaccine, and this has been heavily increased since the draft began. Every soldier is vaccinated.

In the guinea-pig house I saw thousands of these little animals, which are used for what is known as the protective test. This consists in injecting living bacteria or toxins into the guinea pig, and, at the same time, injecting some of the immune serum, to test the power of the latter to counteract the infection.

The guinea pig is also used for determining the safety of all products that go out of the establishment.

The great war has accelerated in an extraordinary way many kinds of scientific medical research. In the private laboratories, and in such establishments as the Rockefeller Institute, the scientists have worked day and night—especially during the earlier years of the war. There has been a vast amount of personal sacrifice, as well as sacrifice of capital, in experimental work. In many instances costly research has gone for naught; but out of it all has grown the conservation of hundreds of thousands of soldiers' lives.

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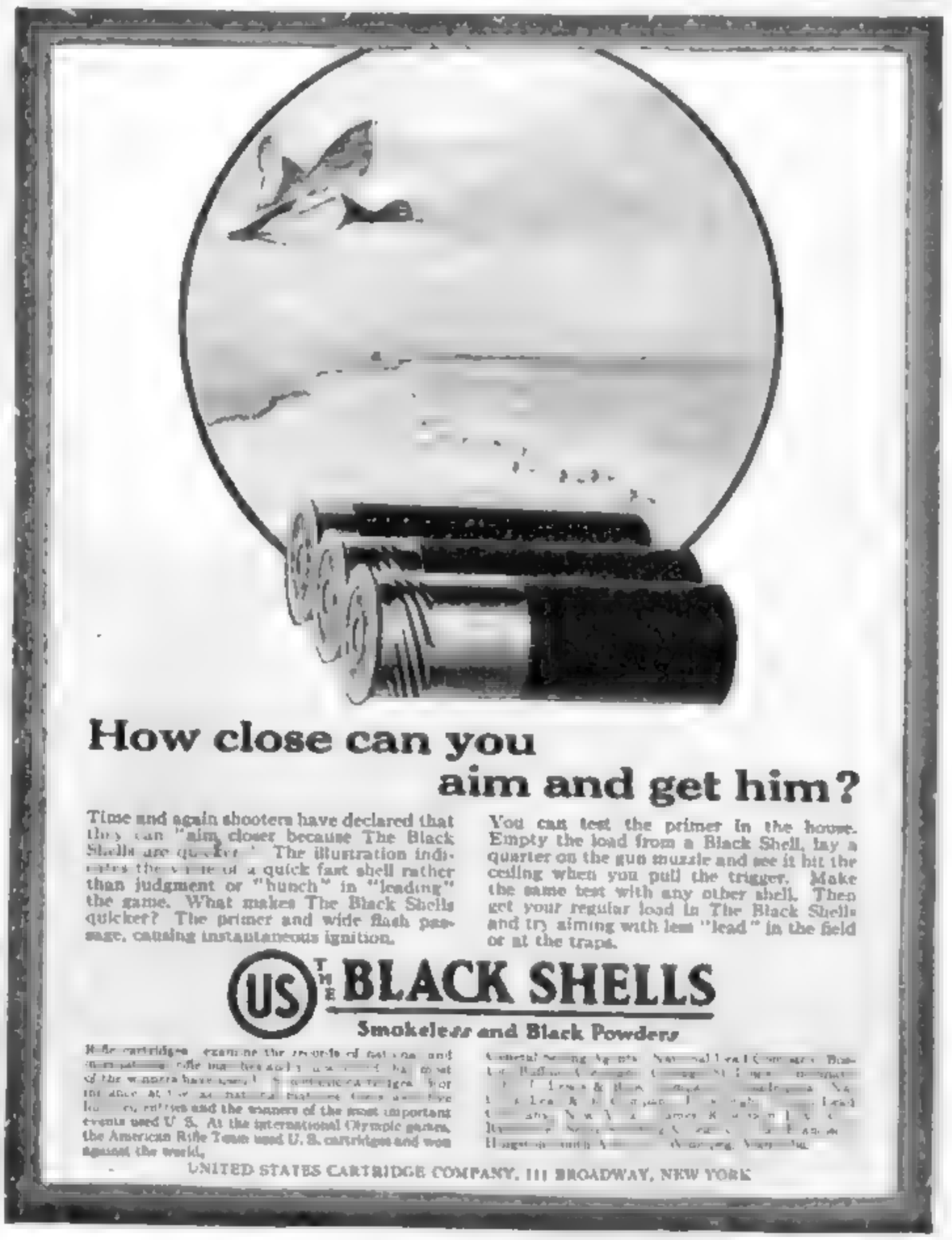
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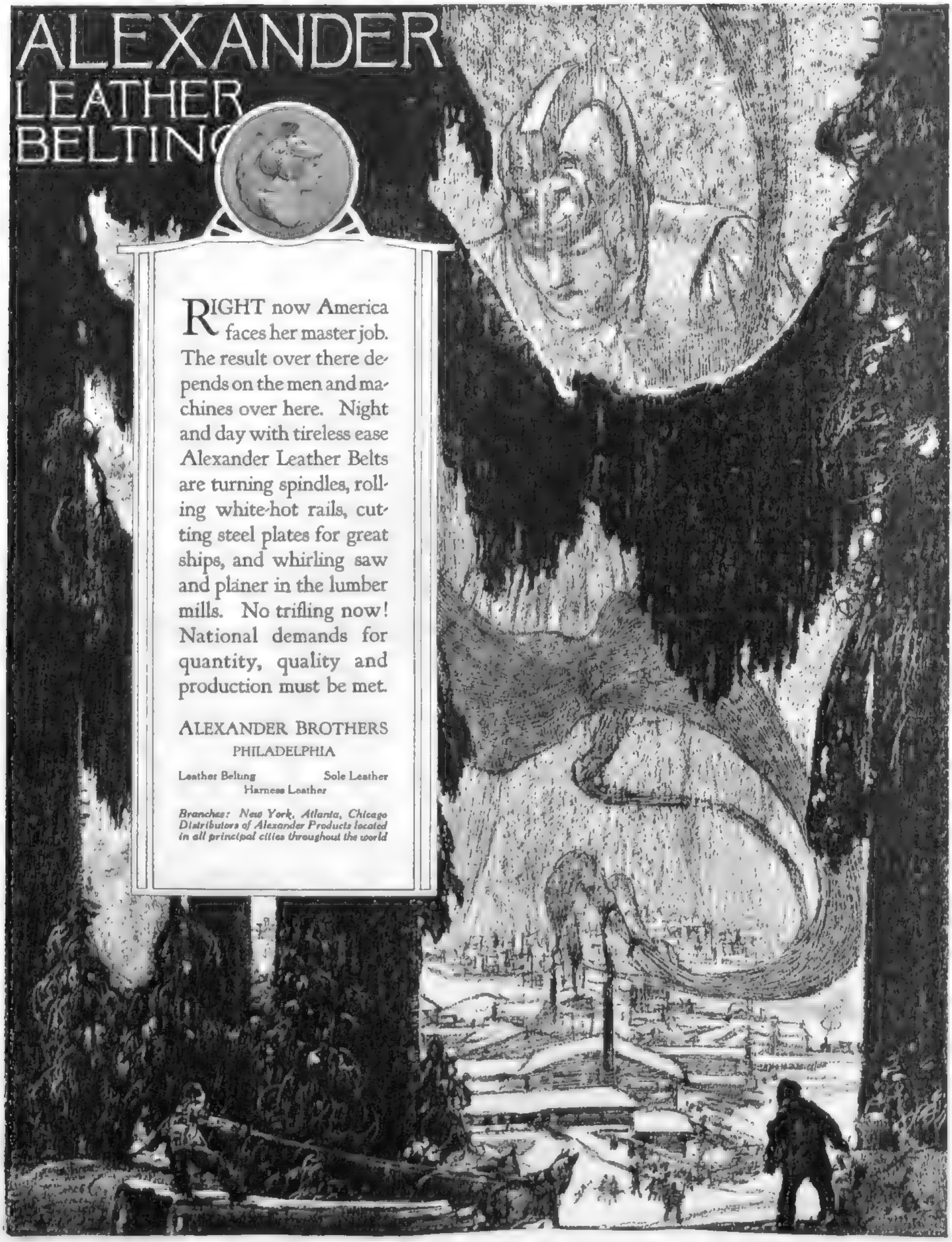

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"AND THE EARTH OPENED HER MOUTH"

(Continued from Page 15)

menace that would spring with a dull roar, an imperfectly imagined explosion, an appalling blackness. He was aquiver to be out of it, shrank from the darkness beyond the rays of this little electric lamp. With delight he heard the other officer say:

"*Auf Wiedersehen*, Kühlmann—and good luck!"—preparatory to departure.

He linked himself to him.

"Good night, Kühlmann!"

The tall figure, bending awkwardly in the confined space, turned and nodded a farewell.

"Good night! I rely on you people to beat off any attack while I am down here," he added jocularly.

Weber shuddered at the thought of a closed entrance. What if a shell had burst on it even now!

"We'll do our best," he said with a forced laugh, and followed the other officer into the tunnel.

As once more, crouching, arms outstretched to finger contact with the walls, he groped his way up that black tunnel, past the whirring electric fan, Kühlmann's last words haunted him. What if the final bombardment, preparatory to the attack, were even now in progress, obliterating the trenches, filling in the dugouts? He imagined, from ample experience, the tumbled heap of earth that hid the place where the entrance to the mine shaft had been; the crash upon crash of bursting shells in fierce founts of leaping smoke, making certain the work; the blackened lumps of clay strewn loosely over their tomb.

He hurried, straining after his companion, craving reassurance. The other officer, too fatigued for unnecessary speech, strode on without a word. Weber was impressed by his obvious familiarity with this black underworld. At last, by a flash of his comrade's torch, he perceived that he was at the foot of the perpendicular shaft.

He looked upward—and, with a spasm of renewed terror, saw no light above him. His companion calmly commenced the steep climb. He followed, lagging behind the practiced figure above him, for all his efforts. He saw a faint white glimmer high above; saw it darken as his comrade scrambled through. A minute later he himself had emerged into the trench, by the pile of oxygen cylinders.

"*Gute Nacht!*" said the other shortly, and turned along the trench to the left.

In the Armor-Plated Recess

Weber turned to the right, toward the front line. After the complete blackness below, the dusky light of the fine summer evening seemed strangely bright. Overhead the stars commenced to glimmer in a blue sky from which the luminosity was even yet not quite withdrawn.

A shell passed, with a whine, to a distant crash. He remembered his fears of the intense bombardment. The artillery fire had not increased. Only the usual apparently haphazard shelling was in progress.

The trench along which he hurried was thronged with busy men in helmets, profiting by this lull. Some were feverishly repairing the passageway damaged by a chance shot. Others were reënforcing sandbagged strong points at trench corners, where little black loopholes, here and there among the sacks, hinted at the machine guns ready to spurt death into an invader. Most of them were carrying-parties, bearing rations, ammunition and trench stores to men who had hungrily craved them during the long bombardment that had shut them off from a worldful of such articles behind.

He passed over the summit of the ridge, commenced to descend the brow, following the deep trench, which zigzagged downward, with parapets banked high at the corners. Other trenches went off to right and left, which were filled with delving, toiling men, making ready to resist the expected attack. He did not descend far. A few yards below the summit his trench ran into a main fire trench, much damaged by bombardment; its traverses mere heaps of earth, with sandbags askew. He turned along it, threading his way among the feverishly digging men.

After a few steps he turned suddenly into a little square armor-plated recess in the wall of the parapet, offering just space enough for the officer, corporal and two telephone orderlies it contained. The officer stood with his back to him, peering out through a chink in the wall. He turned round at the entrance of his relief.

"Good evening, Hirschauer," said Weber.

"Good evening," replied the other wearily. Even in this dim light it could be seen that he was haggard with want of sleep. "Your people arrived in front of you. I have relieved mine."

"Nothing fresh?"

"No. A quiet spell this last hour or two."

For a few minutes they discussed brief technicalities; and then Hirschauer bade him good night.

Left alone with his men, Weber tested the telephone communication to his battery with the air of one to whom this was ordinary business routine. He spoke to the Hauptmann with the field guns, some two thousand yards back across the ridge.

"No; nothing fresh. All quiet. . . . No. No signs of attack at present."

He put down the receiver and went across to where the *Scherenfernrohr*, the telescopic range finder, leaned on its tripod against the wall. He looked out through the chink in the sandbags.

In the Grasp of Fate

Almost straight in front the mass of Mont Kemmel loomed up black against the last radiance of the late sunset. Between its base and him a white mist was rising in level sheets. On his right he thought he could just discern the pale glimmer of the skeleton-white Tower of Ypres, a familiar-enough object in the plain that this view dominated in the daytime. Close at hand the tangled masses of barbed wire stretched down the ridge toward the English trenches at the bottom. From somewhere among the stakes came the sharp thin flash and quick report of a German rifle in a sniper's post. Beyond the wire, which he now saw to be badly cut by shell fire, an English machine gun rapped out its prohibition of an attempt to repair the obstacle.

He gazed intently toward the enemy's position. There was no sign of it. The white shroud of mist stretched, away below him, level into the dusk, like a sheet of water. It was impenetrable, its unruffled imperceptible rise producing an illusion of brooding calm. Under it guns here and there boomed or cracked, according to their distance; but, after the prolonged roar of the artillery duel, the wailing and crashing of falling shells that for so many days had dominated the ear, the prominence of their casual detonations merely emphasized this unwonted peace. He stared into the mist, toward those distant hill masses, Mont Rouge and Mont Noir, echeloned on the right, behind Mont Kemmel, now blurring into the darkening sky, searching, ever baffled, for a glimpse of the enemy that lay below.

The orderlies behind him were silent, and as he gazed fixedly before him he drifted out of touch with reality; seemed to be alone in this vigil over a solitude bereft of feature, but pregnant with mysterious menace. It came to him suddenly that he had many times gazed out precisely thus over the blank level sheets of mist that hid an enemy. When? He could not identify it. His emotional background would not blend with any remembered incident, and it was the emotional background that came back to him so uncannily from the past—precisely thus.

It seemed an experience many times reproduced in past existences, with exactly that same pervading sense of personal insecurity, of powerlessness to do anything else. Gazing thus from a hilltop in Flanders over the mist that hid the English foemen awaiting the moment to slay, he, the lad from Munich, fulfilled destiny in the spiral of the aeons. He had a flitting vision of himself in the grasp of an obscure Fate that placed him again and again in these circumstances in the penultimate hour before a crisis in his life.

He shook himself free from the hallucination and set himself to grasp the realities of his position. Below him, under that mist, which now lost its spectral familiarity, lay a maze of trenches. He visualized them deliberately. And in those trenches were English soldiers in flat steel helmets—spaced normally or massed for the attack? He could not say. But, should they issue through the mist, he must be instantly ready to give the signal, to shout through the telephone the word that should produce crowds of sharp little explosions in the air above his allotted sector.

He braced himself for such a contingency in his new contact with things as they really were. Even if the attack was not imminent a raid—one of those that had been made nightly for weeks on the threatened sector—was probable.

And behind the trenches lay guns—guns in hundreds, in thousands—guns beside which the wearied crews slept for a brief space while the weapons cooled, storing new energy for that final fierce orgy of destruction that would be the prelude to the climax he knew to be inevitable. And, hurrying on the roads to the guns, under that pall of mist, he could visualize the long streams of wagons, of motor transport, bringing up new hillocks of shells to melt later when the barrages raged upon the ridge.

For the moment or two in which he thus vividly realized the intense purposeful activity of a vast army hidden under that mist, the English soldiers ceased to be mere shadows to him and he had a glimpse of them, real men with wives and mothers and children, held, as he was, in the grip of relentless Fate, mysteriously forced—he refused to continue the theme.

Behind him, in the trench, he heard an officer giving instructions to a working party about to repair the wire. This was reality; he listened to the instructions without taking his eyes from the chink. It was now almost dark. The stars were bright, even in the west. The mist was no longer a feature. He heard the last carefully reiterated orders of the officer, saw indistinct forms go from the foot of the parapet into that perilous wilderness where the loose wire hung. It seemed to him that on the instant a vicious fire must burst forth to meet them. It did not. The sector remained quiet, in a brooding hush. Only to the northward the cannonade recommenced once more, grew momentarily more violent. He glanced toward the yellow flashes.

In this darkness his mind went back to the comfortable well-lighted dugout of the battalion headquarters. He heard again the conversation of an hour or two back, saw the major's little face in indignant repudiation of the suggested catastrophe. By a natural transition his thoughts flitted to Kuhlmann; to the long dark shaft into the ridge, that tunnel end where they had listened in vain for an intimation of their possible fate. Possible?

An Old Text Comes Back

He recurred again to the major's ridicule; to the adjutant's scornful suggestion that it would be "something new." There was something familiar in that. His mind jumped back to his schoolboy days—he saw himself sitting with rows of other uniformed little boys in church—*Etwas Neues? Sin autem novam rem fecerit Dominus*—What was that? A text; Numbers xvi, 30; it came back to him word for word in the sonorous tones of the priest: "But if the Lord make a new thing and the earth open her mouth and swallow them up . . . then ye shall understand that these men have provoked the Lord."

Bah! He felt his men behind him look up at his short laugh. He was strangely fanciful to-night. Concentrate! concentrate!—yes, that was also a memory from his school days—his old master —— *Herr Gott!* The dark western sky toward which he looked leaped into one long blaze. He was instantly nothing but a soldier.

In quickly following waves of sound the roar and slam and crash of a thousand guns, firing at a prearranged instant, smote him. The roar yet continued from the first startling salvo when he heard the wailing rush of the on-coming shells; the rending, stunning crashes of their arrival. The roar maintained itself, fiercely intensified from moment to moment in a deafening coincidence of reports, throbbing into the distance like a gigantic drum. The rushing of the shells filled the air in the brief intervals between the appalling detonations close at hand.

The bombardment had recommenced. He heard hoarse shouts in the trench behind him, the stampede of panic-stricken men dashing to the dugouts. He set his teeth and gazed steadfastly through his chink. Out there amid the wire lit now by fitful red flashes that leaped simultaneously with the crash, he saw the dim figures of the working party, obscured in a whelm of smoke, racing back to cover. The entanglements would remain unrepaired.

Long drawn minutes passed in this chaos of stunning noise that diminished only for a fresh paroxysm, and ceased never. The earth shook at each vicious explosion. A reek as of burnt fireworks filled the little square shelter, got into his eyes, was inhaled into his lungs. Unconsciously he smeared his eyes with the back of his hand, intent on that bit of ground darkly in front of him, ready to shout to the telephonist at the first sign of a moving figure.

At any moment the zone of the falling shells might shift farther back—he heard many going well over already—and the British infantry come rushing up behind its barrage, bomb and knife in hand, for the brief death struggle of a reconnoitering raid. He cursed at his own infantry, cowering in their dugouts, too panic-stricken in this shell fire to fling up the flares that should illuminate their front.

Crash followed crash in such quick succession that it was scarcely possible to note the wail and whine, the broad fierce sibilance of the countless projectiles tearing through the air. The noise of the British batteries was one long-continued heavy roar, surging to ponderous climaxes. Behind him an almost equally fierce roll of sound came from the German guns, working furiously to beat down this terrible fire.

The Horizon Aflame

When, for a brief moment, he altered the focus of his gaze from his immediate front to a longer range, his eyes were dazzled with a wonderful spectacle. To the uttermost limits of vision the close horizon was aflame. Broad white sheets of brilliant light flared ceaselessly to the zenith, now far, now strangely near, to the right, to the left—too rapidly multiplied in their irregular coincidence to count. Among them shot yellower tongues of flame in thousands, leaping and flickering along the gun positions invisible in the dead light of day. Flashes of an almost orange hue were one end of a gamut of fire of which the other was a livid purple. Far back a dump was ablaze, with a heart of furnace red and a smother of rolling smoke.

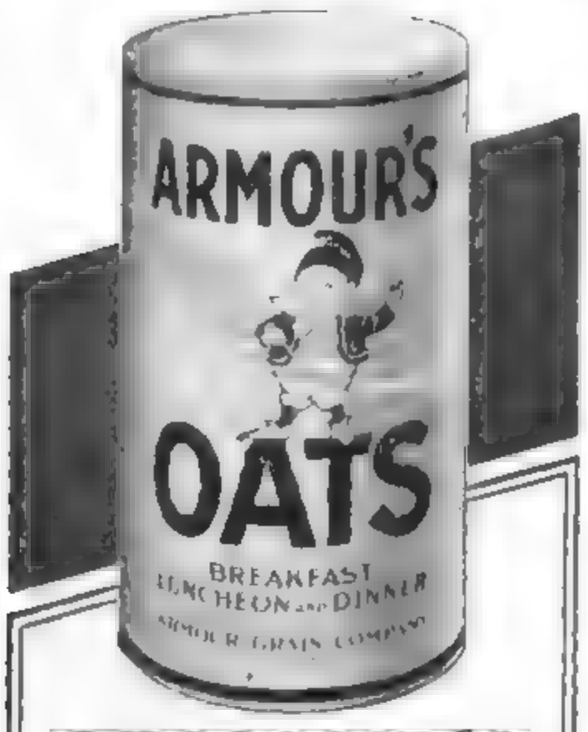
Nearer at hand the yellow shrapnel stars twinkled, ever renewed as they flashed and vanished, over trenches where German gunners thought British infantry might be massed for the attack. Close in, the ground was at last vividly illumined in the ghastly light, now increasing, now dying down, of the flares flung up one after another by German soldiers ordered from their dugouts to the perilous lookout posts. He gazed, with intense and peering vision, at the fantastic shadows thrown by the tangled wire, on stakes askew, in the dark crater pits where the shells had burst.

He existed, a conscious point of intelligence, held by intense volition above the leaping terrors of the blind instinctive germ-self, agonizing from instant to instant in a renewed miracle of continuity, through an uncomputed immeasurable period. The inferno that thundered and crashed about him never varied, entered no new phase that would help to mark off time. The startling shock of a near burst at this instant was followed by another at the next.

The long-rolling viciously vehement roar of the British batteries was as indefinitely sustained as that which came like an echo from the German guns behind. The wide panorama of ceaseless flashes leaping irregularly to the stars was as monotonous in its renewal as that of jostling waves long contemplated; was a hypnotic dazzlement to the vision. Still, he gazed, clearly conscious of nothing else, at the fitfully illumined tangle of stakes and hanging wire.

His vigilance suddenly quickened in a spasm of alarm as a German flare, describing a wider arc than usual, sank like a falling dwindling star far out amid the wire, throwing new shadows among the twisted obstacles. At last! The fulfillment of his eternity of strained expectation was, when it came, a shock at which his heartbeats raced.

For one more second he gazed, concentrated in a paroxysm of attention that convulsed and fixed the muscles of his face.



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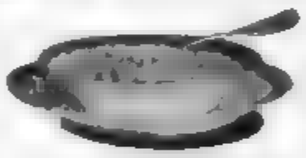

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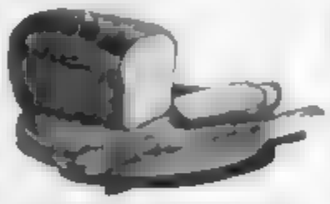

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Beyond, in the greenish-white glare of the expiring light spluttering upon the ground, he saw figures, erect and bent forward purposefully; saw the vivid pallor of the faces; saw them move as the light shot up in one last flash before it died. He turned round into the darkness of the shelter. It was like a black dungeon—as silent. Alone? The fear was simultaneous with his word.

"Battery!"

In the darkness the voice of the Unterofficer spoke immediately into the telephone.

"Battery, Herr Lieutenant!" it added calmly.

"First barrage—ten rounds gunfire! Fire!"

He heard the message shouted down the line; thanked God, in a sudden recollection of the risks, that the communications were still intact; wondered whether the line orderlies were still present, in the instant in which he turned again to his observation slit.

"Battery firing, Herr Lieutenant!" said the voice of the Unterofficier behind him; he scarcely heard it, craving for another flare.

On his left another observation officer had seen the enemy—or had taken the alarm from this local barrage—for another series of vivid little flashes commenced to jump out of the black air. He gazed, oblivious of a terrible crash just behind him. The stretch of tangled wire was now fantastically illuminated as flare after flare soared up from the German lines, fell like a hissing star to extinction in the wilderness. One fell in close proximity to where he had first observed the enemy; lay burning bright.

They were still there! They? He gazed again; saw the same erect and purposefully bent figures, the same white faces among the thicket of the stakes. The shrapnel still lit and cracked above them. They were the bodies of the repairing party, caught by the sudden reopening of the bombardment, dead, hung up on the wire! He cursed savagely.

"Cease fire!" he shouted over his shoulder.

He heard the Unterofficier repeat the order again and again into the telephone.

"Communications broken, Herr Lieutenant!" he reported.

The artillery officer cursed again.

"Send up a light signal!" he ordered. "And send one of the men along the wire."

Deafening Detonations

In the reaction from the fierce excitement of the fancied attack his mind went back to the battery, where the men were now stepping back from the silenced guns. He was glad—cowardly—that the broken communications precluded an awkward explanation to the Hauptmann. He could imagine that officer beside himself with mingled curiosity and anxiety. Thence his thoughts slipped to the battalion headquarters dugout, where he had drunk a mug of coffee on the way up. Was the electric light still brightly illuminating that cozy little shelter, with its picture-hung walls? He wondered whether the major and the adjutant were still there, safe from this inferno aboveground—perhaps discussing Kühlmann's pessimistic forebodings.

It was, of course, ridiculous! Nothing could blow up a ridge from its foundations! Then he thought of Kühlmann himself, far down in that narrow tunnel, listening—listening; and then his men, digging away again, in their rayless night all oblivious of the shells crashing and howling and shattering in the night of stars overhead. He shuddered. It was better to face it up here.

The Engländer, too—his mind reverted to them for an instant—they were even deeper, if Kühlmann spoke truth; digging—digging—or had they finished digging? Was the mine all laid, an officer sitting somewhere over yonder, his hand on a firing key, his eyes on the slowly moving pointers of a watch, waiting for the instant when one brusque movement should —— He tried to imagine a surpassing roar; heard, with the clearness of hallucination, the adjutant's scornful: "*Etwas Neues!*" He willed himself to agree with him as once more he focused his attention on the dreary wilderness of the entanglement, with its background of leaping flashes from guns that never ceased.

Suddenly the bombardment passed into a new phase. From somewhere in the dark depths not far distant he saw bright short flashes jump up, illuminating the inequalities of the ground surface, multiplied over a wide front. Almost immediately he heard the deafening detonations of great trench-mortar bombs exploding along the line on his left and right. Mingled with them, in greater numbers, were the sharper bursts of shells, arriving in ever-renewed flights.

These short-range projectiles, vomited as from inexhaustible fountains in the enemy trenches, now monopolized the bombardment of the German front lines. The guns that still flashed and scintillated in the western darkness had lengthened their aim. He heard their shells crashing back and ever back over the ridge in the intervals of the heavy explosions close at hand. They seemed, however, to be diminishing steadily in their frequency; the leaping gun flashes toward which he gazed seemed to be renewed in an ever-waning multitude.

The Heaving Hillside

The bombardment was dying down. He assured himself of this with a relaxation of the intense strain that had held him so long. The night was surely nearly over. He glanced at the phosphorescent dial of his watch—it marked five minutes past four.* Yet another reprieve? The dawn must be on the point of breaking. One more hour, at the most, and the attack would be either delivered—or looming still, a vague, awful menace that overshadowed every thought and act of those granted another day of life.

Any moment of this next hour might be that chosen by the mysterious controlling brain far distant behind those diminishing gun flashes. Any moment! He gazed into the night as against shut doors that would suddenly fly open. The minute hand of the wrist watch, still held under his eyes, crawled slowly between the five and ten. A stunning shock came, with a bright red flash.

He picked himself up from the floor, cursing the telephone box, against which his head had been knocked. He knocked it again, against the roof, as he rose. Dense fumes choked him. He remained on his knees, felt round him. The shelter had collapsed under the explosion of a trench-mortar bomb. Through a hole on the ground level he saw fitful quick reflections. Not buried—*Gott sei dank!* He crawled toward the orifice; crawled over the dead body of the Unterofficier. He dragged a box of signal flares with him as he issued into the wrecked trench. Fierce bursts leaped up from it on either hand. He could not stay there. He must go farther back, where he could still observe in some safety.

He glanced up to the ridge, saw its silhouette black against a blanching sky. The dawn!

The next instant he felt the hillside rise and heave like the sea from its foundations; continue to lift and fall under his feet as he reeled and stumbled on his hands and knees, equilibrium impossible. One wild spasm of bewildered alarm convulsed him in the fraction of a second before he saw a vast fountain of red flame shoot up from the summit of the ridge above him—no, not one, but many such fountains, repeated into the indefinite distance, banishing the stars in one colossal rending stupefying roar that swallowed the loudest burst and would not cease.

Sprawling on the heaped clay, he stared up, dazed, fascinated; saw enormous black domes against the sky where the fountains of flame had been; heard the succession of gigantic rumbling blasts as the noise of the more distant explosions arrived. Still the ground rocked and heaved and sank. He felt sickeningly insecure, as though falling through a world in disintegration. The black domes sank; and in a deluge of hurtling débris, while the concussion of the deafening explosions yet rang in his ears, he heard once more the long thundering roll and slam and roar of the British batteries, firing together at a maximum of repetition.

Even as the first wild flight of shells arrived and crashed, he rose totteringly to his feet on the still shuddering earth and gazed toward the enemy.

Against the darkness, but startlingly close, a series of magnificent coruscations of multicolored sparks was whirling unceasingly in parabolic rains of fireworks from sources near the ground. He stared for an instant in bewildered admiration at the strange and beautiful spectacle.

Then, as the greenish-white flares, the signal lights, shot up from the battered trenches, he saw the uncouth ponderous bulk of tanks nosing their way, with high blind snouts in the air, over the wrecked entanglements, sparks from their grinding contact with the wire flying over and round them. The attack! He bent down to his box of signal flares and sent up rocket after rocket, red and white, against the paling stars.

Then he turned and dashed along the wrecked trench, clambering over heaps of débris, stumbling into deep craters, straining every nerve to get over the summit of the ridge. About him was an inferno of stunning rending explosions. He ran on as in a dream—desperate, baffled, yet continuing. Something professional in him noted an unfamiliar shell rush; wondered dully what it was. Red fire was burning somewhere, glowing through the choking smoke that reeked across the hillside.

He found himself in a part of the deep communication trench still retaining some of its features. He recognized his whereabouts for a moment, ran on, hearing behind him the thudding of bombs, the hammering of isolated machine guns, the sharp vicious cracks of the weapons carried by the tanks, mingled with the rush and crash of countless shells bursting ever farther across the ridge.

He tripped suddenly over an obstacle, fell with hands outstretched on iron. In the bright red glow that came from somewhere above the lip of the trench he identified the obstacle as he rose. The oxygen cylinders! He gave a glance to his left; saw a man's legs dangling from the middle of a solid mass of clay. It was the pulley attendant, caught by the fall of earth as he peered down the shaft that would not again be opened. The artillery officer only faintly realized the horror that chilled him as he ran on.

The Unfamiliar Hill

He was pulled up short by a sheer wall of earth that barred his progress. He could not identify it. He gazed up, in stupefaction, at a great conical hill rising where no hill had been before, dark against the paling sky. As he staggered back he saw the Red Cross signboard of the first-aid dugout, all askew, protruding from the débris at the foot of the hill. Then, on the right—there had been a trench—the battalion headquarters dugout. He stared at the great bulk of the unfamiliar hill, unable to reconcile it with what he had known. It towered solid above him, on the site where he had left only excavations in the level earth; where he had sat, deep down, with friends in a comfortably furnished cave only a little while before. It looked eternal in its mass in this magically changed landscape.

The artillery officer laughed aloud, the screaming laugh of a maniac who triumphs in his dream that he is the first of men to scale the mountains of the moon. Then he commenced to scramble up the loose earth of the steep side. Below him, round him, was the strange ruddy glow he had already noticed, which he now accepted as an integral part of his unearthly environment. He nodded his head at an internal voice that assured him distinctly that the moon was the abode of devils. The surge of roaring, clashing, fulminating sound that beat round him confirmed him in this acquiescence. He laughed again as he clambered upward, shouting Latin prayers, stray verses from the Bible, which a pious Munich mother had taught him in his boyhood, triumphing in his victory over the diabolic.

At last he reached the top. He rose to his feet and was about to advance when he drew back suddenly. Sheer below was a vast pit from which dense smoke curled and drifted. Far down in the smother of fumes lurked a fierce red smoldering glow. He gazed down, smitten with awe.

He seemed to be two individuals, staring into the gulf. One—an insane one—ejaculated: "*Herr Gott!* The headquarters dugout!" The other—exulting, triumphant, scornful of this incomprehensible madman—shouted, like an antique prophet, justified: "*Disrupta est terra sub pedibus eorum!*" He waved his arms, lost his footing and slipped into the pit.

He slid some distance before an obstruction arrested him, sprawling. He gazed up at the crater's lip, darkly circular against the sky; and as he looked a projectile arrived with an ugly unfamiliar rush. The incomprehensible madman in him identified it with those already heard; wondered as to the burst.

A sheet of flame flashed from the wall of the crater, trickled down toward him in a broad stream of liquid fire.

*German summer time. Five minutes past three A. M. is English summer time.

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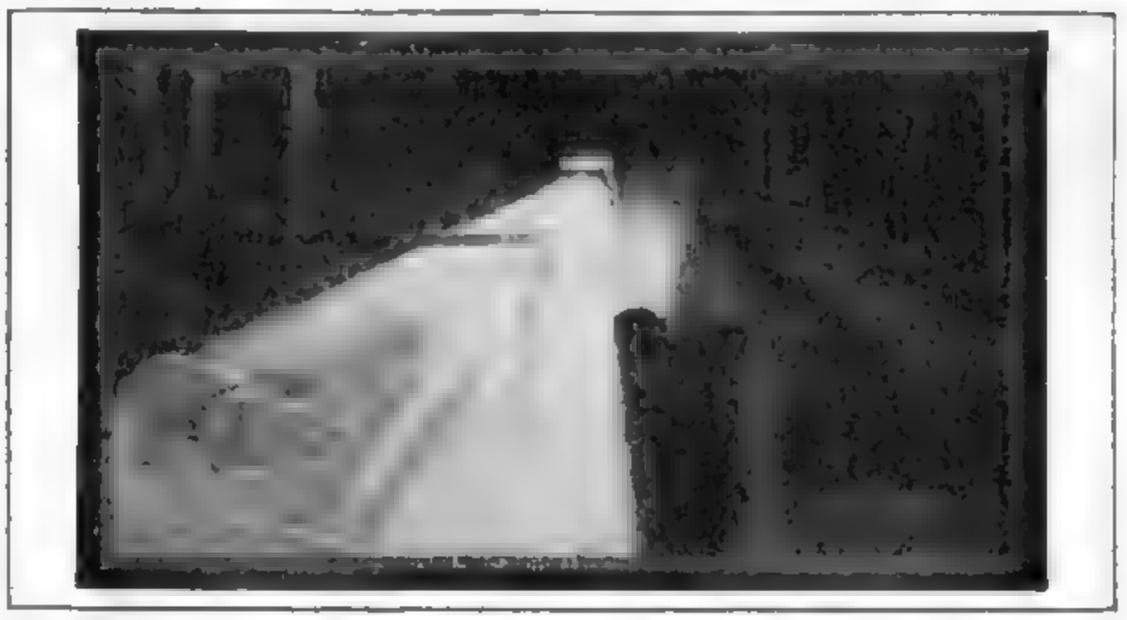
Warner-Lenz Test—Note the Soft, Widespread Light. No Glare Rays, High or Low



Shaft Light Test—Note the Limited Spread and Blinding Glare

Your own comparisons, if you make them, will confirm these engineers. For the Warner-Lenz is in many ways supreme.

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The time has come when old-type lenses must be thrown away. State-wide laws forbid them in 22 states today. Also countless local laws.

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These laws forbid a blinding glare, as everyone knows they should.

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With the Warner-Lenz your full light can be used without restriction. It is legal everywhere. That has been decided by countless authorities. **And by every commission appointed under any state law.**

There are no direct beams, no glare rays. So there are no height restrictions. The Warner-Lenz floods your whole field of vision with a glareless, all-revealing light.

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The Warner-Lenz means vastly better light than the lenses now forbidden. You will never drive without it when you try it once.

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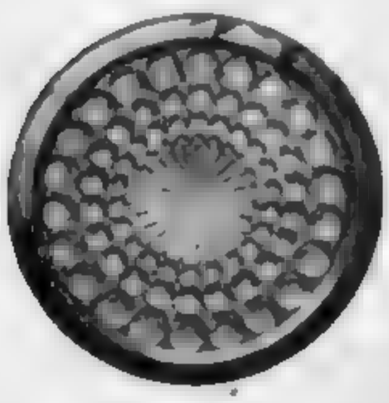
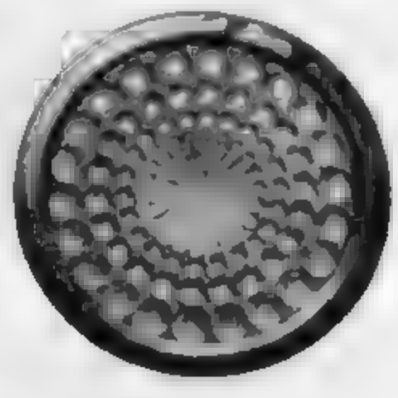
The right lens will make night driving ten times more enjoyable. See your dealer or write to us. Look for the name Warner-Lenz on the glass.



WARNER-LENZ



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Too much depends upon tires to risk mediocrity.

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Vulcanizing under internal air pressure instead of squeezing the tires in rigid metallic molds accomplishes uniform distribution of strain so that each cord bears its proportionate part of the stress.

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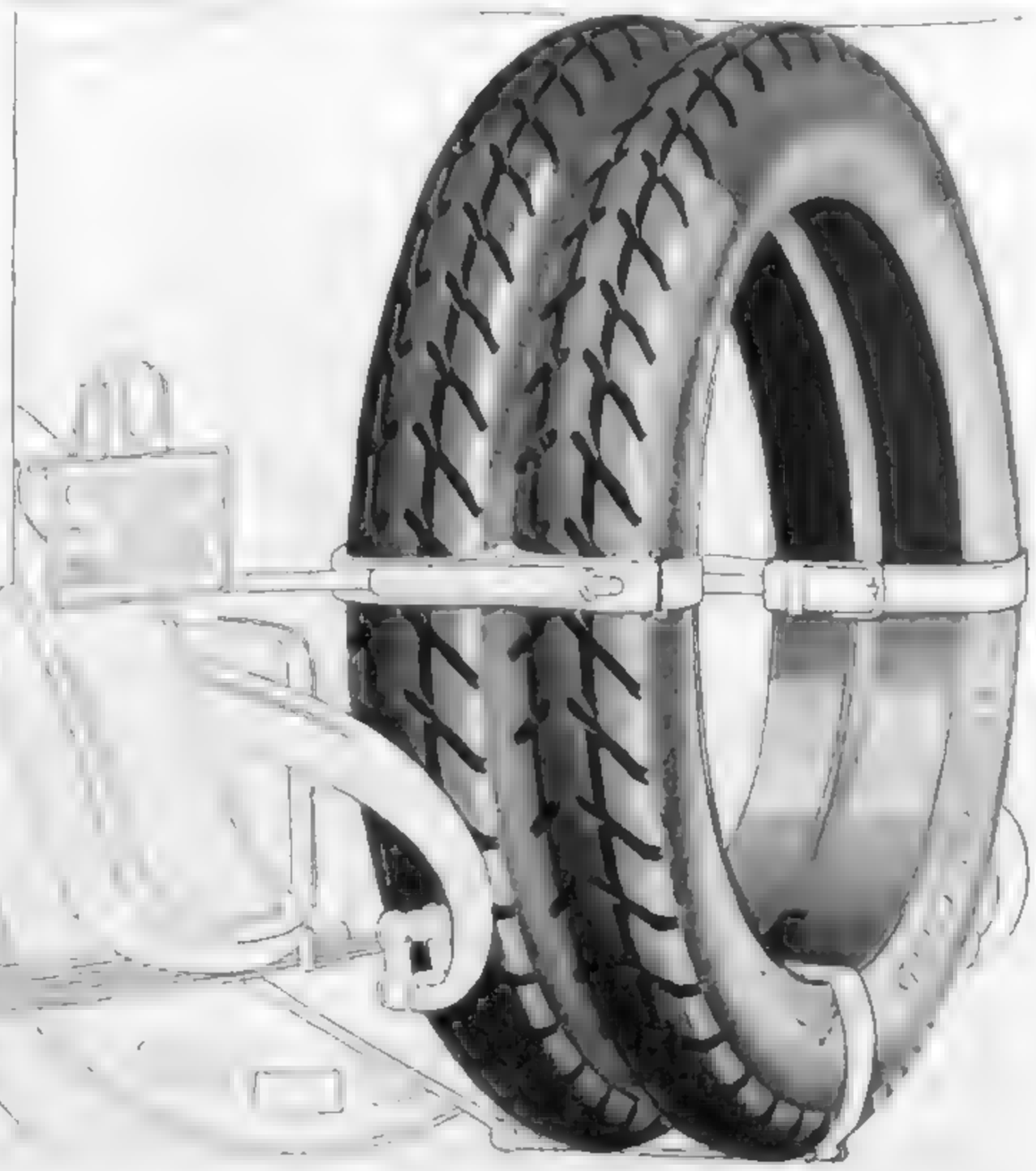

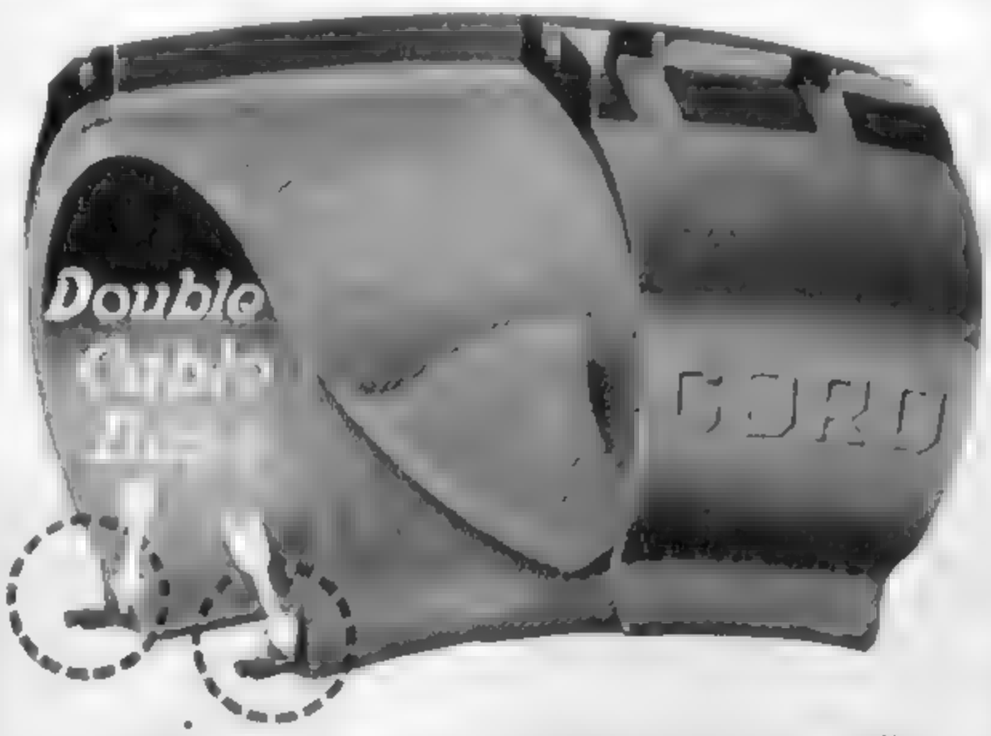

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The Double-Cable-Base contains four steel cables of immense tensile strength, which, embedded in the flexible bead, prevent tube pinching, internal chafing and hold the tire in absolute alignment.

BROTHERS OF CHRIST

(Continued from Page 16)

gilded spires and domes flashing out for miles round, my eyes so dazzled by them all that I could not see the dwellings.

Descending, then, into the streets, and feeling there the draw and urge of the great Revolution, I would start off to some barracks filled with mutinous soldiers, or to the headquarters of some strike. But suddenly on the crowded street I would be stopped by a denser throng gathered before some holy shrine or some dark old chapel. Men, women and children, workingmen and soldiers, too, would stand by hundreds waiting for a chance to get inside, to buy candles and take part in the long solemn service. They would stand oblivious of anything round them.

And like a mighty fortress high in the center of the town stood the Holy Kremlin, an immense walled region of palaces and churches, the place where the Czars of All the Russias came for coronation. Here for countless generations, always upon Easter Eve, a vast concourse of people kept gathering and gathering until they were packed in a solid mass, and so stood waiting through the night for the moment when from one of the churches there should come a burst of song, to be caught up by the multitude, to swell in volume and to roll out over the awakening town. The song was Christ is Risen! As they sang it, strangers would embrace; for that is the way of the Russians. In no other country of the world have I heard the expression "Brothers of Christ."

But all this, you may say, belongs to the past. What of to-day and the future?

To-day there is revolution, so universal and so deep that it is impossible to tell what parts of the nation's life will survive out of the seething fires of change. But this much is sure, that the great Revolution, by which I mean not just a thing of theories and of sudden *coups d'état*, but a heaving of the inner lives of a hundred and eighty million people—this greater upheaval, in its first stage, not consciously but instinctively, held fast to its religious feeling and made it a part of its present joy. In those first wonderful days last spring that so many Russians look back upon with longing and deep hunger now, upon the streets of Petrograd, as the first gray light of a cold March day fell upon happy multitudes, more than once an old familiar song arose and traveled down the streets. And the song was Christ is Risen!

Black Priests and White

Then, as the active leaders plunged into the many problems demanding swift solution, the question of religion was lost in the general chaos. The whole machine of the Orthodox Church was quickly taken over; but what happened there was almost wholly ignored by the radical leaders. For though the Church, for ages part and parcel of the Old Régime, had stood against all progress, they did not deem it vital enough to merit serious attack.

And left to itself, but borne along on the tides of the new democracy, the Church began to reorganize. For if in the councils of Petrograd religion was forgotten it was not so in the villages. The dark people began to turn out their priests or to send petitions to Petrograd that Church abuses should be cured; that this House of God, once run by the Czar in order to keep his peasants down, should now be stripped of its power for harm and given back to the people themselves. Instead of casting it from them they took it closer to their breasts. It was theirs, and they would run it themselves, and build a church democracy wherein all men should not only in word but in very truth be brothers of Christ.

This feeling spread to larger towns; it traveled silently over the land. Like so many other forces working in Russian life to-day, its voice was not heard round the world; its doings were not featured in great headlines in the press, because there was nothing sensational there. But there was something very deep.

"The Russian Orthodox Church," I was told by Mr. Charles R. Crane, who has been in Russia many times and has studied the Church for twenty years, "has worked the only orderly revolution in the land. Urged on and firmly supported by the people everywhere, it purged itself of abuses and drove out numberless priests and monks who had been known to be corrupt and many higher officials subservient to the Old Régime. In little village meetings they elected delegates—plain peasants, men and women; and these delegates met in larger towns, and from these district congresses other delegates were sent to great provincial assemblies.

"I saw the one in Moscow. There thousands of men and women, a large part of them simple peasant folk, elected a Metropolitan, an official in the priesthood who ranks higher than an archbishop. And for this office they chose a man who, though he had been active in church work, was not a member of the clergy—either of the Black Priests or the White.

"The Black Priests are the monks; the White are the priests in the churches, who know the people's needs. The latter have always, therefore, been close to the common life; and in their ranks were included the more progressive elements. 'Progressive' sounds incongruous when applied to the Russian Church; but you would be surprised to hear some of the younger White Priests talk. Many of them, it seems to me, have caught the essential spirit of the Revolution, though its excesses have passed them by."

Democracy in the Church

"The congregations so organized have resolved to take over all the immense and ill-defined church property, to be managed henceforth by boards of trustees elected by the people themselves. As time goes on the people in every church in Russia will probably have a voice in choosing all church officials. On the other hand, they are not for wholly breaking past ties with the Government.

"'Let the Church remain,' they say, 'a part of the new Government; but let there be no more persecution of other religious sects in the land. There must be real freedom of worship in the new republic.'"

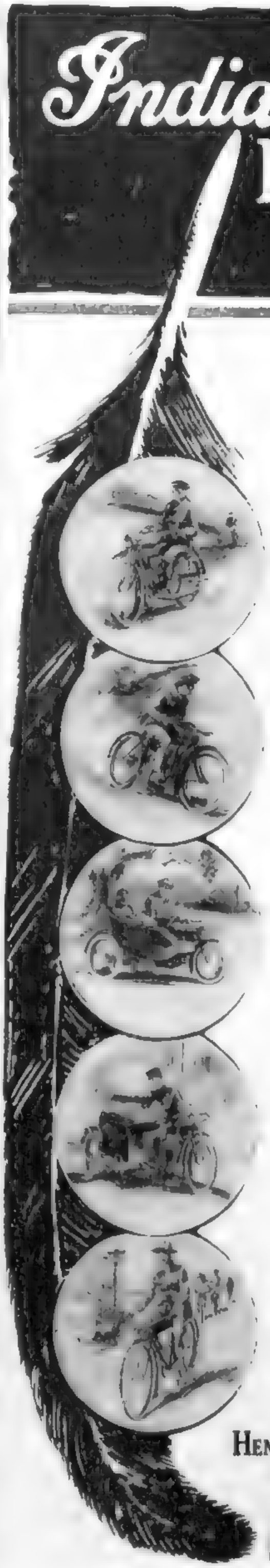
So democracy is coming into the Church, and this may affect in no small degree the greater democracy outside. For sooner or later the nation will come under the control of a Government elected by all the Russian people; and in the elections everywhere, but especially in the villages, the influence of the new Church is likely to be considerable—if not in the first elections, then in the succeeding ones.

Last summer the Cadets, the great Liberal party in Russia, were already counting on this. Several of their leaders told me how, in the campaign they were planning to make in the villages, they relied on the support of the village priests all over the land.

"The peasants are not ready," said one, "to do without religion. They still have a deep belief in God. So they'll keep the priests they feel they can trust, and these priests will be a restraining force. The peasant will soon find himself confronted by urgent problems demanding for their solution abler and clearer minds than his own. The Bolsheviki will fail him there, for they are not practical builders; and so, as he has always done, he will turn to the former landowner, the country doctor, teacher, village merchant, village priest. And the priest will not be last of these. So the new Church will be one of those forces that steadily rise through the months and years, while the voices that are so loud to-day will little by little die away."

With another Cadet I went one day, in a certain large city of Russia, to an old palace where in the past a long succession of high officials had lived in pomp and ceremony, holding little courts of their own. All that has been done away with now. A priest led us into a large somber room, heavily furnished; and as we entered there rose to meet us a huge handsome man in a black gown. His hair was long and he had a great silky beard of brown; his voice was deep and musical. He was one of those liberal bishops who have been allowed to remain.

"Russia is in a bad time," he said; "but I'm sure the good God will help us. For the Russians are the most devoutly religious people in the world. They have wandered a little; but they will turn back. And their wanderings will have done much good; for they are struggling to bring democracy into our Russian life—and Russia needs democracy. We shall never return to the Old Régime. A constitutional monarchy is



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Over 2,500 Indian dealers everywhere are equipped for this big get-together occasion—to show you the 1918 Indian models, explain them, instruct you in their operation, demonstrate them, entertain you, give you useful souvenirs.

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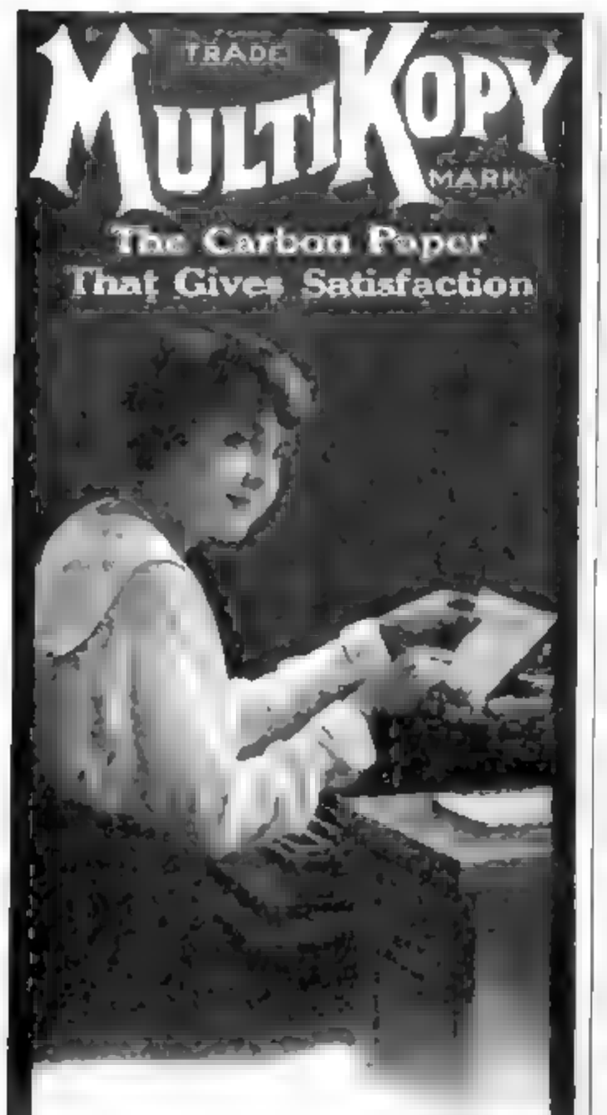

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Secure advancement

There is a double reason why you should use MultiKopy Carbon Paper.

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We shall be glad to send you sample sheets of MultiKopy Carbon Paper so that you can see for yourself how to improve the quality of your work through its use.

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perhaps just possible; but I am doubtful even of that, for I know our people so well. They love republics and congresses; they love to gather and discuss and feel that everything is in their hands.

"Before they are through the great land estates must surely go; and that is right, for we want more equality here. Just how it is to be managed is, of course, a difficult question; but, though our people make many mistakes, I know they will manage it right in the end. Because that is their way—mistakes and time wasted, but at last a solution truly great. And in all their trials and failures they will perhaps have learned something deeper than the other nations learn by hastening on in practical ways without this searching of hearts and souls. Before Russia comes through this crisis she will have drawn so close to the great bleeding heart of humanity that she will believe forevermore in the brotherhood of all mankind.

"I hope that after this terrible war all peoples will be brothers in Christ. And yet I want to see each nation keep its selfhood. You must remain Americans; we Russians must stay Russians—and then, meeting as eternal friends, we shall have the more to give to each other.

"We shall have more to give than some of you dream. I see for Great Russia a future now that may spread its influence over the world—not as the Germans spread their *Kultur*, but simply by the power of a religious brotherhood so vast that all the world shall feel how good it is to be our friends.

"But make no mistake. To build such a nation we must put a stop to the wild ideas now being preached by the Bolsheviki and their kind. If such men had a use at the start they are no longer needed now. And they are more dangerous to real Russian democracy than any enemies from without. They do not believe in democracy. If they could they would seize the whole government and force their ideas on the nation, whether the people consented or not. And their ideas can lead only to confusion and despair.

"We who know the truth have been silent too long. The time has come for speaking out. I have begun already to preach openly against them. And it is not only the Bolsheviki; even in the Provisional Government are many men who are going too far. Their Ministry of Education has already taken from the Church its thirty-five thousand schools for the children. This is unjust, and it is wrong. Compulsory religious instruction is necessary to every child. The new Church must be given more power, not less—for a true democracy cannot be imposed from above; it must grow up out of the hearts and minds of all the people in the land. And the mass of the Russian people still hold to their deep faith in God."

The Real Soul of Russia

To look into this matter of schools, a few days later, in Petrograd, I went to the Ministry of Education. I was told that the Kerensky Government had taken over the church schools because, as a whole, they were so poor. In the smaller schools there were only the village priests as instructors; and even in the larger schools the system was most backward.

"But," said the official, "this will not mean the end of religious instruction. For here is a significant fact: At the time we took over the schools it was announced by an immense education committee of teachers and workingmen and soldiers, who have set themselves to watch over us, that our action in regard to church schools meant that religious instruction was now to be abolished. But instantly from the peasants in all sections of the land there went up such a cry of protest that we have had to repudiate the committee's proclamation."

The peasants insisted last summer that religious instruction be retained. Have they changed since then, or will they oppose the attempt of the Bolsheviki now to seize church property everywhere, close up church institutions by thousands, and at once abolish religious teaching in the schools? In France, when the radical government there did the same thing a decade ago, there was not enough opposition to keep the plan from working out. But for Russia I have my doubts.

On the other hand, there may still be changes far more sweeping than the reforms already enacted in the Church. Not only its organization but its ritual and its faith may be swept away like chaff; and the glittering hierarchy of saints, of angels and archangels may fade like an empty dream. Their heaven, which in the past reflected the despotism down below, may now reflect the democracy. The ethical side of religion may be given dominance, and so the Church may win a place in the life of New Russia as a practical aid to men, its work bound up as never before in the weal and woe of their daily lives.

It was so in the olden days; for the early Russian saints were more than religious teachers. They taught weaving, spinning, carpentry; they were pioneers in many crafts; and they themselves went out into the fields to work and teach the peasants how to increase their harvests. All men should live like brothers, and God helps him who helps himself—such were their guiding principles. And there have been many churchmen since to carry on the tradition of that sturdy brotherhood. They have not been found in the Orthodox Church, as a rule, but in the other religious sects, which have grown despite savage repression.

For religion in Russia is a wider, deeper force than any church can contain within its walls. And it is this greater religion—this instinctive reverence toward life, this inborn brotherly feeling toward men—that is so likely to endure.

"If you want to find out what our nation will be," said a friend of mine in Moscow, "don't look at the storm on the surface, but into the waters underneath—not so many fathoms deep. You will find the real soul of Russia there—not just a thing of theories, of what a few dreamers would like us to be, but what we Russians have really been; what we are and what we shall be."

The Old Believers

And he took me to the Old Believers. These people are a religious sect that once belonged to the Russian Church. But in the fifteenth century the Church, on account of its teaching of the brotherhood of Christ, was considered dangerous by the growing autocracy. It was therefore made a part of the government. But there were many who refused to be so annexed to despotism. They clung to the old freedom; they refused to change their ways; they kept their church as it had been; and were called the Old Believers.

Surviving the most merciless persecutions for hundreds of years, they came through the fires hardened; for to keep alive they had to be strong. Nearly half of them were Cossacks, who lived out on the rough frontiers, and all of them were pioneers. From their midst have come not only most of the great modern farmers in Russia, but most of the inventors, too, and the manufacturers. To-day they are eight million strong, and are spreading everywhere. They may be a powerful factor in the building of the new nation.

"We are old believers in new things," one of their leaders told me. "Long ago, when the Czar of Russia emancipated all the serfs, one of our bishops said to him: 'This new thing you have done is only part of our old belief—in liberty and brotherhood.' And it has been so ever since. For the deepest part of our belief is our faith in the progress of mankind, through liberty and mutual aid, and hard work and education—always learning what is new—up the great long road to God."

At first they did not seem like that. When I entered their principal church, out on the edge of Moscow, I felt as though I were in a big tomb, where all that was old had been preserved. I had come from crowded meeting halls and from scenes of violence. I had felt revolution on every hand. And this church seemed to me as dead as the past. A ponderous place of heavy arches and graystone, its walls and vaulted ceilings were thickly studded with heavy gold frames, from which innumerable saints stared down; and the great bronze gate that led into the choir glinted rich red from the setting sun. It was quiet here. Only one woman sat in a pew, and farther forward a workingman stood, with his gray cap in his hand; and, with one foot advanced a bit on one side, he kept up a queer jerky swaying, half forward and half sidewise—their manner of making obeisance to God. From the front of the church two groups of priests, in plain black gowns, droned back and forth, intoning in harsh singsong.

When the ceremony had come to an end a tall young priest, with long black hair and grave, serene, clear, smiling eyes, took us back into the choir; and there he showed us many old books—huge tomes of music, with a form of notation the world has left behind; old manuscripts, with the large gray pages nearly rotting to decay and pasted on new leaves to preserve them. That was it. To preserve the old; to keep alive the peace and quiet of the past—this seemed the whole purpose of the place.

From the church we were taken to a small low cabin near by, where lived the archbishop who was the head of the Old Believers. And at once the whole atmosphere changed. Though this churchman had in his congregation many great manufacturers, he preferred to live in this rude cabin of four small rooms. In the room in which he received us the log walls were unplastered and the floor was of bare planks. Our heads nearly touched the ceiling. There were a table and a few stout wooden chairs, and an icon in one corner. And flanked on each side by two huge priests, black-gowned giants, with long hair, stood by all odds the strongest man that I had seen in Russia.

The archbishop was perhaps sixty-five, but he was as straight as an arrow still. He wore a black gown, and on his head was a tall round purple hat. My attention was caught at once by his face; by the indomitable strength in the bearded jaw and resolute eyes. Here indeed was a priest whose body and soul had, through frugal living and constant strict self-discipline, been shaped and hardened to a strength of will and faith that was now guiding eight million people. His attendant priests were of a simpler kind, eagerly listening, friendly souls.

We were there for several hours. We supped at the bare table, on clear tea and jam, and small round biscuits as hard as crusts. These had been sent, the archbishop explained, as a gift from his Cossack relatives down south. The tea was in our honor, for the Old Believers, as a rule, do not drink tea or coffee—much less any fermented drink. As we supped and the archbishop talked I kept watching that face of hard solid muscle and those keen gray flashing eyes. Through the deep little window in the log wall the last rays of the sun shone upon him.

The Archbishop's Views

"I have been for the war from the start," he declared. "To drive it through to victory—this is in my Cossack blood. I have been a little doubtful of late; but now again I have strong belief. We must keep faith with our allies. I am preaching war, and I am sending our priests to the Front to preach it there. There can be no peace between Free Russia and the man who rules from Berlin. The Cossacks will never submit to such rule. We have had enough of despots. This war must be fought through to the end.

"When we heard that the United States, the great republic, would stand by our side, our hearts all sprang for gladness. Never mind if you are of another creed. I know you are a free people. And when such a people throws in its lot with ours then we are sure to win. It shows that, though there is only one God, there are many ways of finding him; and we know that you must have found him, too—because you are free, and freedom is the only path by which men can climb to God. In our creeds we may be different, but we are brothers of Christ in arms.

"It is absolutely needful to draw close now to America and bind ourselves together both in trade and industry; because there is no way of bringing real freedom to our land except through the practical knowledge that has made your country what it is. To be free we must be strong. We must have three things—first, moral and technical education for every man, woman and child; second, all kinds of modern machines; and third, the political, social and economic organization required in order to apply the education to the machines.

"Broad moral education and practical instruction, these must be bound together as tight as though they were one word. If you want a good engineer or a farmer or a business man, you must train him in such a way that there shall be a continual grip between the scientific side of your training and the perception of the child. One child learns theories out of a book—and he will be a weakling. Another learns things out

(Continued on Page 69)

50,000 HUDSON SUPER-SIXES

Each one a Guarantee of this New Series

No one really in touch with motor car values now asks concerning the detail specifications of the Hudson Super-Six.

In the sale of more than 20,000 cars last year, few buyers wanted such particulars. Thousands did not even care to see under the hood. They offered as explanation of their seeming disinterestedness that they were not themselves competent judges of such matters and that they chose the Super-Six because of what they knew it had done in serving persons they knew.

They said they had read with interest and perhaps some skepticism the statements made about the car when it was first announced. They were not sure that the Super-Six motor gave greater power than other motors of equal size and that they did not understand the Hudson patented principle which minimized vibration and assured longer motor and car life. They explained that they were conservative buyers, not given to buying new things. But they had followed the performance record of the Super-Six, they had talked with any number of Hudson Super-Six owners and they in that manner had come to feel its reliability. It was that which had persuaded them to choose the Super-Six and so why should they show any more interest in such details than one would display in buying a watch? No one asks concerning the construction of the main spring. What they want to know is whether the movement is a reliable timekeeper.

So much assurance concerning the Super-Six is at hand wherever one inquires that we refer prospective buyers to what the public has to say about it.

But there is a particular about the Hudson line that everyone must want to know. A trained mind is not needed to appreciate the beauty and completeness of the ten different body models in which it is now to be had. Examine the new Hudsons from the side of their charm of line and the completeness of their appointments, and rely upon what all motordom says for the Hudson as your guide.

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Detroit, Mich.

Easy Inventory

Two men—the buying and merchandising head of a department store and the other in charge of the Burroughs division of the business—took 60 days' stock in a day and a half.

One of the partners was amazed at the accuracy with which the Burroughs operator was able to read off to him the items and prices as he did when they were read off to him.

"Inventory Never Interferes with Our Service"

Says A. T. VAUGHAN, President Vaughan & Marcy, Inc., Jewelers, Greenville, S. C.

"To talk about 'business as usual' at inventory time may sound queer to the merchant to whom inventory's still a big and troublesome job. But inventory doesn't upset anything with us, and we don't have to treat our customers perfunctorily — losing business and good will — while it's going on.

"And even with taking normal care of our trade and the development of our business during inventory period, we get the job finished in a day and a half—instead of the full week it used to take us before we had our Burroughs Figuring Machine.

"I don't see how any store can afford the inaccuracies of the old way of writing inventory items and figuring them mentally—to say nothing of the time it takes and the sales it loses. And that goes double for the small store that's growing—*or that would be growing if its figure-facts were right.* If our Burroughs Machine were not paying for itself several times a year on our daily figure work (which it is) we'd have it for inventory alone and be sure that it was a profitable investment."

Its Use on Inventory is an "Extra"

The Burroughs Machine that Mr. Vaughan talks about really helps him run his business, because it gives him—every day—scores of *important facts* about his sales and profits that he wouldn't be able to get and use without it. The things that every merchant has to know, and has to watch, and has to be sure of, never get away from the merchant who puts all his figure work up to a Burroughs.

98 Burroughs Models—One for You

The wide range of Burroughs Models includes a Burroughs for any business—large or small.

Consult your banker or telephone book for the address of the nearest of the 189 Burroughs offices in the United States and Canada.

Burroughs offices are also maintained in the principal cities abroad.

FIGURING AND BOOKKEEPING MACHINES
PREVENT COSTLY ERRORS—SAVE VALUABLE TIME

PRICED AS LOW AS $125

Burroughs

(Continued from Page 66)

of books by instantly binding everything there to what he sees in his real life—and that child will grow to be strong. If you want to make a banker, let the child play at running a bank—with cashiers, money and all the rest; for so, while his mind is sensitive, he will learn the very essence of business, and will soon grow keen and shrewd. And you must also make him fair. We Old Believers have schools like that; we have started them in the last few years. And this method works with children almost like a miracle of God. For children love to imitate.

"So our schools teach children all kinds of technicalities. But we teach, too, the moral side. The stories of the lives of our early saints in Russia, with all their practical work for the people, are wonderful books for our children still; for they teach them the real essence of a strong deep brotherhood. We insist upon strict discipline; for our boys and girls will need high minds and the purest souls—most of all in a free country, because there success will come only to the most vigorous fighter, and he must be clad in armor of deepest purity in his life.

"We forbid our people to drink vodka, brandy, wine or beer, or even tea or coffee; or to smoke tobacco—first, because it hurts the health, and we are against suicide, whether it be fast or slow; and second, because any Russian who buys such unproductive luxuries from foreign lands is no true Russian patriot.

"Two hundred and fifty years ago we warned the Russian people that by bringing in such foreign stuffs their government wished to force them under the yoke of foreign finance, to make them weak in body and soul, and then to keep them down as slaves by the threat of foreign armies. For after the German merchant comes the German soldier.

"So we have forbidden such luxuries; and our people have obeyed. And if you wish to see the result you need only look at the Old Believers, who for generations have been bred in such clean living. Few people know the happiness that comes to a man when his body and soul are clean all through. For myself, I am a strong man, and hard physical labor gives me joy. And look at my priests. They are giants. One of them teaches the children here, and he loves to have them run and shriek. It is fine for their lungs and for their souls, for he teaches them in every game that all must be done in such a way as to hurt no child; there must be nothing coarse. The girls play with the boys and work by their side, and there must be nothing to offend."

The Age of Persecution

"You ask about our women. They have their place beside the men. This modern talk of suffrage which comes to us from foreign lands is only one of the many new things that is a part of our old belief; for in the days of frontier life we worked not only through our men but always through our women too. We had women pioneers as shrewd as you could dream of. Why not make full use of them? Why throw away the strength and skill of half our population?

"So we have given our women a voice in the management of our affairs; in our schools the girls are taught with the boys; and in many of our churches—the heart and center of our life—you will find women deacons and priests. And that is as it should be. For God, who is all-powerful, could have chosen another vessel out of which to create a man—but instead he chose a woman. And so she is not to be despised in any way or manner.

"You say you have never heard of us. That is very natural. We have done all our work in the quietest way, because for over two centuries, up to the year 1905, we had been persecuted. The Jews in Russia loudly complain of the persecutions they have endured; but at least they were allowed to worship unmolested, while we, because of our belief, were burned by thousands at the stake. A savage old Czar once said to his people:

"'If you find an Old Believer, get a pile of firewood; and bring him there and ask him three times whether he renounces his faith. If he refuses, burn him. If he consents, do not believe him. Burn him; burn him all the same; burn him into ashes!'

"If you measure revolutionists by what they have suffered for their faith, then we are the real revolutionists. We lived in hiding for two hundred years, in remote and savage regions—the southern steppes, the Caucasus, Turkestan, Siberia and the Altai Mountains. Under Catherine the Great, that woman with a Teuton soul, German customs fast increased and Germany fastened her hold on us all. Against these ominous changes we Old Believers fought like men, and in punishment our churches everywhere were sealed by the law. We had to pray in secret rooms, or else to build our churches and monasteries far out on the steppes, high up in the mountains, or deep within the forests.

"But all this made us pioneers. To survive, we must be strong; and we found that a man is not strong by himself, but only when he joins with his fellows, each one helping all the rest. We had been brought into contact with simple people everywhere, and the simple Russian peasant is used to the brotherhood idea. We studied all his methods and he taught us self-support. So we had a natural education, and on this we grew and thrived. When we came to a place we brought commerce there. We started vast farming on the steppes down in the South; and on the lower Volga we started steamboat service, the first to be seen in Russia. We also were the first to use naphtha as fuel instead of coal.

"An Old Believer long ago invented the steam engine—before Watt was born. A whole chain of our industries sprang up on the left bank of the Volga. Carefully developing each industry from small to great, our motto was always Slow but Sure! We started cotton spinning in Russia. From our ranks came the famous Morosof and most of the other Cotton Kings. Read the list of the wealthiest Russian manufacturers and bankers and farmers on a tremendous scale, and you will find that more than half belong to our church."

Dry Farming on the Steppes

"My relatives own and manage big flour mills down in the South. They use the most modern machinery, and I love to study their work. It is a fine and wholesome thing for a churchman to understand machines, for to-day we live in a machine age. For the flour mills, I consider that Tantz, in Budapest, and Wolf, in Magdeburg, have been making the finest engines; but there are some almost as good now being made in Switzerland. The English are too conservative. They won't use superheated steam to lessen the consumption of fuel.

"Your countrymen do better. Your American reapers and binders are being used by our Cossacks all over the steppes down in the South. One of these great Cossack farmers owns one hundred thousand dessiatines [about two hundred and fifty thousand acres] of the very best black soil; and, with your American machines, he turns over to wheat alone ten thousand dessiatines a year. He has also started a model experimental dairy farm, with over seven hundred cows; and he is buying his machines from Denmark.

"So our people have worked in the South. Down there you may travel for hundreds of versts and see only the wild grass of the steppe. But then suddenly you will come to an Old Believer colony. You will find it like an oasis there, and you will feel that the best prayer to God is to turn a hundred dessiatines of wild land into rich fields and orchards.

"At first our fellows suffered from the dry climate of the steppes. To remedy this they tried the system of subsoil packing, invented by an American whose name is Campbell. This was a help, but not a real cure. For myself, I had deeper faith in the process of slow irrigation. In Egypt, fifteen years ago, I closely watched the English way of inundating the fields from the Nile. But I was strongly against it. When the waters subsided they left a hard crust, which broke the roots of the tender young plants. So when I came back we invented a hoe that makes a deep narrow crevice in the soil, which lets the water come in very slowly. The soil imbibes it as it comes, so that there is no hard crust on top; and the earth underneath is just right for the plant—at the minimum consumption of water.

"In 1903 we started large-scale experiments on this plan, with the result that one dessiatine of irrigated soil, which formerly had yielded from fifteen to twenty poods of wheat of a standard of 27 zolotnika, the next year yielded 117 poods of a standard of 37, and in the succeeding year 125 poods

Look for the Top Notch Cross on the Sole

Better Looking, Longer Lasting Rubbers

TOP NOTCH Rubbers make the feet look small. They are made just as dressy and stylish as the very latest and most up-to-date shoes. They fit the shoe so closely and perfectly that you'd scarcely know you had rubbers on. No more heavy, clumsy looking rubbers for you after you have once worn the Top Notch kind.

And how they wear! You would scarcely believe it possible for us to put such wear into such light rubbers. The secret lies in the fact that they have patented *heels* that last as long as the *soles*, and are strongly reinforced at all the vital points of wear.

TOP NOTCH
BEACON FALLS
RUBBER FOOTWEAR

There is a Top Notch dealer in almost every city and town who can supply you with Top Notch rubbers or arctics in all sizes—for men, women and children. You get real service at the Top Notch store. The Top Notch dealer has to pay a little more for Top Notch goods but he knows that they are the most economical rubbers his customers can buy because they give such long service and satisfaction.

Write for attractive booklet and the name of the Top Notch dealer in your town or city.

Beacon Falls Rubber Shoe Company
Dept. C, Beacon Falls, Conn.

These Are Delicious!

It's a treat to select your favorite biscuits or to sample a new style from a rack like this! No waiting for the grocer to move even a single can. Here they are ready for you, as tempting an assortment of dainty, nourishing biscuits as ever came out of an oven.

Sunshine Biscuits

Fresh, crisp, flavored—Sunshine quality every last biscuit of them: "Clover Leaves," meltingly luscious; "Hydrox," the king of biscuits, rich in chocolate and cream; "Orbit," a delightfully crunchy, nut-flavored wafer.

Sunshine biscuits cover every variety. They offer a delectable choice for every course from soup through salad and dessert. And for those little occasions, too, where you pride yourself on being a clever hostess. Glance over this Sunshine rack at your grocer's today.

Loose-Wiles Biscuit Company
Bakers of Sunshine Biscuits
BRANCHES IN OVER 100 CITIES

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"It's lucky the floor is Valsparred"—

Did you ever notice the many *shabby spots* around most front doors?

Usually it isn't *wear* that causes these spots, but *water*. Wet feet come tramping in, umbrellas drip, and snow is carried in on shoes.

Or, worse yet, a severe storm will cause rain-water to leak in under the door until it lies in pools on the floor, *as shown in the above illustration.*

When these things happen, if your door and floor are varnished with Valspar, you don't worry—

—because Valspar is absolutely immune from damage by water and will not turn white.

VALENTINE'S VALSPAR
The Varnish That Won't Turn White

Valspar not only resists water, hot or cold: it is also proof against all sorts of liquids that are spilled or splashed on woodwork and furniture, such as coffee, tea, cologne, ammonia, etc.

For these reasons, and because it is so durable, Valspar is *the most popular varnish made for general household use.*

Use it wherever you need varnish, indoors or out, to *protect and preserve* your floors, woodwork, and furniture.

Special Offer

If you wish to test Valspar send 20c in stamps and we will send you enough Valspar to finish a small table or chair.

VALENTINE & COMPANY
458 Fourth Avenue, New York
Largest Manufacturers of High-grade Varnishes in the World

Established 1832
New York Chicago Boston VALENTINE'S VARNISHES (Trade Mark) Toronto London Amsterdam
W. P. FULLER & Co., San Francisco and principal Pacific Coast Cities

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of a standard of 42. The expense of irrigation for each dessiatine was from eight to ten rubles for teams and ditching and about four rubles more for the special hoeing required. This entire expense was more than paid back from the first year's produce."

I listened in deepening surprise. I had met archbishops in my time, but never before one like this!

"I have no doubt," he continued, "that over on your American plains you have worked out a wonderful system of irrigation. How I should like to go there and see exactly how it is done! But I have little time to travel. I made that trip to Egypt because Christ, the Great Brother, was exiled there, and I wished to see where he had gone with the Madonna in her flight. Then I went to Bethlehem, and my sinful mortal eyes saw the place where He was born; and I was most indignant that they had converted the spot from its old simplicity into a mere place of show in order to tempt the travelers. But then I swam in the Jordan and felt new blood flow through my veins.

"Most of all was my soul impressed by the infinite calm of the Mount of Olives. I sat there at night looking up at the stars and was struck by the absolute silence. I felt the vault of heaven was so much deeper in that spot, and the stars were so much brighter. At times I thought I heard a sound as of Wise Men coming from the East.

"On that trip I asked myself: 'When we remember the Carpenter, how can we have any contempt for toil?' Saint Paul was a sailmaker; the other disciples were plain fishing folk. And that is how we must plan our lives. We must teach our people the very best and most scientific farming; they must have healthy, normal work; because this is the way to make them like Christ. In Egypt I went to the Pyramids and saw those useless monuments; and I felt the worst of the Pharaohs was that they had used infinite human toil on unproductive labor. This was why their armies of slaves had to be flogged to keep them at work. For at building useless things the spirit of a man rebels; but real productive achievement stimulates any mortal on earth."

Productive Work Needed

"And so it must be in Russia to-day. Productive work is what we need, and it is there that you can help. So I am trying to decide how the Old Believers, with all our great farms and industries, can be used to bring your American business, industry and invention into close touch with Russia in the months and years ahead. There is no use in mere sweet words about being brother republics. To do business we need not words but deeds!

"How to make Russia really free? This cannot be done by words alone, or even by mere political changes. We need a deeper freedom, which goes into life itself. And we are the Old Believers who have always believed in that. We fought against the changes that brought slavery to this land. When they began by making the Church the slave to their autocracy, like the Prophet Samuel we warned the foolish people who were eager to have a king. And because we gave this warning we were burned alive and flogged to death. But still we stood against the Czar. And we said in our proclamation last spring, when the Revolution started:

"'The Czar cannot emanate from God any more than could a king in the days described in the Holy Book. A czar and a king and a kaiser—all are pagans; all alike. Robbery and aggression are the children of autocracy. This strong imperialistic robber hunger is the force that made Germany wage this bloody war against the whole world, which wants to be free. Therefore, brothers, we must fight!'

"So read our proclamation: 'The Provisional Government,' we declared, 'is the only legal Government now; and, therefore, we must follow it. We must pay all our taxes, and do every service in good faith and in the very best possible way. But meantime we must take care to elect to the Constitutional Assembly only men devoted to the best interests of the land; we must choose none who are ignorant or selfish or dogmatic. On our choice of these men hangs the fate of our land. For now, brothers, we are to make no divine but a human institution. And yet we must try to make it divine—for this is real democracy.'

"So we believe and so we have worked. Our followers have had no part in socialist propaganda of any kind that is unwise. For the sound part of socialism we have only liking; but so much of it is nonsense and can do Russia only harm. We do not believe in suddenly giving all power to the government to own and run our industries, and our very lives as well.

"Our plan for building a nation is, first, to gather its citizens into small congregations like ours—which are not solely religious concerns, but manage education, too, and all the vital business of life—and then very slowly, one by one, to weld all these cooperative groups into a solid body in such a way that, though each is largely independent, it is still bound to all the rest. So we shall build not only a church but a state, which will be a democracy of coöperation and brotherhood."

He took us into his bedroom, a most severe little chamber, with a narrow iron bed, and a bare floor only a foot from the earth. Here he lived in summer and winter alike. On the log walls, on every side, hung many sacred icons.

"These icons," he said, "are all to go to a new monastery of ours, where the monks will work on a great model farm, and so will not only support themselves but will teach all the people round them the best ways of tilling the soil. Coöperation is our idea. Our works of irrigation are only another form of it, and they have met with huge success."

The Coöperative Idea

"So we shall spread the plan through our life—to work together as brothers and then divide the produce in shares. Nothing hasty; nothing wild. In a steady practical way we shall form joint stock concerns for farming and for industry. Coöperation and brotherhood—the world is coming to that in this age. If you don't keep up you are beaten. And we shall not be beaten; for, like freedom, so, too, cooperation is a part of our old belief.

"This faith of ours is like a seed that has had no chance to grow. But we have guarded it, deep down in the ground, until now at last, when freedom is here, our seed can spring up everywhere. It shall be scattered far and wide. Our eight million Old Believers are already in every part of the land, not only on farms but in the towns. We are in no hurry. We want strong men. A few such recruits are better than many eager weaklings. One-fourth of us are Cossacks. Over half of the Cossacks belong to our church.

"Many Russian workingmen, in the present Revolution, are drawn toward the syndicalist view. And syndicalism is dangerous. It would have the ignorant workers seize the factories and mills, and try to run them—all at once. And this would mean ruin and chaos; all Russia would be as dark as night. But the quiet brother of syndicalism is coöperation; and in the months and years to come we shall lead the workingmen away from the wild to the quiet brother. We shall seize nothing; but year by year we shall bring the workers together into industrial brotherhoods to buy and own and operate every industry.

"This plan fits the Russian mind. Do you know that in the last ten years the cooperative societies have gained twelve million members? And remember that these represent at least fifty million men and women and children. Such has been the response in ten years; and in this the future of Russia lies; for coöperation suits the Slavs. And real coöperation leads to the brotherhood of Christ."

I left this priest in his cabin, with deep hope for Russia's future. I wonder where he is to-day and what he is doing! What is Russia really doing? Under all the turmoil there, what forces and what purposes that mold a nation's destiny are working in the silent waters—fathoms deep beneath the storm?

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Parched with thirst, under skies of burning brass, lies another victim of the withering hot, DRY air of the desert.

The moisture in the sunken water hole is just beyond his reach, and but for timely relief the desert would claim another victim.

What is true of the story told in the picture—is also true of the conditions in many homes.

Because of an unhealthful heating plant, the air is dry-as-a-bone. The rooms are hot, stuffy, stifling. The house is full of poisonous gases. The result is coughs, colds, headaches attack the family. The strong become languid, inefficient; the vitality of children is lowered and they become susceptible to myriads of deadly diseases, including pneumonia and tuberculosis.

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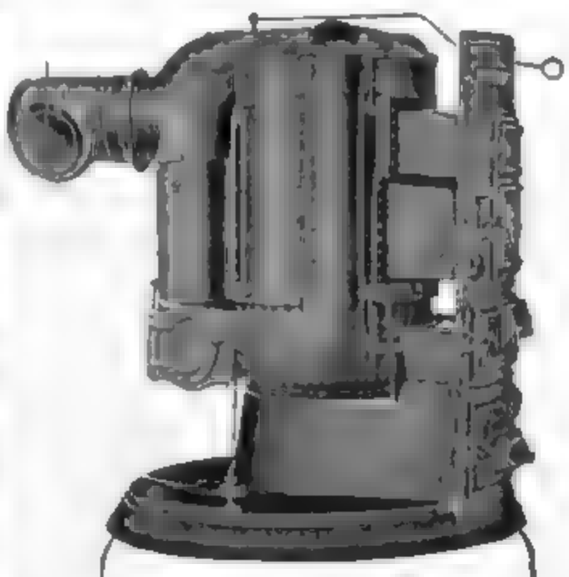
The Round Oak Moistair Heating System keeps a **constant current of delightful, warm, fresh, clean air** circulating throughout the house. It automatically **humidifies** this air—keeps it **moist** and **healthful**—free from dust, dirt, gas and disease germs! Once installed by our authorized dealer it will end your heating troubles for life.



Five Star Points of Round Oak Supremacy

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***Health** The one heating system that automatically ventilates and properly moistens the air you breathe.

***Economy** Longest fire travel, a cubic inch of heat from chimney. Perfect combustion, extra fine pot at top of combustion chamber, ovens to give more complete combustion with all fuels. Absolute control.

***Convenience** Simple regulation controls entire system. **Automatic ash-pit sprinkler guarantees removal of all ashes without making a particle of dust.** Extra-large ground feed doors. Burns all fuels.

***Durability** Materials used stand highest physical tests. All hinge pieces drilled, not cast. Never a bolt where a rivet will do! Tight fittings guaranteed. **Readers more than a generation of Supreme Service.**

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The Only Heating System That Automatically Ventilates and Humidifies

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Saves Fuel by the Ton

Because of its exclusive, patented, fuel-saving features—and because the pure, warm, MOIST air furnished by this system is more comfortable at 68 degrees than DRY air at 75 degrees—you can actually save **one ton of coal in every nine,** year after year.

Exceptional results with low fuel bills are obtained by using hard or soft coal, coke, wood, artificial or natural gas alone or in combination with coal.

The Round Oak Moistair Heating System is flexible—takes care of 4 to 30 rooms and in combination with auxiliary system furnishes heat to isolated rooms, garages, dairy houses, etc. Automatically circulates and completely revitalizes the air in every room at least once every hour.

Investigate! If the Round Oak Moistair Heating System is worth having—it's worth having NOW! The present year is worth more in health, comfort, convenience, economy, than all the future. It determines it!

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Iron is successfully used today for telephone wire, telegraph wire, cable wire, high and low tension transmission wire, wire to carry electric power to home, factory and office.

For all these uses, the first thing sought is conductivity. The purer the iron, the better it will conduct electricity. Armco-Iron will conduct electricity best of all, because it is the purest iron, the most carefully manufactured. Its exceptional rust resistance means exceptional length of service. It is by far the most economical material that can be used for electric wire. And remember that metal conservation is one of the most pressing problems of the hour.

A greater amount of electrical force can be crowded into Armco Iron than into a larger section of metal not so pure. Armco Iron has low residual magnetism and high permeability. It takes hold and lets go of its magnetization more rapidly than any kindred material.

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THE FIREFLY OF FRANCE

(Continued from Page 19)

"It was a nice hasheesh dream," I told my mirrored image. "But it wasn't real, my lad, for a moment; such things don't happen to folks like you! You're not the romantic type; you don't look like some one in an old picture; you haven't brought down thirty German aeroplanes or thereabouts, and won every war medal the French can give, and the name of Ace! No, you look like a—a correct bulldog; and winning an occasional polo cup is about your limit. Even if it hadn't been settled before you met her you wouldn't have stood a chance!"

There were times when I prayed never to see Esmé Falconer again. There were other times when I knew I would drag myself round the world—yes, on my crutches!—if at the end of the journey I could see her for an instant, a long way off! I could see that my despondency was driving Dunny to distraction. He evolved the theory that I was going into a decline.

Then came the afternoon that made history. I was sitting at my window. The trees seemed especially green, the sky especially blue, the lake especially bright. I was feeling stronger to-day, and was glumly planning to move to Paris when I saw an automobile speed up the poplared walk toward Rainey-la-Tour.

Rip-snorting and chugging the thing executed a curve before the château, and then hugging the side of the lake advanced, obviously, toward my humble abode. My heart seemed to turn a somersault. I should have known that car if I had met it in Bagdad. It was a long, blue motor, polished to the last notch, deeply cushioned, luxurious, poignantly familiar—the car, in short, which I had pursued to Bleau, and which later, in flat defiance of President Poincaré, or the generalissimo of France, or whoever makes army rules and regulations, I had guided through the war zone to the castle of Prezelay.

As the chauffeur halted it near the pavilion it disgorged three occupants, one of whom, a young officer, slender of form and gracefully alert of movement, wore the dark-blue uniform of the French Flying Corps. I knew him only too well. It was Jean-Hervé-Marie-Olivier. But the glance I gave him was cursory; my attention was focused on the two ladies in the tonneau.

From their swathing disguises there first emerged, as if from a chrysalis, a black-clad, distinguished-looking young woman whom I had never seen before. It was the second figure, the one in the rosy veils and the tan mantle, that was exciting me. Off came her wrappings, and I saw a girl in a white gown and a flowered hat—the loveliest girl on earth!

I did not stand on the order of my going. I rocked perilously, and my crutches made a furious clatter, but I was outside in a truly infinitesimal space of time. Yes, there they were, chatting with Dunny, who had hurried to meet them. And at sight of me the Firefly of France ran forward with hands extended, greeting me as if I were his oldest friend, his brother, his dearest comrade in arms.

I took his hands, and I pressed them with what show of warmth I could summon. It was as pleasant as a bit of torture, but it had to be gone through. Then I stared past him toward the ladies, who were coming up with Dunny; and except for that girl in white I saw nothing in all the world.

"Monsieur," the duke was saying, "I pay you my first visit. Only my weakness has prevented me from sooner welcoming to Rainey-la-Tour so honored a guest."

He turned to the lady who stood beside Miss Falconer—a slender, dark-eyed, gracious young woman, who wore a simple black gown and a black hat and a string of pearls.

"Here is another," said the Firefly, "who has come to welcome you. Oh, yes, monsieur, you must know, and you must count henceforth as your friends in any need, even to the death, all those who bear the name of Rainey-la-Tour! Permit that I present you to my wife, who is of your country ——"

"Jean's wife is my sister, Mr. Bayne," Miss Falconer said.

XXVI

I DON'T know what they thought of me—probably that I was crazy. For a good minute, a long sixty seconds, I simply stood and stared. The duke's blue uniform, his wife's black-gowned figure, and the white, radiant blur that was Miss Falconer, revolved about me in spinning, starry circles. I gasped, put a hand out, fortunately encountered Dunny's shoulder, and leaning heavily on that perplexed individual at last got back my intelligence and my breath.

"Won't you shake hands with me, Mr. Bayne?" smiled the Duchess of Rainey-la-Tour.

I was practically sane again.

"I do hope," I said, "that you will forgive me. Not that I see the slightest reason why you should, I am sure! Life is too short to wipe out such a bad impression. I know how you'll remember me all your days—as an idiot with a head done up in layers of toweling, wabbling on two crutches and gaping at you like a fish!"

But the duchess was still holding my hand in both of hers, and smiling up at me from a pair of great, dark, tender eyes, the loveliest pair of eyes in the world, bar one. No, bar none, to be quite fair. The Firefly's wife, most people would have said, was more beautiful than her sister; but, then, beauty is what pleases you, as some wise man remarked long ago.

"I don't believe, Mr. Bayne," she was saying gently, "that I shall ever remember you in any unpleasant way! You see, I know about those bandages, and I know why you need those crutches. Even if you were vain you wouldn't mind the things I think of you—not at all!"

I lack any clear recollection of the quarter of an hour that followed. I know that we talked and laughed and were very friendly and very cheerful, and that Dunny's eyes as they studied me began to hold a gleam of intelligence, as if he were guessing something as to the reasons for my black despondency of late. I recall that the duke's hand was on my shoulder, and that—odd how one's attitude can change—I liked to feel it. We were going to be great friends, tremendous pals, I suspected. And the duchess, every time I looked at her, seemed lovelier, more gracious; she was the very wife I should have chosen for such a corking chap!

This, however, was by the way. None of it mattered, really. While I paid compliments and supplied details as to my convalescence and answered Dunny's chaffing, I saw only one member of the party—the girl in white. She was rather silent; she gave me only fugitive glances. But she wasn't engaged, at least not to the Firefly. Hurrah!

What an agonizing, heart-rending, utterly unnecessary experience I had endured, now that I thought of it! I had jumped to conclusions with the agility of a kangaroo. He had kissed her; she had allowed it. Did that prove he was her fiancé? He might have been anything—her cousin, or an old friend of her childhood, or her sister's husband's nephew. But brother-in-law was best of all; not too remote—nor yet too close. In that relationship, I decided, he was ideal!

By this time I was wondering how long we were to stand here exchanging ideas and persiflage, an animated group of five. The duke and duchess were charming, but I had had enough of them; I could have spared even good old Dunny; what I wanted, and wanted frantically, was a tête-à-tête—just Esmé Falconer and myself! When I saw two automobiles, packed imposingly with uniformed figures, speed up the drive to the château, hope stirred in me. With suppressed joy—I trust it was suppressed—I heard the duke exclaim that this was General Le Cazeau, due to visit the hospital to-day with his staff and greet the wounded and bestow on certain lucky beings the reward of their valor, in the shape of medals of war. It would obviously have been inexcusable for the master and mistress of Rainey-la-Tour to ignore a visitor so distinguished. I made no protest whatever as they turned to go.

"But, Miss Falconer," I implored fervently, "you won't desert me, will you? Pity a poor *blessé* whom no general cares two straws to see!"

She smiled, an omen that encouraged me to send Dunny a look of meaning; but my guardian, bless him, had grasped the situation; he was already gone.

Down by the water among the trees there was a marble bench, and with one accord we turned our steps that way. I emphasized my game leg shamelessly; I positively

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That's why it costs a dollar and why it's worth much more to particular people. It stands ready, day in, day out, year on end, to clean your hands *clean;* will stand soaking in any temperature of water and soap won't phase it.

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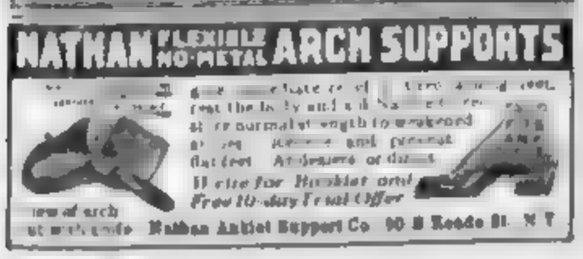
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flourished my crutches. My battle scars, I guessed from the girl's kind eyes, appealed to her compassion, and as soon as I suspected this I thanked my stars for that German shell.

"Isn't there anything," she said as we sat down, "that you want to ask me? I think I should be curious if I were you! After all we have done together there isn't much beyond my name that you know of me—and you knew that in Jersey City the night the Ré d'Italia sailed!"

I shook my head. "There was just one thing I wanted to know," I answered cryptically; "and I learned that when your brother-in-law presented me to his wife! Still, there is nothing on earth you can tell me that I shan't be glad to listen to. Say the multiplication table if you like—or recite cookbook recipes. Anything—if you'll only stay!"

Little golden flickers of sunshine came stealing through the branches, dancing, as the girl talked, on her gown and in her hair. I looked more than I listened; I had been so starved for a sight of her! And my eyes must have told my thoughts, for a flush crept into her cheeks and her lashes fluttered, and she looked not at me but across the swan-dotted lake toward the towers of Raincy-la-Tour.

After all there was little which I had not guessed already; but each detail held its magic, because it was she who spoke. If she had said "I like oranges and lemons," the statement would have held me spellbound. I sat raptly gazing while she told me of herself and her sister Enid; of their life, after the death of their parents, with an aunt whose home was in Pittsburgh; of their travels; and of a winter at Nice, four years ago, when the blue of the skies and seas, and the whiteness of the sands, and the green of the palms had all seemed created to frame the meeting and the love affair of Enid Falconer and the young nobleman who was now known to the world as the Firefly of France.

Their marriage had proved an ideal one, as happy as it was brilliant. Esmé thereafter had spent half her time in Europe with her sister, half in America with her aunt, who was growing old. Then had come the war. At first it had covered the duke with laurels. But a certain dark day had brought a cable from the duchess telling of his disappearance and the suspicion that surrounded it; and Esmé, in spite of her aunt's entreaties, had promptly taken passage on the next ship that sailed.

"I had meant to go within a month as a Red Cross nurse," she told me. "I had my passport, and I had taken a course. Well, I came on to New York and spent the night there. Aunt Alice telegraphed to her lawyer—the dearest, prummest old fellow—and he dined with me, protesting all the time against my sailing. I saw you in the St. Ives restaurant. Did you see us?"

"Let me think." I pretended to rack my brains. "I believe I do recall something, in a hazy sort of way. You had on a rose-colored gown that was distinctly wonderful, and when we tracked the German to the door of your room you were wearing an evening coat—bright blue. But the main thing was your hair!" Here I became lyric! "An oak leaf in the sunlight, Miss Falconer! Threads of gold ——"

But she ignored me, very properly, and shifted the scene from hotel to steamer, where Franz von Blenheim, in the guise of Van Blarcom, had given her a fright. As she exhibited her passport at the gangplank he had read her name across her shoulder; then he had claimed acquaintance with her—a claim that she knew was false.

"And he wasn't impertinent. That was the worst of it," she faltered. "He did it—well, accusingly. I had known all along that anyone who knew of Jean's marriage would recognize my name. And Jean was suspected, and the French are strict; if they were warned they would not let me enter France; they would think I had come spying. I was afraid. Then after dinner I went on deck, and found you standing by the railing reading that paper, with staring headlines about Jean ——"

"Of course!" I exclaimed. At last I fathomed that puzzling episode. "You thought the paper might speak of the duke's marriage—that it might mention your sister's name. In that case, if it stayed on board it might be seen by the captain or by an officer, and they would guess who you were and warn the authorities when we got to shore!"

"Yes. That was why I borrowed it. And I was right, I discovered; just at the end the account said that Jean had married an American, a Miss Enid Falconer, four years ago. Then I asked you to throw it overboard, Mr. Bayne; and you were wonderful. You must have thought I was mad, but you didn't flutter an eyelid or even smile! I have never forgotten—and I've never forgiven myself either. When I think of how the steward saw you and told the captain, and of how they searched your baggage that dreadful day ——"

"It didn't matter a brass farden!" I hastened to assure her, for she had paused and was gazing at me, large-eyed and pale. "Don't think of that any more. Suppose we skip to Paris! Von Blenheim followed you there, hoping he was on the scent of the vanished papers; and when you arrived at the Rue St. Dominique there was still no news of the duke."

"No news," she mourned; "not a word. And Enid was ill, and hopeless; from the very first she had felt sure that Jean was dead. But I wouldn't admit it. I said we must try to find him. All the way over in the steamer I had been making a sort of plan.

"You see, one of the papers had described how the French had found Jean's airship lying in the forest of La Fay, as if he had abandoned it from choice. That was considered proof of his treason; but of course I knew that it wasn't. I remembered that the Marquis of Prezelay, Jean's cousin, had a castle on the forest outskirts; I had been to visit it with Jean and Enid. I wondered whether or not he might be there.

"The more I thought of it the likelier it seemed. If he had been wounded and had wanted to hide his papers he would have remembered the castle and the secret panel in the wall. Even if he were—dead—which I wouldn't believe, it would clear his name if I found the proof of it. So I told Enid I would go to Prezelay."

I was resting my arms on my knees and groaning softly. "Oh Lord, Oh Lord!" I murmured, wishing I could stop my ears. When I thought of that brave venture of the girl's, and its perils, and what had nearly come of it, I found myself shuddering; and yet I was growing prouder of her with her every word.

"What comes next," she confessed, "is terrible. I can hardly believe it. As I look back it seems to me that we were all a little mad. To get through the war zone to Prezelay I had to have certain papers; and I got them from an American girl, an old friend of Enid's and of mine, Marie Le Clair. The morning I arrived in Paris she came to say good-by to Enid. She was acting as a Red Cross nurse, and they were sending her to the hospital at Carrefonds, to take the first consignment of the great new remedy for burns and scars. Carrefonds is very near Prezelay. It all came to me in a moment. I told her how matters stood, and how Enid was dying little by little, just for lack of any sure knowledge; and she gave me the papers she had for herself and her chauffeur, Jacques Carton, and I used them for myself and for Georges, Jean's foster brother, who was at home from the Front on leave and was staying at the house in his old room."

"Great Cæsar's ghost!" I sputtered. "You didn't—you don't mean to say that—why, good heavens, didn't you know ——"

Then I petered off into silence; words were too weak for my emotions. She had seen the risk of course, and so had the girl who had helped her, but with the incredible bravery of women they had acted with open eyes.

"Yes," she faltered; "I told you I felt mad, looking back at it. But Marie is safe now; Jean has worked for her, and his relatives and friends have helped, and the minister of war. And it was the only way. Under my own name I could never have got leave to enter the war zone while Jean was missing and suspected —— What is the matter, Mr. Bayne?" For once more I had groaned aloud.

"Simply," I cried stormily, "that I can't bear thinking of it! The idea of your taking risks, of your daring the police and the Germans—you who oughtn't to know what the word danger means! I tell you I can't stand it. Wasn't there some man to do it for you? Well—it's over now; and in the future —— See here, Miss Falconer, I can't wait any longer. There is something I've got to say!"

But I was not to say it yet, for behold, just as my tongue was loosened I became aware of a most distinguished galaxy approaching us round the lake. All save one of its members—Dunny, to be exact—were in uniform; and the personage in the lead, walking between my guardian and the Duke of Raincy-la-Tour, was truly dazzling, being arrayed in a blue coat and spectacularly red trousers, and wearing as a finishing touch a red cap freely braided with gold.

Miss Falconer had risen. "Why," she exclaimed, "it is General Le Cazeau!"

"Then confound General Le Cazeau!" was my inhospitable cry.

He was, I saw, when he drew closer, a person of stately dignity, as indeed the hero who had saved Merlancourt and broken that last furious, desperate, senseless onslaught of the boches ought by rights to be. Perhaps his splendor made me nervous. At any rate my conscience smote me. I remembered with sudden panic all my manifold transgressions, beginning with the hour when I had chucked reason overboard and deliberately concealed a murdered man's body beneath a heap of straw.

"I believe," I gasped, "that this is an informal court-martial. Nobody could do the things I have done and be allowed to live. Still, I don't see why they cured me if they were going to hang or shoot me!"

I struggled up with the help of my crutches and stood waiting my doom.

The group had paused before us, and presentations followed, throughout which the master of ceremonies was the Firefly of France. Then the gray-headed general fixed me with a keen, stern gaze, rather like an eagle's.

"Your affair, monsieur, has been of an irregularity," he said.

As with kaleidoscopic swiftness the details of my "affair" passed through my memory it was only by an effort that I restrained an indecorous shout. He was correct. I could call to mind no single feature that had been "regular"—from the thief who was not a thief and who had flown out of my window like a conjurer, to the fight in Prezelay Castle, where I had vanquished four husky Germans—mostly by the aid of a wooden table, of all implements on earth!

"It is too true, *Monsieur le Général,*" I assented promptly. My humility seemed to soften him; he relaxed; he even approached a smile.

"Of an irregularity," he repeated. "But also it was of a gallantry! With a boldness and a resource and a scorn for danger which, permit me to say, mark your compatriots, you unmasked and handed over to us one of our most dangerous foes. For such service as you have rendered, France is never ungrateful. And, moreover, there have been friends to plead your cause, and to plead it well."

As he ended he cast a glance at the Duke of Raincy-la-Tour and one at Dunny, whereupon I was enlightened as to the purpose of my guardian's three trips to Paris the preceding week. I believe I have said before that Dunny knows everyone, everywhere; in fact, I have always felt that should circumstances conspire to make me adopt a life of crime temporarily he could manage to pull such wires as would reinstate me in the public eye.

But the general was stepping close to me.

"Monsieur," he was saying, "we are now allies, my country and the great nation of which you are a son. Very soon your troops are coming. You will fight on our soil, beneath your own banner. But your first blood was shed for France, your first wounds borne for her, monsieur; and in gratitude she offers you this medal of her brave!"

He was pinning something to my coat, a bronze-colored, cross-shaped something, a decoration that swung proudly from a ribbon of red and green. I knew it well; I had seen it on the breasts of generals, captains, simple poilus—all the picked flower of the French nation. With a thrill I looked down upon it. It was the Cross of War.

XXVII

THE great moment had arrived. General Le Cazeau and his staff were on their way back to Paris. The duke and duchess were at the château talking with the *blessés;* for the second time Dunny had tactfully effaced himself, I knew not where. The approach of evening had spurred my faltering courage. As the first rosiness of sunset touched the skies beyond Raincy-la-Tour and lay across the water I sat at the side of the only girl in the world and poured out my plea.

"It isn't fair, you know," I mourned. "I've only a few minutes. I shouldn't wonder if we heard your car honking for you in half an hour. To make a girl like you look at a man like me it would take

(Concluded on Page 77)

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FOOD, time, work and money are being saved in more than a million homes every day by the use of the Hoosier Kitchen Cabinet. Hundreds of Domestic Science schools are using the Hoosier to teach the coming housewives of America how to be good cooks and good home managers.

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But not every day is a work day.

With your Peerless you sacrifice none of the holiday joys—you are equally as ready to race as to romp—you have your "sporting" range.

You may master the road whatever the adverse conditions, you may make Time laugh at Distance.

You have only to open your throttle wider to release her double poppets and utterly change the character of her performance.

Gone now the soft flow of eighty horsepower "loafing"—as you reach her "sporting" range there comes a deep growl of brute power, all-conquering.

In her "sporting" range she is as mighty as she was gentle in her "loafing" range.

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The Peerless Motor Car Company, Cleveland, Ohio

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days of eloquence—and besides, who would think of marrying anyone with his head bound up Turkish fashion, as mine is now?"

She laughed, and at the silvery sound of it I plucked up a hint of courage, for surely, I thought, she wasn't cruel enough to make game of me as she turned me down! Still, I couldn't really hope. She was too wonderful—and my courtship had been too inadequate! Despondent, arms on my knees, I harped upon the same string.

"I've never had a chance to show you," I lamented, "that I am civilized; that I know how to take care of you, and put cushions behind you, and slide footstools under your feet, and—er—all that. We've been too busy eluding Germans, and racing through forbidden zones, and rescuing papers from behind secret panels, for me to wait on you. Good heavens! To think how I've done my duty by a hundred girls I shouldn't know from Eve if they happened along this moment! And I've never even sent you a box of *marrons glacés*, or one of flowers!"

She shot a fleeting glance at me. "No," she agreed, "you haven't! If you don't mind my saying so I think they would have been out of place. At Bleau, for instance, and at Prezelay, I hadn't much time for eating bonbons; but after all, you did me one or two more practical services, Mr. Bayne!"

"Nothing," I maintained, my gloom unabated, "that amounted to a row of pins. Though I might have shone, I'll admit; I can see that, looking back! The opportunity was there, but the man was lacking. I might have been a real movie hero, cool, resourceful, dependable, clear-sighted—a tower of strength; and what I did was to muddle things up hopelessly, and waste time in suspecting you, and seize every opportunity of trusting people who positively spread their guilt before my eyes!"

"I don't know." She was looking at the lake, not at me; and she was smiling. "There were one or two little matters that have slipped your mind, perhaps. Take the very first night we met, when you tracked your thief to my room, and wouldn't let the hotel people come in to search it! Don't you think, on the whole, that you were rather kind?"

"I couldn't have driven them in," I declared stubbornly, "with a pitchfork. I couldn't have persuaded them to make a search if I had prayed them on my bended knees. Their one idea was to help the fellow in what the best criminal circles call a getaway; and when I think how I must have been woolgathering, not to guess!"

"Well, even so"—Miss Falconer was still smiling—"weren't you very nice on the steamer? About the newspaper, I mean. And at Gibraltar, too, when they asked you what you had thrown overboard—do you remember how you kept silent and never even glanced my way?"

"No," I groaned, "I don't; but I remember our trip to Paris! I remember marching you into the wagon-restaurant like a handcuffed criminal, and sitting you down at a table, and bullying you like a Russian czar! I gave you three days to leave France! Have you forgotten? I haven't. The one thing I omitted—and I don't see how I missed it—was to call the gendarmes there at Modane and denounce you to them. It's more than kind of you to glide over my imbecilities; I appreciate it. But when I think of that evening I want a nice, deep, dark dungeon, somewhere underground, to hide!"

"I think," she murmured consolingly, "that you made amends to me later." Her face was averted, but I could see a distracting dimple in her cheek. "You mustn't forget that I haven't been perfect either. When you followed me to Bleau, and I came down the stairs and saw you, I misunderstood the situation entirely and was as unpleasant as I could be!"

"Naturally," I acquiesced with dark meaning. "How could you have understood it? How could any human being have fathomed the mental processes that sent me there? I only wonder that instead of giving me what-for you didn't murder me. Any United States jury would have acquitted you with the highest praise!"

She turned upon me, flushed and spirited. "Mr. Bayne, you are incorrigible! Why will you insist on belittling everything that you have done? I suppose you will say next that you didn't risk imprisonment or death every minute of a whole day, just to help me, and that at Prezelay you didn't fight like a—a—yes, like a paladin!—to save me from being tortured by Herr von Blenheim and his men."

I started up, then sank back. "As a special favor," I begged her, "would you mind not mentioning that last phase of the affair? When you do I go berserker; I'm a crazy man, seeing red; I'm honestly not responsible. It was when our friend Von Blenheim developed those plans of his that I swore in my soul I'd get him—and I thank the Lord that I did, and that he'll never trouble you or any other woman again!

"Still, Miss Falconer, what does all that amount to? Any man would have helped you, wouldn't he? A nice sort of fellow I would have been to do any less! Whereas for a girl like you I ought to have accomplished miracles. I ought to have made the sun stop moving, or got you the stars to play with, or whisked the moon out of the skies ——"

She was laughing again. "Dear me!" she exclaimed. "What fervor! Can this be my Mr. Bayne, the Mr. Bayne of our adventure, who never turned a hair no matter what mad things happened, and who was always so correct and conventional, and so immaculately dressed, and so ——"

"Stodgy! Say it!" I cried with utter recklessness. "I know I was; Dunny told me so that evening at the St. Ives. Have as many cracks at me as you like. I was getting fat; I was beginning to think that the most important thing in the universe was dinner. Well, I'm not stodgy any longer, Esmé Falconer; you've reformed me. But of all the men in all the ages who were ever desperately, consumedly, imbecilely in love ——"

In the distance two figures were strolling toward the blue car—the duke and the duchess. When they reached it the Firefly cast a glance in our direction and sounded a warning, most unwelcome honk upon the horn. They were going, stony-hearted creatures that they were! They were taking Esmé back to Paris! At the thought I abandoned my last pretense at self-command.

"Esmé, dearest," I implored, "do you think you could put up with me? Could you marry me when I've done my part over here, or even sooner—right away? A dozen better men may love you, but mine is a special brand of love—unique, *hors de concours!* Are you going to have me—or shall I jump into the lake?"

The sunset light was in her hair and in the gray starry eyes she turned to me, those eyes that, because their lashes were so long and crinkled so maddeningly, were only half revealed. Her lips curved in a smile.

"Oh, you dear, blind, silly man! Do you think any girl could help loving you—after all that has happened to you and me?" she whispered.

Then I caught her to me; and in spite of my crutches, and my bandaged head, and that atrocious horn in the distance honking the signal for our parting, I was the happiest being in France—or in the world.

"I knew all along it was a dream—and it is! Such things don't really happen. No such luck!" I cried.

(THE END)

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EVERY LITTLE BIT HELPS

(Continued from Page 7)

"Where's the third one?" asked Captain Tugwell.

"In Lebanon, Oregon," said Esmeralda promptly. "Man by the name of Childs."

"And are the requirements so impossible, really?" asked the Englishman.

"If they are the right color."

"And what color are these three?" asked the captain.

"Camouflage," said Miss Sprunt briefly.

"Camouflage!" repeated the captain incredulously. "What do you mean?"

"Black or brown," said she. "Don't show at a distance. White or buckskin is no good. You can see 'em too easy!"

The entire table was listening by this time. Marjorie had a distinctly annoyed expression; and no wonder! The situation was getting frightfully out of hand. Nearly all the men had stopped talking to listen to the conversation. Mrs. DeWynt did the only thing possible—she seized, as it were, the horse by the bridle; at least she could guide it—if you see what I mean.

"And so you ride, my dear?" she commented, thankful, no doubt, that this strange young niece had at least one approved taste. "And so you ride? That is delightful! Marjorie rides too. You will enjoy going together."

Marjorie did not seem thrilled at the prospect.

"Do you ride—er—bareback?" she asked acidly.

"Why, I'd rather have a saddle if you can spare it," replied Esmeralda politely. "Even a packsaddle!"

There was a laugh. Mrs. DeWynt pulled on the curb hard. This was impossible! She arose.

"We shall have the coffee on the terrace," she said.

At that instant Esmeralda was listening intently to some remark of Mr. Willy's about the government prices, and so did not at once perceive the signal. I, pitying her simplicity, ventured to touch her arm. She saw, then, and hastily got up, first carefully folding her napkin!

"So's I can come again!" she said, quoting the childish superstition.

Of course it was I who held back her chair; but somehow—I cannot yet see how, for he had been quite on the other side of the table—when she dropped her handkerchief, a perfectly astonishing large silk one, it was Captain Tugwell who restored it to her.

He did it very gravely, having abruptly relapsed into his habitual silence, but he looked straight at her, and somehow I could not but feel that something was said, though I'm certain no word was spoken. Then Marjorie distracted him with the reminder of some engagement and the ladies left the room.

Though I admire the good old English custom of leaving the gentlemen to their wine and am glad to say that it is maintained at the DeWynts, still I always prefer to leave when the dear ladies do, as I am not a partaker of alcoholic stimulants; and this evening I made no exception to the rule. Besides, I had a feeling that I ought, as it were, to watch over Miss Esmeralda—she having been put into my charge by Mrs. DeWynt; and you know what women are to a newcomer who doesn't quite fit in.

As soon as we were in the drawing-room I realized that my judgment had been good. Mrs. Langdon got the crowd round her and began telling a story of which the liqueurs had reminded her; and Miss Esmeralda was soon standing alone, looking over a pile of Raemaeker's cartoons.

"Are these things true?" she asked me as I approached.

"Undoubtedly," I assured her. "That's why we are all so eagerly doing our bit here. One must do something about it!"

She drew a long breath and her eyes seemed to narrow down to pin points of light.

"Do something about it?" she said. "Do something! Then I'm glad I came after all."

At that moment the group about Mrs. Langdon began to scatter, as the ladies gathered up their knitting.

"This is my eleventh helmet," said Mrs. Langdon plaintively. "I'm so tired of them!"

"Why don't you do socks for a change?" asked Mrs. DeWynt.

"Too difficult," murmured Mrs. Langdon behind her cigarette. "Soldiers have to walk on socks, but it doesn't matter how many knots are on their heads."

"Wool is so expensive!" exclaimed Jack. "I can't afford to do many more things. Winter's coming on and I must have a new kolinsky stole!"

Mrs. Ted, who was knitting a muffler—the very simplest and easiest garment of all—came over to Miss Esmeralda, with an attempt to draw her into the circle.

"Don't you knit, Miss Sprunt?" she asked. And indeed Miss Esmeralda was the only idle woman present.

"No," said she.

"Don't knit!" exclaimed Mrs. Langdon. "Why, everybody knits! I do, in the car; even in the theater. I can do it and see quite a lot of the play, as well, now!"

"Why, everybody knits, everywhere, Alice!" said Mrs. Lennett. "Don't boast! The dear rector's wife knits in church now, I hear. You simply must knit, Miss Sprunt!"

"Oh, she'll knit before I'm through with her!" said my dear patroness. "I've promised fifty sweaters by October, and I simply must get everybody to do at least one. It's only two months, you know."

"Two months!" exclaimed Esmeralda. "Why don't you get a knitting machine? You could make fifty a day, then."

There was one of those awkward silences she had such an unfortunate knack of inducing.

"We are not running a factory," said Mrs. DeWynt. "Besides, these are handmade."

"But don't the handmade ones stretch badly?" asked Esmeralda. "I thought the machine ones lasted so much better."

"I don't know anything about machine-made things," said Mrs. DeWynt coldly. "Besides, I thought you wanted to do your bit!"

"I do," said Esmeralda in a suddenly subdued tone. "I do; but I can't knit. Besides, a machine seems so much more practical."

"But the spirit counts for such a lot!" exclaimed Marjorie in her sweet, womanly way. "See! I'm just learning to purl, and I know I do it horribly; but I'm sure the sailor who gets this will appreciate that an American woman did it for him."

"You must learn—really!" added Mrs. Lennett. "It's easy, and everyone does it."

"What other war work is there here?" asked Esmeralda. "I may be able to do something else."

"There's the Red Cross, my dear," said Mrs. DeWynt, warming to her pet subject. "First aid—bandages and lint, you know—every Thursday morning regularly. We all go. Positively no one has bridge on Thursdays any more."

"Oh!" said Esmeralda.

"And then there's the diet kitchen," Mrs. DeWynt went on—"to encourage people to use corn and barley, and such things, you know."

"I'm afraid I can't cook, either," said Esmeralda.

"Why, my dear child, of course you don't have to know how to cook!" exclaimed her aunt. "We just have the things in jars—the various grains—and a model kitchen, with the newest, most economical utensils for cooking them properly."

"And we put on the most becoming aprons and take charge in alternate hours on Fridays—give out leaflets, and all that, don't you know!" Jack took up the theme excitedly. "I love the ducky little white caps! And really quite a few people come in and taste the samples that the state sends in."

"Oh," said Esmeralda again, "I suppose there are plenty of people to do that!"

"It's very popular," said Mrs. Langdon; "so near the club, you know."

"And that's not all," added Mrs. DeWynt. "There are the gardens. We've had such a lot of preserving done. And, of course, we are all economizing on our tables."

"I'm not!" announced Mrs. Langdon abruptly. "I've given up the fight. I'm willing enough to economize; but my fourteen servants are not."

"That's true!" exclaimed Mrs. Ted. "Goodness knows that since I've been reducing I don't eat fifty cents' worth a day. I'm sure I don't! But the servants aren't dieting."

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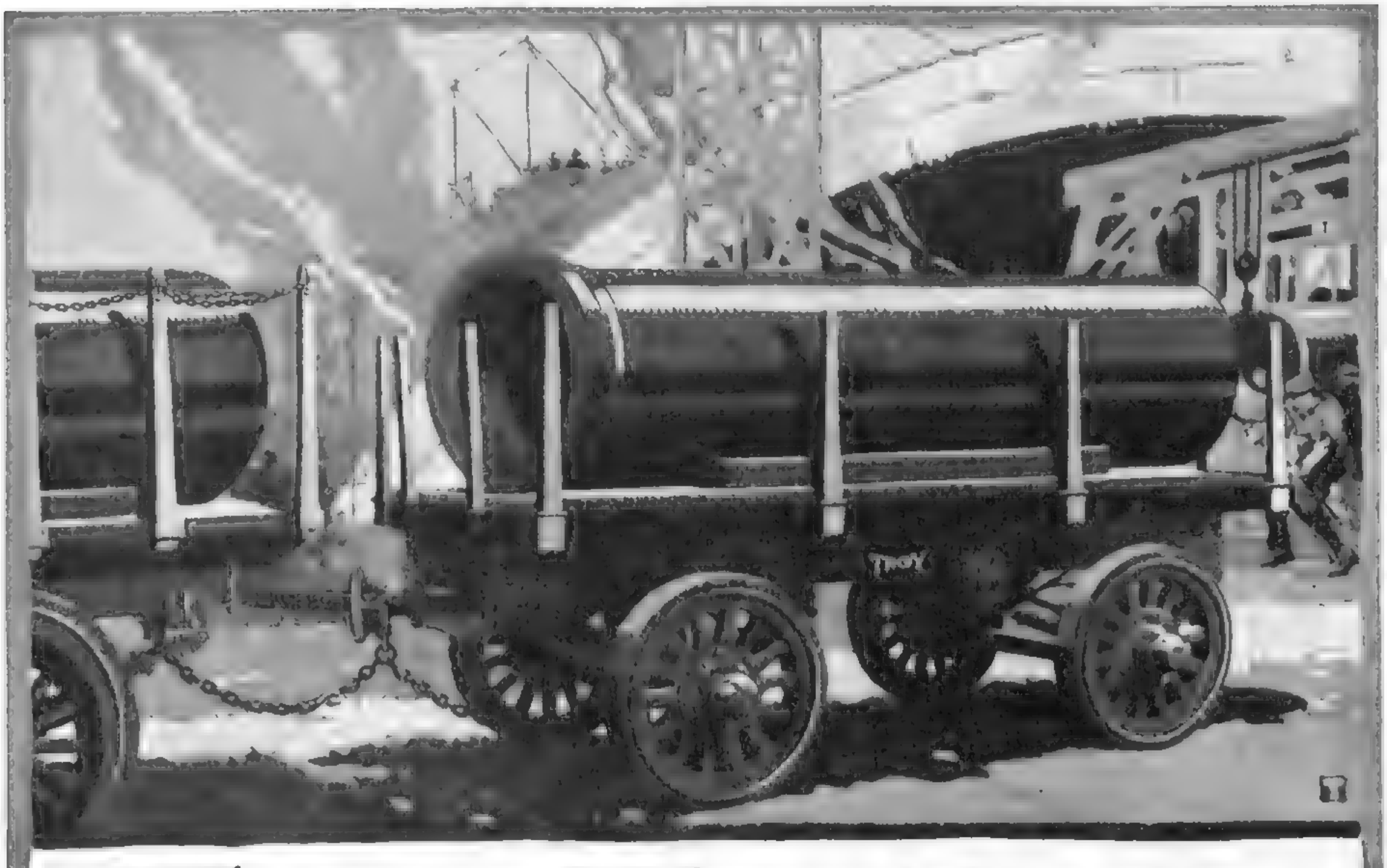

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(Continued from Page 78)

"And if you try to make them observe the Hoover rules they simply leave!" complained Mrs. Lennett. "What do you do in the West, Miss Sprunt?"

"Sometimes we have one Chinaman," said Esmeralda. "And he does as he's told!"

There was another uncomfortable silence.

"Well, we'll find something for you to do your share of," said Mrs. DeWynt comfortably. "I'm certain learning to knit will come easy to you."

I don't think Esmeralda said anything to this, but a cloud seemed to settle down upon her. The friendly smile, which had been so eager when she came, had gone, and her face wore a grave, quietly troubled look. I suppose it was rather hard on her, realizing how little fitted she was to take up the work the other women were doing, to feel her own ignorance and incompetence.

Mrs. Ted had been watching her face for several moments, while the conversation became general on subjects to which she—Esmeralda—was a stranger. Then she joined her. I hardly think it was intended that I should overhear the extraordinary remarks of the lady, but my proximity at the moment made my doing so inevitable.

"Don't be too hard on us," said Mrs. Ted in a low voice. "We're doing the best we know how; we just don't know much, and anything more difficult would terrify us."

She shrugged her shoulders expressively. Esmeralda said nothing.

"I like you," Mrs. Ted went on. "Don't let them smother you here. Stay yourself. I was smothered; but I like to do the thing that's easy. You're a fighter. But if ever I can do anything for you let me know."

"Thanks!" said Esmeralda abruptly.

And that was all; but quite enough, when one thinks of it. And Mrs. Ted was so very much one of us too!

At the end of a week Miss Esmeralda's outward appearance had become notably modified. The men had all gone to town and so dear Mrs. DeWynt was able to devote practically all her time, outside of her war work, to making her niece presentable.

The first thing to attend to, of course, was her clothing. On examination it developed that she had brought only another corduroy skirt, a much-stained one—for ordinary wear, she explained; a silk party dress, of baby blue, with imitation lace trimming—which she declared she did not care for and had bought only at her father's insistence; and a pair of crude high boots, such as a cowboy might wear.

As she was evidently not in the least ashamed of this rudimentary wardrobe, it is to be presumed that a horse ranch makes comparatively few demands in the way of feminine apparel. But, of course, with us it is vastly different; and the first thing dear, generous Mrs. DeWynt did was to get her some new frocks. My patroness informed me afterward that her niece was prevailed upon only with great difficulty to accept this gift, and that she—Mrs. DeWynt—was convinced that Esmeralda could not comprehend why her own things would not do. She was horrified at her new garments' cost, and protested about that too.

"Allie!" said Mrs. DeWynt, during a confidential résumé of the situation. "Allie, I cannot think how my brother Charles ever permitted it! Of course he is not rich; but still — Such ignorance! Do you know, the child actually wanted me to let her go on with just her atrocious clothes and give the money for the new ones to the Red Cross! Of course I explained that if we didn't buy as usual all those poor working girls would be thrown out of employment—so particularly dangerous to them in war-time too!"

"Of course that settled the matter!" I exclaimed.

"Not quite," replied Mrs. DeWynt. "But I finally persuaded her to accept a few things though not what I should have liked, especially in the matter of evening gowns. She said: 'Very well, Aunt Sally—I mean Aunt Sarah; but I think the girls would be much better employed making munitions to cover the Front than dresses to uncover my back!' So vulgar and pointless!" She sighed heavily; and indeed she was under no light strain.

However, as I said, Esmeralda's appearance did improve in her modish raiment. But when we had persuaded her to wear it our difficulties had just begun. So far and no farther was she willing to go, until Mrs. DeWynt almost despaired of imparting to her the customs of civilization.

To begin with, she detested the limousine and was forever wanting to walk. Of course she could not have realized how people would talk if they thought we would not let her have the car; and so Mrs. DeWynt was obliged to insist upon her riding. The first time she went out alone in it she returned sitting upon the front seat, her hat in her lap, her hair rumpled by the wind, and deep in an animated conversation with the chauffeur. As they slowed down at the front door she sprang out, without waiting for the car to stop, and waved him a laughing farewell. Farrell, the second chauffeur, who is a young person, hardly more than a youth, looked sheepish, touched his cap and drove off.

"Oh, Mr. Penny," Esmeralda exclaimed, running up the steps to me, "I've had such a lot of fun! We went sixty miles an hour!"

How I thanked heaven that only myself had witnessed that return! With what patience I could muster, I explained one simply must not talk that way with the chauffeur—especially the second chauffeur! And then I promised to say nothing to her aunt about her behavior. But, instead of being appreciative of my interest, Miss Sprunt seemed only puzzled and rather put out.

"He's a mighty nice young chap!" she declared of the second chauffeur. "And he's going to France to drive a munitions truck—the most dangerous job he can get. I admired his driving and told him what a fine driver he would make for the Front; and he'd been thinking of it all along! By the way, Mr. Penny, when do you get your commission?"

This was an entirely uncalled-for change of subject, and it annoyed me excessively. To begin with, it altered my position from that of inquisitor to the, as I may say, inquisited; second, I had no intention of going to France, as I am thirty-two, and was really needed at home by Mrs. DeWynt; third, I am morally convinced that Farrell, at the time he took her out that afternoon, had absolutely no intention of going to France in two weeks. If he had he would have given me notice. As it was, he gave me notice that very evening, thereby proving that the idea must have been engendered during his drive with Miss Esmeralda. Indeed, I am positive that something she said had to do with his decision. But, whatever the rights of the matter, one thing is certain—we lost our best machinist; and they are so hard to replace!

However, partly in order to spare my patroness as much as possible, and partly because there was something so simple and disarming about Miss Esmeralda, I refrained from reporting the matter. Also, I thus evaded a direct answer to her question about my commission!

I have mentioned only a few of the difficulties we experienced during that awful first week; but one of the principal ones was typified by the incident of Farrell. She would make friends with the servants, and it seemed absolutely impossible for her to realize that there was any reason why she should not. They developed an interest in her amounting almost to adoration and a feeling of unrest ensued in our domestic arrangements. I felt it immediately, as, of course, these things came under my general supervision. But it was when the men returned for the week-end that the real trouble began.

To begin with, Mrs. Langdon had arranged a little theater party at one of the summer shows, and Mrs. DeWynt had promised to lend Captain Tugwell, as the party was really being given for Marjorie. This plan was entered into enthusiastically by the captain, with an amendment.

"I say, why not let us all go in?" he suggested. "I'll get another lot of stalls, and Mrs. DeWynt and Miss Esmeralda here can go to town in my car. I'll drive them in, and we'll all dine at the Ritz and go to the theater together."

Before my dear patroness could cope with this emergency, Miss Esmeralda had, in her own uncouth language, cinched the matter.

"Oh, I'd love to!" said she. "And we haven't any engagement. How lucky!"

"But we haven't another man," objected Mrs. DeWynt. "It would make Kate Langdon's party odd!"

"We'll just take old Allie here along, dear Mrs. DeWynt!" replied the captain, overriding all objections.

And so it came about that I found myself speeding into town, squeezed in between Mrs. DeWynt and a lot of extra wraps on the back seat, while Miss Esmeralda shared the front of Captain Tugwell's long low car with the captain himself, the two of them becoming wholly engrossed in an explanation of how the wretched thing worked. He actually allowed her to take the wheel a little while, until Mrs. DeWynt made me shout a protest against the wind—and the management of our breakneck speed was returned to the proper hands.

At the door of the Ritz the Langdon limousine was just ahead of us, and from it came Mrs. Langdon and Marjorie, Winnott St. Johns, Mr. and Mrs. Ted and Colonel Roycer. The ladies vanished to leave their wraps; and when they reappeared we got the first shock of the evening.

How the other women allowed her to do it I cannot imagine. The explanation must have been that she was the last to take her cloak off and that Mrs. DeWynt had left the dressing room ahead of her. But when Esmeralda came out into the corridor she had ruined a charming evening creation by tucking one of those terrible silk handkerchiefs of hers over the whole of the *décolletage*, like a kerchief!

It was the sort of thing about which one could do nothing. The kerchief, curiously, was becoming and I don't believe most of the men even noticed. Captain Tugwell was at her side at once, and so poor Mrs. DeWynt was helpless and could say nothing. Then the party went into the grill and dinner began. Fortunately there was no one who mattered in the room, except ourselves, though the place was crowded. Nor did anything unpleasant occur at the theater, except that Miss Esmeralda and the captain sat together and talked a great deal, leaving me to entertain Marjorie—no light task under the circumstances. Of course, with everybody regarding him in the light of being as good as engaged to her, she might well be disagreeable; and she was. But still, the theater was not bad; and then someone made the horrid suggestion that we go slumming!

Of course the idea was taken up with acclaim. Personally I never can see why people like to go to places where no one goes and one never meets any people—if you know what I mean; and where the china is thick and the atmosphere uncertain. Still, nearly everyone in our set does go occasionally, and looks at the habitués, and orders something they, of course, do not eat; and then comes away. And I must admit that they are very apt to be sprightly affairs.

"But where shall we go?" asked Mrs. DeWynt. "I never remember the names of these Bohemian places!"

St. Johns suggested a famous Broadway restaurant; but it was dismissed as too familiar. Then Mrs. Ted, who knows a lot of odd writing and painting people, and seems rather to enjoy them, mentioned a downtown hotel with a famous café, which, I believe, such persons frequent. It was instantly decided that we should go there; and, just to be different, we went down on the top of a bus, leaving the cars to follow. Miss Esmeralda liked this. Marjorie had got Captain Tugwell by the arm and did not intend letting him go. They were away up in front, and it so fell out that I found myself with Miss Esmeralda, on the rear seat. Just as I was anticipating a quiet, sensible little chat with her, the bus conductor shot his machine at us for fares. As I was feeling about for money Esmeralda engaged him in conversation.

"I suppose you'll be holding up the Germans soon," she said pleasantly, and somehow convincingly. "You look strong and well. You didn't have any trouble getting accepted, did you?"

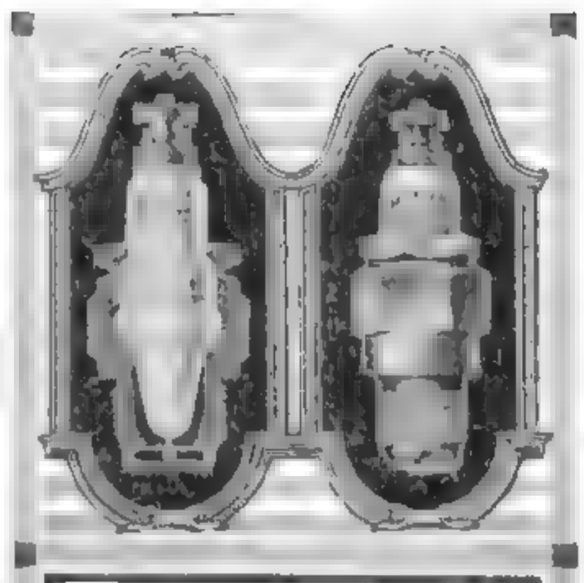
The busman, who was a handsome young chap, blushed as he gave me change.

"I—I haven't applied yet," he said.

"What!" exclaimed Miss Esmeralda. "You wearing a uniform and it's not Uncle Sam's?" She pointed at the company clothes he wore. "When are you going to graduate into khaki?"

"To-morrow, I guess," said the young man sheepishly.

And I do believe the poor chap meant it. There was something strangely unsettling about Esmeralda's eyes when she mentioned the war. Perhaps he felt it; I did, myself. At any rate, he stared after her over the rail as we descended; for by this time we had reached our destination. I was much chagrined; for I had wished to seize the opportunity of explaining to her my own reasons for staying at home, an explanation that somehow I had not had the chance of making before—which I had almost begun to believe was because she would not permit it.



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And now we left that vulgar person, the busman, to the oblivion in which he belonged, and, with many evidences of gayety of spirit, plunged into the café, which was in the basement of an old-fashioned hotel building and a little below the level of the street.

The atmosphere of this place was most offensive, filled as it was with tobacco smoke and crowded with noisy persons in odd clothing. Ours, I am sure, were the only garments suitable for evening wear in the entire place! The mirrored walls reflected many curious faces; some of the men were long-haired and some of the ladies bobbed, and the manners of both were most casual. There was a considerable sprinkling of uniforms—our own dear boys in khaki, some hardy-looking marines, and several French naval uniforms.

Really, I could not but feel that it was hardly a suitable place for our party; and I could foresee that dear Mrs. DeWynt was probably not going to like the service. From her troubled countenance, my eyes fell upon that of Esmeralda. She was more animated than I had seen her for several days, and as she turned from Captain Tugwell to me she smiled.

"Great in here, isn't it?" she remarked genially. "It reminds me of the Palace Saloon at home."

To say that I was horrified is to put it too mildly. But the captain caught her up at once.

"I say, do they really have any wild saloons out your way?" he asked. "Tell me about them."

"Oh, there's nothing much to tell," said she, "unless there's a game held up, you know."

And, with that, they were off again—she talking, he listening. I really don't see what that girl saw in the chap! She was supposed to be my partner, and there she was, giving her exclusive attention where it most certainly did not belong!

In some confusion we finally squeezed in round a table suited to hold barely half our number, and then the slumming really began. We ordered drinks and Mrs. Ted began pointing out celebrities; several odd-looking people came up and spoke to her, and each of them took kindly to Miss Esmeralda. It was gay enough. The form of entertainment seemed to be that everybody at our table bought alcoholic stimulants for everybody who came up; but those who came up did not buy for us.

Still, the spirit of festivity grew, notwithstanding—that is, it grew for all save two: Marjorie and myself. The former had been forced into a corner near me and her mouth was very firmly set. I followed the direction of her glance and saw that Captain Tugwell was giving Esmeralda a lesson in French. Instinctively we both strained to hear what they said. Through the uproar it was barely audible.

"*Porqui vos n'pas d la guerre?*" This incorrect phrase they were chanting together; at the time I couldn't imagine why.

Suddenly Marjorie leaned toward me and hissed:

"Vulgar little person! She's—she's lassoing him!"

"She's hardly little," I protested, "or really vulgar, Miss Marjorie. She is merely a Child of Nature."

"Bah! You too!" said Marjorie in disgust.

"Nature is a beautiful mother!" I heard my own voice say, apparently at a great distance.

"Too many cordials, Allie!" said Marjorie, and turned her shoulder to me.

I doubt it—about the cordials. I had had three; but I am by nature a sober man. Still, I felt at the moment sufficient courage to reach across the table and attract Miss Esmeralda's attention.

"What are you learning that phrase for?" I demanded.

"I want to ask the waiter why he doesn't go to France," said she.

Then she returned to the Englishman. If he had not been Lord Castlewing's cousin I should have cut him from my acquaintance forever from that moment!

"Captain Tugwell, I'm very hungry!" she said.

"Hungry? My word!" said the captain. "They have some splendid chicken *d la* King here!"

Esmeralda looked round guiltily, saw that her aunt was occupied, and made her request in a whisper.

"May I have ham and eggs, and some fried potatoes, instead?" she asked. "I haven't had any regular food since I came East!"

"How original!" exclaimed Captain Tugwell. "Of course you may! Here, *garçon!*" And he gave the order.

To comfort myself for the pain this scene had caused me, I took another cordial—they are really good for me; and then, as through a glass darkly, I saw that some confusion had been engendered behind the light partition which separated the main café from the bar. Several shouts arose; there was a scuffling and a sound of shattering glass; voices were raised—French voices, a German voice; then a large variety of American voices, all going at once.

There was a most unpleasant sound of pummeling—roars of pain; more crashes. Then a waiter rushed or, rather, skidded in through the swinging door.

On the instant the café was in confusion. Everyone arose. Chairs and tables were overturned or clambered upon as the men—notably those in uniform—rushed into the mêlée. In that low-ceilinged, smoke-saturated place the effect was frightful. Somehow or other I found myself on my feet and being ruthlessly propelled in the direction of one of the low windows by a firm grip on my arm.

It was a moment before I fully realized that the hand which led me thus was that of my dear patroness, Mrs. DeWynt, who was shrieking at the top of her voice and forcing a way for the two of us in a very effective manner.

On either hand crowded other women of our party, and still others, who were strangers. My glasses fell off in the confusion, leaving me to struggle, half blinded, amid a whirling sea of femininity, as we plunged out over the low window sill into the little garden on the avenue.

It was really something of a struggle, for we met some men who were determined to enter by the window we were using for exit; but at length we gained the open air, and then Mrs. De Wynt collapsed upon my shoulder. I braced her against the taxi starter's box, where she stood gasping, and patting her jewels to see whether all were there.

"How terrible!" she moaned. "Oh, Allie, how awful! We ought really never to have come to such a middle-class place!"

I agreed with her most heartily. Within, the din had grown infernal. Policemen could be seen rushing to the fray, and I had visions of having to prepare a list of our names for the morning papers—without my glasses! Captain Tugwell, the cousin of Lord Castlewing, would have to head it too—confound him!

Our cars were, as yet, nowhere in sight. On every hand people were rushing into that beastly place, shoving by us as though we were nobodies. Mrs. Langdon, Mrs. DeWynt, Marjorie and I were keeping close together, and not moving; it seemed the safest thing to do. Mrs. Ted had found some odd-looking male acquaintance, to whom she was excitedly explaining what had happened and begging him to rescue her husband, when St. Johns and Ted Collins himself appeared from round the corner, laughing.

"The cops have come!" called Ted. "They and the soldiers have calmed things down a bit. It was a peach of a fight—first amusing thing I've seen this evening!"

"Beastly mess!" complained St. Johns, wiping his monocle.

"Oh, let us find the cars and go home!" wailed Marjorie. "Where's Captain Tugwell?"

At that moment Captain Tugwell came out through the bar window and approached us rapidly.

"All safe?" he asked, giving us a rapid survey; then his voice grew sharp: "Where's Miss Esmeralda?"

"Esmeralda?" said Mrs. DeWynt weakly. "Why, dear me, I don't know!"

"I haven't seen her," said Marjorie; "and I don't want to. I want to go home."

"Has no one really seen her?" said Captain Tugwell anxiously. "By Jove, that's awful! It was a bad row; really, she may have been hurt! I—I—excuse me, please ——"

"Hold on!" said I. "I'm going with you."

But Captain Tugwell had already disappeared through the window; and, taking my courage in my hands, I followed, trembling; not from any fear of the mob for myself, but—I confess it—sick with apprehension as to what might have happened to that girl, so wantonly abandoned in the hour of danger.

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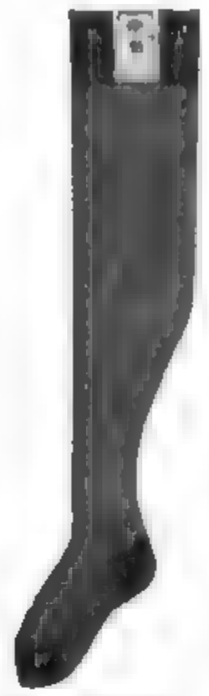

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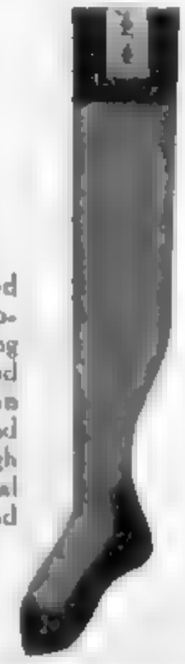

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TINGE

(Continued from Page 9)

"Of course," Miss Beeley continued quickly, avoiding the eye—"of course I am only asking you instead of Mr. Tripper to take her because he likes to dance—an' Eloise wouldn't have so good a time with him."

"A—a-heh," he repeated; but his eyes seemed harder and the mouth was certainly grim.

Skipping all the events preceding the seventh dance of the following evening, in the sweltering glory of Robertson's Select Dancing Academy, follow the hick from the collation booth, laden with two raspberry ices, to the seclusion of two folding chairs and three very tired funereal palms. It is the hick's big moment!

And the hick conducted it in a hicklike manner—that is to say, instead of going through the tender preliminaries incident to a discussion of certain of the higher feelings, Mr. Hershberger began with the abrupt statement that he was making eighteen dollars a week.

"Yes?" said Miss Beeley, quietly moving her changeable taffeta from the danger zone as marked by Mr. Hershberger's foot. A very large, a rather ungraceful foot was the corn-colored one's inward comment during the pause that followed.

"It's going to be twenty-one dollars pretty soon."

"Yes?" still politely.

"A—a-heh."

With a sigh of vindication she noticed that the tie was really satin—really light blue.

"Two could live on that." The boldness of this remark brought with it the usual twitchings.

Miss Beeley devoted herself to the ice.

"I—I liked you the very first moment I saw you." Did she remember?

She did.

Now Claude Merode—or even a person as far down the sentimental scale as Jimmy Gerling—would have conducted it differently. Claude Merode, his dark eyes flashing, his black hair glistening, would have dropped to one graceful knee and lightly taken the small hand that lay swathed in the changeable taffeta. Even Jimmy Gerling would have softened the shock with some light Mammoth gallantry. The dashing Merode would have spoken in impassioned phrases of love and marriage—of the little ivy-clad cottage where they would be alone together. Even Jimmy would have said something about her being some little queen. But the hick simply reached out a huge red hand—a huge red hand that grasped convulsively into space.

"Let's go steady together," he whispered hoarsely, and the hand reaching out for the love of her crushed a mass of changeable taffeta into a mangle of iridescent wrinkles.

Her first thought was for the dress. This was natural, for in the Mammoth a fella was but a fella—to be obtained at will—but a new dress ——

"Let go!" Then after the wrinkles had been smoothed to nearly a single shade of dark green she told him, very quietly and softly, but with a clarity of meaning that even he could understand.

"So," said the hick doggedly, "you was only kidding me?" He rose and stood before her.

"It ——"

"You was only kidding me," he repeated accusingly; "an' then this Tripper came along an' you started to kid him."

Majestically as her five-feet-four would allow she rose to leave.

The hick stepped into the opening between the drooping palms.

"I'm going away," he whispered thickly; "I'm going to war. Maybe when you wake up at night an' think of me laying out on some cold battlefield—maybe you'll be sorry"

A tiny scream.

"Maybe when you read about those big guns an' those gas things an' the guys that never come back you'll be sorry too—that is, maybe."

A frightened little blonde pleaded with him to calm himself.

"I'll be calm over there," he assured her. Then, as if there was still opportunity to save him: "Isn't there any chance for—me?"

Girl-like, shopgirl-like, she was honest. "No," she said quietly.

Boylike he refused to give up.

"Ain't I as much of a man as Tripper?"

A nod.

"Ain't I as honest?"

Another nod

"Ain't I as good as he is?"

Silence.

"Ain't I?"

"Ye-es."

"What's the difference between me an' the kind of a guy you would fall for?" he demanded.

For several moments she gave it her consideration.

"It isn't that you just lack class," she began slowly; "it isn't that. It isn't because you ain't a swell dresser. It ain't that. It's something else—it's just that you ain't ——"

"I ain't what?"

The Mammoth dictionary supplied the word:

"It's just that you ain't tinge."

His bravado gone the hick was merely a boy who thought himself fatally hurt. Ten minutes later he followed her out into the gayety of the Darktown Fox Trot. She was standing beside the immaculate Tuxedo-clad figure of Mr. Tripper, as blond and sunshiny as ever. Beside her was the freckled Eloise. Slowly he walked across to the group—slowly, that she might see that he was still determined.

When he came up she was still smiling, not a single trace of remorse that she had sent a man to his death.

"Oh, Mr. Tripper," she thrilled, "guess what? Mr. Hershberger is going to join the army an' become a general."

Mr. Tripper smiled pityingly.

The freckled one stared—just stared.

IV

EVEN in khaki he still looked like a hick. That was during the first week. It was during this week that the top sergeant had said, "One more of those 'a—a-hehs' and so help me Spigot, I'll report you to the lieut!"

It was shortly after this that the captain took a hand. The hick was conversing with the dark little man behind him in the mess line. The subject under discussion was entertainment.

"The trouble with this Y. M. C. A.," said the hick, "is that they ain't got enough pictures to look at."

The dark little man had stiffened suddenly, but the hick did not notice the figure at his rear.

"What they need," he asserted, "is more pictures."

The dark little man stepped on his foot.

"Don't you read?"

Private Hershberger turned, reddened, gulped, saluted.

"A—a-he —— Yes, sir!"

"Books?"

"I read those in school," said the hick, as one who had done his full duty.

"Haven't you read one since?"

"I—I've been too busy, sir."

For the small part of a second the captain's blue eyes twinkled, then they became unnaturally stern.

"Then," said the captain, "I want you to go over to the library to-night and start one—and read it until you know what it is all about. Take plenty of time, but report progress."

A moment later the dark little man observed to the grinning line that blab never got anybody anywhere. "See what you got wished on you!" he added. Then with a wink: "Gosh! Maybe they'll give you the Bible!"

The line howled.

A month later the hick's head was a curious mixture of "squads right" and the red-headed girl. On the first reading the red-headed girl had been as strange as his new surroundings. "I don't get her a-tall," he whispered to himself after two hours spent in the quietest spot in camp; "I don't get her a-tall."

After the second reading the whole thing had suddenly become a part of his life—all but the red-headed girl. To the simple heart of the hick all printing was truth. All books were as the gospel. It was as if he knew the girl and the man—he was a soldier too—but the red-headed girl —— His figure had straightened; he looked less and less like a hick. He spoke confidently, without more than an occasional twitch. Under the stern eye of the top sergeant he lost his last

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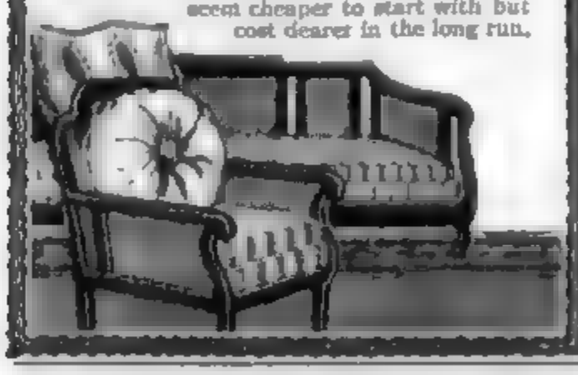

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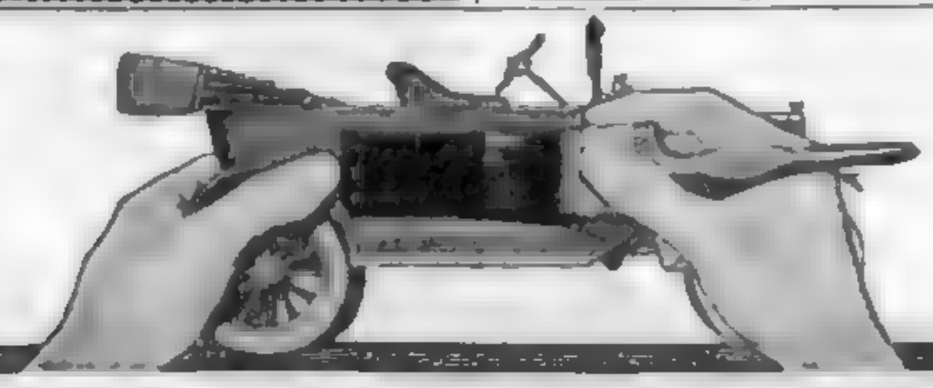

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lingering "a—a-heh ——" But the red-headed girl. . . .

Finally he took his trouble to the captain. He was quite a young captain, but he treated the subject with all the gravity that such a troublesome subject deserved. He explained it all very clearly. The next night the hick started the entire book over again, because with the red-haired girl explained it had suddenly come very close. The man had been a soldier; the girl, well —— The next day the hick asked for and obtained a forty-eight-hour furlough.

IN COMMON with some ninety millions of other people the aisle had not taken the war very seriously. It was an awful thing, they agreed, but distance softened its application to the aisle. Even the first levy had by some curious chance left the aisle untouched. Even the departure of the hick had not created more than a tiny ripple of interest, and even this ripple was more personal than sanguinary.

"I wisht," said the blasé child in the semisilks, "that he had gone an' killed himself in remorse." Speculatively—"I never saw one in the morgue that had died that way."

"Outside," Miss Hattie Peebles had instantly commanded—"outside with that stuff!"

"I like it," said the child; "they're killin' a hundred thousand every day in Europe."

The child, scenting trouble in Miss Peebles' elaborately unconcerned movement down the aisle, hurried to duck under the bundle counter.

At first there had been many good things said—witty things, the aisle decided—about just how the hick would look in uniform.

"Poor Mr. Hershberger," giggled the girl who had sent him to his death; "he'll just naturally 'a—a-heh' those Germans to death."

"That or he'll make them laugh so much when they see him that they can't fight," contributed Miss Peebles.

"He'll look like the Wizard of Ooze, I'll bet," said another.

Miss Eloise Murphy contributed nothing.

And then as a cold wet November crept into a cold December the aisle came to look on the war as their war. One at a time young men slipped away to some unmentioned port or camp. There were three war brides in the fifth aisle alone.

But greater than any of these more or less subtle changes was the change in Miss Ella Beeley.

It was thrust upon the aisle suddenly one evening after closing time, as counters were being covered for the night; counters tossed like storm-ridden shores by Christmas shoppers. No less a person than Mr. Clayton Tripper precipitated it.

"I wonder," said Mr. Tripper in the lighter tone he reserved for social functions and after-hour conversation, "whether our friend Mr. Hershberger knows yet which end of the gun fires the cartridge."

The child giggled, as children will, but the rest of the aisle remained silent—silent for a moment; then Miss Ella Beeley, eyes aflame, mouth quivering, answered him.

"He probably does, Mr. Tripper! Right now he's probably lying cold on some battle field! All shot an' everything. He's over with the big guns, an' the gas—an' the men!" Shrilly she emphasized the last word.

Nothing more was said. After all, Mr. Tripper was a floorwalker!

And then next day out of a clear sky and through a jumble of bent, appraising figures came the hick! But what a glorified hick, so to speak! Head straight, chin up, he was a credit to the grim top sergeant and the pleasant captain. To the aisle he looked every inch a general—every bit a grizzled veteran.

Even Mr. Tripper unbent to the extent of using his out-of-business-hours smile and waving a gently graceful hand. Straight down the aisle came the hick, but his eyes probed the staring glad eyes of the corn-colored Miss Beeley.

For a full minute he stared, after the manner of a boy proving his lessons. But the aisle recognized the right of Ella to the first greeting. When it came it was that all might hear.

"Oh, Herman," she whispered joyously, "you don't know how glad I am to see you. Honest, you don't know how often I said to myself that I was a fool—not to tell you then what I wanted to; only—only, you see, I thought you were fooling."

The hick nodded nervously; but who wouldn't with a corn-colored beauty saying things like that! His eyes sought the freckled friend. She nodded and he ——

"We'll—that is, I will be expectin' you to-night," whispered the corn-colored one. "Please come early."

"I will," said the hick.

The fat customer below Eloise sniffed audibly: "What is this anyway a musical comedy?"

Eloise broke Mammoth Rule Thirty-One "Never talk back to a customer"

"Lady," she said quietly, "ain't you got any patriotism?"

"What's that got to do with it?"

Suddenly the freckles seemed to tire, the nose almost to droop.

"Nothing at all, lady," she said humbly. "Was it three yards you said?"

THE hick stood in the doorway and hesitated. "Hello!" he said.

This was at seven-thirty. At eight-ten the blue Alpine lakes were wet and the corn-colored head was troubled. She had come forward with outstretched arms and the hick had side-stepped. Asked why, he had started to mumble something about the red-headed lady.

At eight-thirty the blonde understood the situation something after this fashion: A captain . . . a guy by the name of Kipling at the Y. M. C. A. . . . two women—one red-haired . . . this guy Kipling's friend was a soldier . . . started to paint pictures . . . got blind . . . Which girl stayed with the guy? . . . The good-looking one? . . . No, the homely one—red-haired. She stayed with him when his lights failed . . . homely girl.

"What's the difference between that girl and me?" she demanded hotly.

The hick thought of many things, including a ball and a floorwalker. It was hard to tell just what was missing; the book hadn't said.

"I don't know," confessed the hick, "unless it's just—tinge."

After the blonde had gone he waited. He knew she would come if the thing was according to Hoyle.

It was!

The single-track hick picked her up as a prize of war and the God Bless Our Home that hung over the mantel has gone on record that not a word was said for nearly five minutes. Then:

"Gosh! What a boob I was!"

The freckles smiled.

"But you're not any more."

"Ain't I?"

"No."

"Why?"

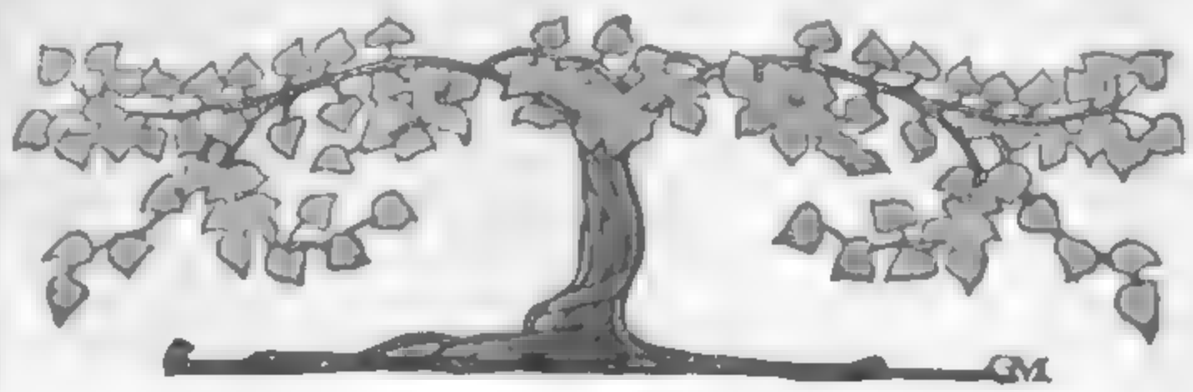
She drew away that she might see him the better and make a fair decision. But the change, though so decided, was too subtle for Mister Webster.

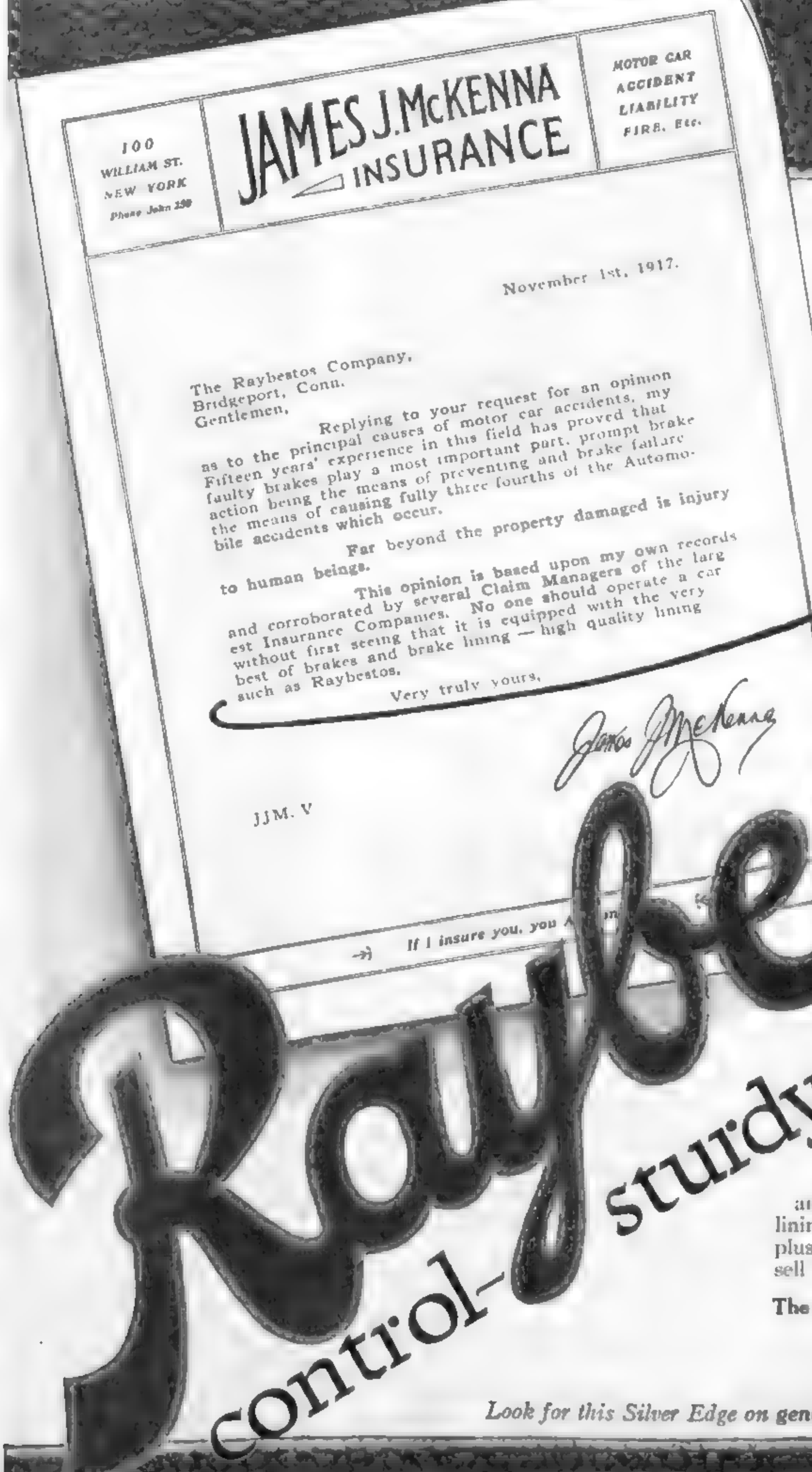
"You're tinge!" she whispered softly.

A moment later she was sobbing in his arms.

"Oh, you'll be killed! Oh, you'll lay out there in France all cold. An' the big guns, an' the gas, an' the cold." She gave a tiny scream.

"Not me," said the hick. "I told them I knew all about merchandise, so they put me into the quartermaster's department."

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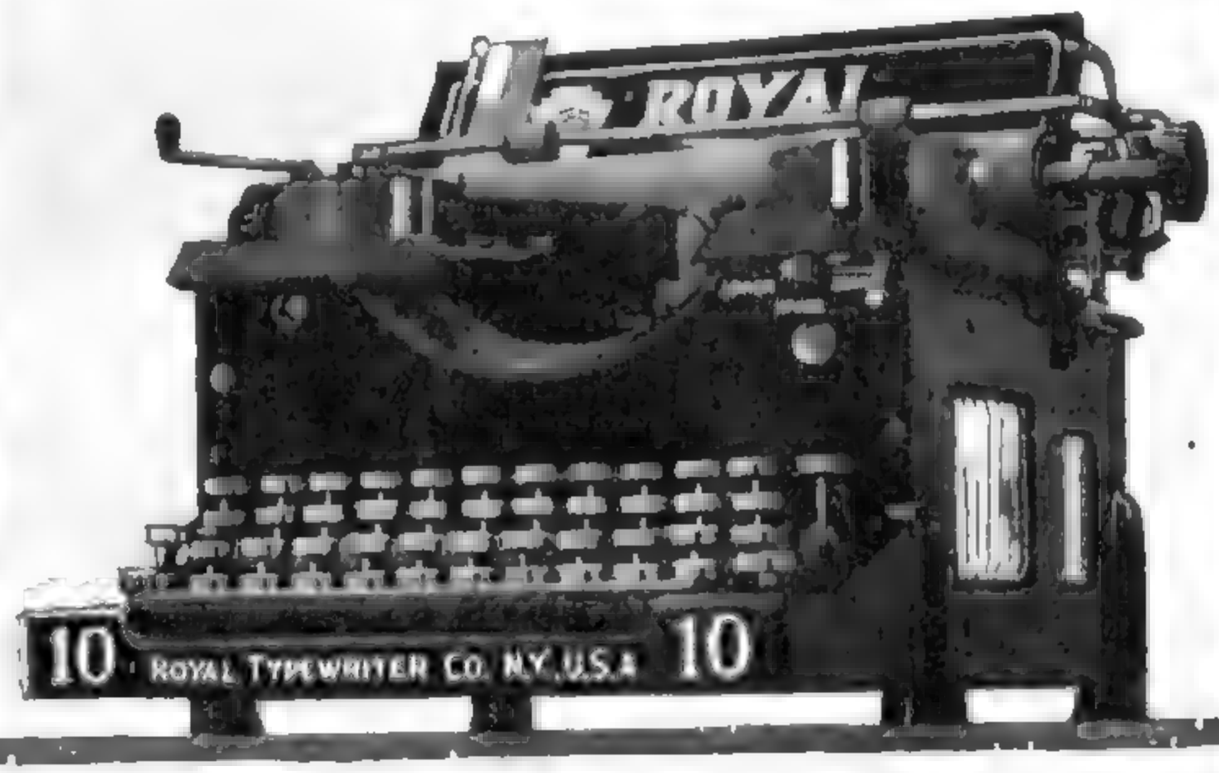

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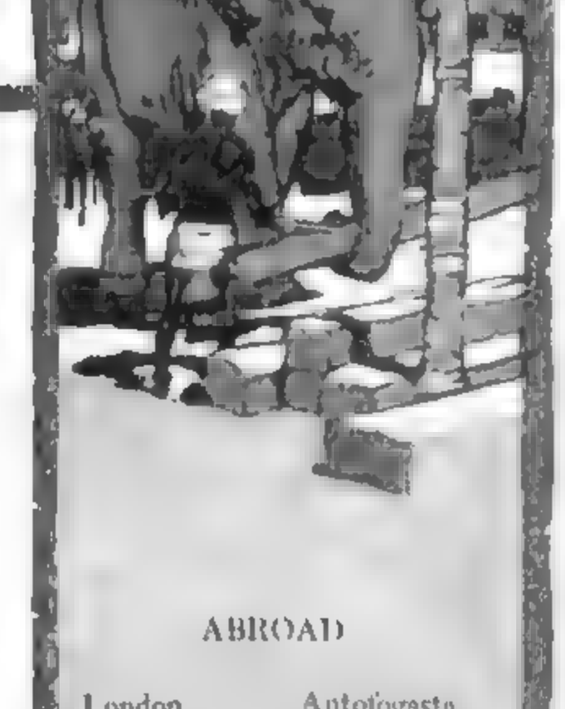

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ROYAL

FROM A CAMP WINDOW

(Continued from Page 4)

I had fled to report the outrage. So that all the good-looking aid saw when he came in response to my frantic summons was a loose horse which gave every appearance of wanting his head scratched or his ears pulled.

At the beginning, when I first went to the camp, there were no horses. Now they are everywhere, unclipped strings of them being led from the cars which brought them—generally Western horses, stocky and stolid, but here and there a nervous animal with small head high and lines that show breeding; rows of cavalry, four abreast and going slowly until the new cavalrymen find that place in the saddle which the riding masters say is there for every man; isolated riders going at a canter, Western-trained boys, some of them, and used to horses, while we Easterners are still in our perambulators. And on review days the entire staff on horseback and wonderful indeed to behold.

So now the headquarters troop is learning to groom horses and take care of them, learning the anatomy of the horse, having "school of equitation," saddle or close order drill on horseback, and—monkey drill. This last has nothing, however, to do with monkeys. It consists of turning a certain number of troopers—the same number of troopers, the same number of horses, an equal number of halters, and no saddles—into the bull pen, which is an inclosure containing a circular runway. The game would appear to resemble drop the handkerchief, the trooper being the handkerchief. To mount an unsaddled horse is not difficult if he has a mane; even, I believe, a tail is of some assistance! The problem consists in not going off on the other side. It becomes, usually, a problem in subtraction. Mud is not usually welcome in military camps, but no mud can be deep enough and soft enough for the monkey-drill class.

It is odd to see these Western horses, each with his brand, so far from where they belong. Gone their days on the plain or mountain trail; gone their quiet nights of grazing under the stars. Like the people in this strange new world outside my window, their familiar shaggy figures look odd and out of place. Almost one might think them puzzled, like the rest of us, and a bit dazed with it all. But here and there is to be found an old cavalry horse taking things easily and calmly, and only betraying his training when the band begins to play.

Punishments Become Rewards

Watch him then! His ears go up and forward, his neck arches, and he begins that curious high step—half dance, half march—that marks him for what he is. Now again for a moment he lives. He is back at the post, where bands are not incidental but a part of the routine of the day. He loves the blare of the brass as a fire horse in the old days loved the alarm bell. And so long as he can hear the music he moves with it, harking back to who knows what with that wonderful memory that horses have.

There is nothing sad about our camp. It is businesslike and efficient. And it means something which we do not talk about a great deal. Indeed, curiously enough, to most of the enlisted men the war itself is farther away than it was when they were at home. There is little time for reading newspapers. Every hour is taken up. And in the barracks I am told that the talk runs along certain almost fixed lines, viz.: First, food—being what one would order if dining in a decent restaurant; second, girls; third, their officers—generally uncomplimentary; fourth, exchanging uncivil personalities.

Of the war itself—nothing. And this, too, is as it should be.

Quite a little of the cheer is contributed by the negro troops. At first, when it was necessary to punish them for small misdemeanors, they were given two or three days' K. P., which means Kitchen Police duty. Immediately the morale in the colored troops began to go to pieces. Hitherto exemplary privates began with fiendish ingenuity to go wrong. A very plague of small military offenses swept over the troops, and bewildered officers held long consultations over the matter.

Then gradually the truth began to drift in. The negroes loved K. P. They preferred paring potatoes and washing dishes and scrubbing to drill in the cold. Indeed, they preferred almost anything to drill in the cold. So now K. P. is given as a reward, not a punishment, on the duty roster; and peace has settled down over the colored regiments.

When the negroes first came to the camp they came, many of them, without enough clothing to cover them adequately. But in one particular they were wonderfully well equipped.

On the first day they were lined up in company front, a long line of rather worried-looking boys; and at the first order of "Fall in" they almost went into hysterics with glee. "Fall in!" Fall into what? They thought the officer was being facetious.

However, at last they fell in, and a colored officer with great dignity, his waistband thrust a bit forward with his magnificent erectness, delivered himself somewhat as follows:

"We's all gathered heah togethah to fight this heah wah. Now they's lots of things which you ain' done at home that youse goin' to do heah. And they's lots of things you done at home which you ain' goin' to do here. The first rule is: They ain' goin' to be no crap-shootin'."

A sort of low wail went up from the troops, but the officer fixed them with a grim eye and sent his first sergeant for a pail. Then the inexorable pair went down the line.

There was a hold-up here and there when some defiant soldier stonily professed innocence. But the officer did not weaken.

"All right. Shell out them dice!"

"I ain't got no dice, cap'n. Honest I ain'."

"Shell out them dice!"

Eventually search would be made by the sergeant, and the dice found. And with excellent psychology, as each man delivered the contraband the others shrieked with joy. Only when their own turns came was the joy turned into mourning.

The General Unbends

The lettering on their uniforms puzzled some of them at first. The letters are U. S. N. A., for United States National Army. But one of them was overheard explaining to another bewildered darky that the letters stood for Uncle Sam's Negro Army!

They make good troops—willing and cheerful. Good fighters too. But it was hard at first to teach them military etiquette. If they liked their white officers they wanted to talk to them. A young lieutenant, overseeing the digging of a trench, and very, very conscious of his dignity, heard a soft voice beneath saying: "Officer, please to give me some tobacco."

Whether the lieutenant gave it or not I do not know. My window is far from the trenches, but I do know what the general did under similar circumstances. Now the way of a general on foot, as in his office, is austerely alone or with the staff respectfully in the background. He goes, even when alone, entirely surrounded by majesty. From a half mile off nervous privates draw themselves up, ready for the salute, and pray that he goes another way. It is easier to accost a king on his throne than the general on the parade ground. High-strung young officers have nightmares sometimes, when they dream of slapping the general on the back and saying "Hello there, old top! How goes it?" And waken, shivering.

So the general was considerably surprised one day when a new recruit walked up to him and said: "Have you an extra cigarette about you?"

However, in addition to being a general he is very much of a human being, and—I dare say with the twinkle working hard—he unbuttoned his overcoat and found his cigarettes, and offered one as one man to another. Then he went on.

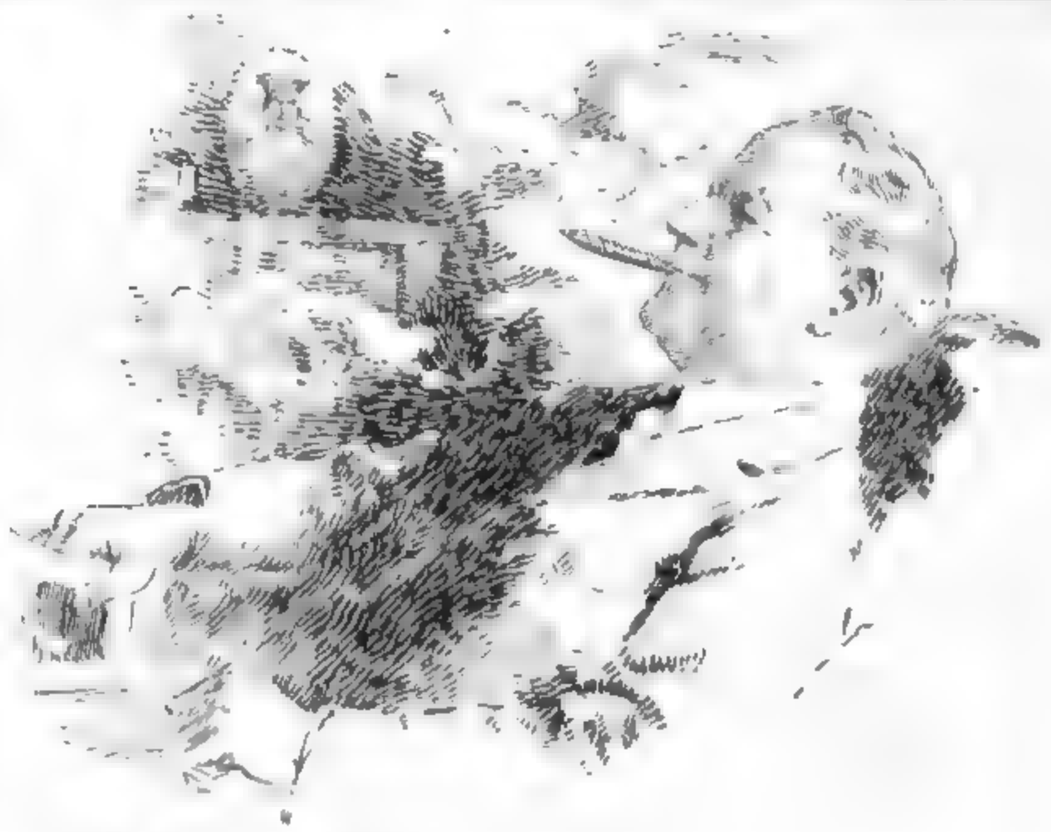
But another rookie, reeling with horror, had seen the performance and informed the first one of the identity of his benefactor.

"My Gawd!" gasped the offender. "Was that the general?" And with shaking knees he pursued majesty and offered his apology.

"That's all right, my boy," said the general handsomely. "But you may be glad you didn't stop a second lieutenant. He'd have given you hell."

And this is a true story, because the general told me himself.

The general is the center of the camp. As somebody said of somebody else, wherever



My Boy went Yesterday

He's gone to do his bit "somewhere in France." I'll do mine here at home.

These last few months have opened up our eyes. "Efficient" was what we liked to think we were. We've got a *lot* to learn!

So many ways *I* see for doing *my* bit better than I've done before.

I'm not too old to learn new ways of being *more* efficient. "New occasions teach new duties"—even in smoking. Suppose

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he sits is the head of the table. And because the morale of a camp is a thing that develops from the top down and not from the bottom up, our morale is very good indeed. After forty years in the service a man becomes a pretty good judge of other men. He understands them—and he knows their needs. He knows the need of discipline, of play, and the effect on them of the home relationships. And our general stresses this last very hard, because he regards the army as only the cutting edge of the knife. The real force of the blow struck by an army is wielded by the people at home.

His family behind him makes a good soldier. His family's moral support lacking, his letters from home complaining, unhappy, hysterical—and they are all of that, only too often—make a poor soldier. Yet into our camp each day come fifty thousand letters, and probably one in five is of the sort to take the heart out of a man. The general gets two hundred a day—sometimes three hundred. And they run much like this:

"*Dear Mr.* ——: I will drop you a line to see if you have considered Mr. W. J.'s discharge. Dear Mr. ——, I do hope and pray you will do something for him. Oh, I need him so much. Words cannot express it. Please write and tell me what you will do. He is in the —— Infantry. I will wait for an early reply."

Or: "You have thousands of boys, but he is all I have. Please send him back to me."

Pitiful, of course. The first tragic harvest of the war for us. But where the general receives one letter of this sort the men receive hundreds—tearful, hysterical pleas for them to come home, and with, in a majority of the cases investigated, a deliberate magnifying of poverty and trouble.

The Trouble Bureau

I have spoken of the cases investigated. They are all investigated. Before the first month of the camp was well under way the general realized that he was confronting a question so serious that it menaced the efficiency of the entire new army. For naturally what was happening in his camp was occurring in every one of the cantonments and camps throughout the country.

Left alone the men worked hard, showed fine spirit, did not complain. But a vast number carried about with them day after day, buttoned in their blouses, letters that took the very hearts out of them.

"If we can get the women of this country to stand behind their men we shall win the war," said the general. "If we do not ——"

He took to going about with his head down, rolling rapidly rather more cigarettes than were good for him, and being, I believe, extremely difficult to manage for a few days. All generals are managed. The staff, and the aids, and a lot of people divide the responsibility. And the outgrowth was what is profanely known as the trouble shooters.

It is really a commission, with branches in various cities, and an imposing name. But in the camp it is the work of one man, a young man with vision and a heart—rather a rare combination, because most visionaries deal in abstractions.

The general, whose business is knowing men, had been watching him for some time, and at last he took a plan he had made to him. The plan was the general's. The results were to be the practical visionary's, now the chief trouble shooter.

And the general wanted results. Not only that, he wanted quick results. He does things that way. He once sent for a brilliant young chaplain, for instance, and having stated that the camp should have a newspaper gave the chaplain the job. He also stated that, to-day being Saturday, the first number would appear the next Wednesday. There was no paper, no press, no money for such a project. But the Eighty-third Division News appeared next Wednesday for all that, and has been appearing ever since.

And again the general, on a cold Sunday afternoon in November, ordered from his quartermaster a hundred oil stoves for the hospital, where the steam heat was not yet installed; and demanded the stoves delivered in two hours.

"But it is Sunday," quavered the quartermaster, "and there is not an oil stove in the warehouse."

"Two hours!" said the general in his fiercest manner. And inside of the time, from near-by towns, by motor, by street car, by horse and wagon and under messengers' arms, began to arrive such processions of oil stoves as set the hospital grinning with delight.

So the general found the right man for his trouble bureau, and turned the work over to him. He said he wanted all complaints investigated. And in this connection it may be said that many letters plainly show the influence of German propaganda. He wanted families that required help assisted financially through the many associations that stand ready to do so. He wanted, in a word, a contented army. Because only a man who is free from worry will make a good soldier.

The trouble bureau at the camp became the liaison between the camp and the commissions in the various cities. It became a connecting link, too, between the enlisted man and his family. It was able to tell him, for instance, how much truth there was in the sometimes highly colored reports members of his family were writing him as to affairs at home.

It entered on its work in no skeptical spirit, and its faith in human nature persists. It presumes that a case is genuine until it is proved otherwise.

To show how they are succeeding, what they are doing, here is one letter that came in a few days ago. The writer is Mrs. E. B.

"*Dear General:* I want to thank you for your kindness in giving my case attention. I received a fine Christmas present from the American Red Cross in the form of a check for $10.00, which I am very thankful to you and the Red Cross for.

"I am also very grateful to you for giving my husband permission to come home and visit me Christmas, which made us both happy.

"Please allow my husband to be present at the birth of our baby.

"General, you made me very happy by looking into my case. I appreciate your kindness and wish you much happiness the coming New Year.

"Again thanking you, I am,
"Respectfully, (signed)"

That was worth doing, I think.

As time went on the activities of the bureau increased. For our camp is a city, and in it may be found every sort of trouble to which the dwellers of a city are liable.

This is a *résumé* of the bureau's activities, hastily written out for me by its splendid and efficient head:

"Where a soldier is separated from his wife and wants a divorce. We get results.

"A soldier has lost his automobile. We find it.

"A soldier wants to collect a note. Sometimes we do it.

"A soldier wishes to marry a certain girl. In two cases we have brought them to camp and seen that they were married. Both cases required the marriage."

Stamping Out Propaganda

"Where a man's family needs medical or financial aid we obtain these through the Red Cross, as we have an excellent method of cooperation with that organization. I cannot speak too highly of the effective work that the Red Cross is doing for the families of the soldiers at this camp.

"Men apply here daily and ask us to investigate sickness at home. This we do, by telephone or telegraph if important or by letter if not urgent.

"In other words, the purpose of this bureau is to attend to any need which may come into the life of a soldier and which he cannot attend to for himself by reason of his presence here."

Incidentally, the trouble bureau is saving thousands of dollars to the Government in unnecessary furloughs. There was a time when, about Thursday of each week, incredible numbers of enlisted men lost relatives, to be buried on Saturday. But the trouble shooter, with his telegraph and telephone, has saved the life of more than one unsuspecting parent by a well-placed telegram. Wires from home reporting "Aunt Matilda died to-day Funeral Saturday Come home" are now comparatively infrequent.

I have not heard of any such trouble-bureau system in other camps. But then, there are not many men with the outlook our general has. It could be done in every camp. It should be done in every camp. For the general's psychology is right. A man who is worrying about his family is not even potentially a good soldier. It is not too much to say that the woman at home can win or lose this war for us.

The immediate result of this work was an improvement in the morale. I have never seen a drunken soldier in our camp or in the city three miles away. There has been an entire absence of the small offenses that might reasonably be expected to occur when thirty-odd thousand men of all sorts are gathered together, with entire liberty outside of certain hours of work. There is no vice. And that, too, is worth while.

But—the investigation of all these letters, instead of consigning them to the wastebasket, revealed another need. German propagandists, pacifists and disloyal newspapers had been painting our army camps in lurid colors. The people at home were getting a false impression of them. Lies as to epidemics, suicides and general wretchedness were being widely circulated.

There were two remedies: To take the boys home so they could tell the truth, and to bring the fathers and mothers and wives and sweethearts to the camp to see for themselves. Rather a big order, that. But it was solved, as things have a way of being solved in our camp.

Fortunately most of the men had been recruited from the state in which the camp was located. But even then, how was it humanly possible to get the boys back to their home towns?

Interest Growing

More cigarettes in the general's little upper room. More pondering. More managing by the staff and the aids—this time directed to keeping out of the way and under cover. And then ——

There were seven all-American football players in the camp. They had been easily discovered, because at first, in the absence of rifles and any equipment, the men were set to playing. They played games. They still play, for that matter. There is one game I can see from my window that looks extremely like drop the handkerchief, only the handkerchief is a leather strap.

Many of the men had never played, and those games were for the purpose of teaching them to use their muscles. But it ended in the discovery of material for a fine football team.

"Ha!" said the general—or its military equivalent. And the problem was solved.

All over the state this last fall went the football team. But not alone. No, indeed! It went in state, and to each city it was accompanied by the men who had been recruited from that city. A parade, headed by a band, with Charlie Smith, once the town's star corner loafer, marching with his head up and carrying a rifle and looking like a man; a football game; and then a military drill executed by boys who had gone away a few weeks before untrained, undisciplined, only too often undeveloped physically, and now in the pink, as the British say. Small wonder that it brought the people in the grand stands to their feet, cheering wildly.

Then Charlie Smith and the others went home on a twenty-four-hour furlough, to tell all they knew. And what they told was good. They were having a bully time. The fellows were bully. The food was bully. They were not contemplating suicide. They had not had smallpox. They were not being poisoned by German cooks. They were not shooting spies every day after breakfast.

And gradually it began to get round that the camp was a pretty good place. Families dried their tears and observed to the neighbors that Joe's chest measure had increased two inches and that he had prospects of being made a corporal.

A million people saw those boys parade through the streets of their native towns, and smiled and wept and went home with a revision of ideas that was eminently good for them.

But one thing led to another. I can, by bending forward, see one wing of the next development in our camp. As a matter of fact the very room in which I am writing this is a part of that development.

Interest in the camp was growing. And Christmas was coming too. From far away and close by there began an influx of visitors to see the boys. The little town three miles away was swamped. Yet in pursuance of his conviction that an army is strong only when the people at home stand squarely behind it the general wished the families to come.

He was proud of his camp, as well he might be. But here was winter coming, and

(Continued on Page 93)

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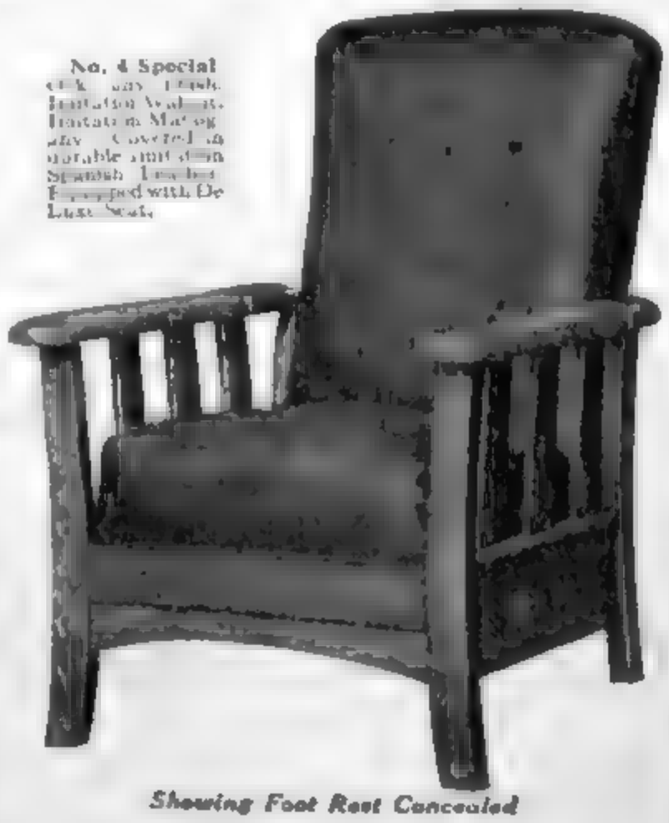

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Yet each plug must deliver an independent spark every sixteenth part of a second and every spark must come on the instant and fire every charge in every cylinder every time.

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When you realize that Champions supply the spark of life for an overwhelming majority of motors of all kinds, you appreciate how faithfully we are attaining laboratory results in quantity manufacture.

When you buy spark plugs see that the name "Champion" is on the porcelain—not merely on the box.

Champion Aeroplane Plug

Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo, Ohio

(Continued from Page 90)

no place for the enlisted man to see his family except the road or the parade ground or the crowded lobby of a hotel.

I should like to publish the name of the camp wizard. Just as I should like to publish the general's name, and the names of the men round him who have so ably seconded him, and the name of the horse which so foully attacked me, and of that practical idealist, the trouble shooter. But I may not. So we shall speak of the wizard.

The wizard built the camp—a small thing, of course, only three miles long and two and one-half miles wide. And he built a cement road three miles long in the time a street commissioner is talking about getting the contracts ready; and a church; and the sixty-five-acre hospital; and a few other things.

So the general went to the wizard. No, that is wrong. Generals do not go to anyone, even wizards. He summoned him to the Presence and explained the situation. And here I am a trifle vague, for I do not know from which brain the vast Community House sprang, full-panoplied, like Minerva—or whoever it was—from the head of Jove.

Sprang is a most excellent word in this connection. In three weeks from the time of beginning, the Community House was opened, and its restaurant served dinner to nine hundred people. A real dinner, too, on linen, with flowers and silver and china. And the stage at the opposite end was hung with its blue velvet curtains, and open fires gleamed, and low lamps with golden silk shades glowed, and the band played, and father and mother and sister, who had come disconsolately to see Jack bearing the hardships of war, found themselves seated in deep leather chairs, watching that same Jack dance with the prettiest girl on the floor.

It is a vast building, built in the shape of the symbol of the Red Cross. But its size does not make it ugly. It was done in three weeks, and it is beautiful. Architecturally it is beautiful. The decorations are beautiful. But most beautiful of all is the spirit that stands behind it. Not government money built it. It was built and financed by individual effort—a beautiful spot, a bit of home for the enlisted man.

For it is for the enlisted man. Officers may use it, and do. But its primary purpose was to give to the private soldier a place where he may take his visitors. For himself alone there are many Y. M. C. A. halls, which are his clubs. For his sweetheart, when she visits him, for his parents or his wife—there is this great building.

Conscientious Objectors

But the Community House again brought its problems. The camp is three miles from the town, and rooms in the town were at a premium. So once again a conference, and the wizard sitting up at nights—or standing; he never sits. And hence my camp window.

Two dormitory buildings for visitors, next to the Community House, are already in use, the Masonic House and the D. A. R. House. Here for a dollar a day one secures a small room, plain but comfortable. My little room contains my washstand, desk, a bureau, a narrow iron bed and two chairs—all I require. More, indeed. I cannot sit in two chairs. Down the corridor there is a bathroom with plenty of hot water. A radiator keeps me warm, though it is bitterly cold outside. And when it is time for food I have but to walk a hundred feet to the Community House. Eventually there will be seven hundred rooms in various dormitories, and all of them occupied. And that, I think, was worth doing.

So our camp has solved its social problem and is by way of solving its equipment problems too. But there remain two questions for which there is as yet no answer. One is a big one, and one is small.

The small one is rather curious. It relates to the conscientious objector. In the state from which most of the men come there are many Amish. And the Amish are conscientious objectors. They will not fight. They will not wear uniforms. They will not salute officers. Most of them will not work. And they will not draw pay. But they are conscripted, they are in the camp, and they are familiarly known as the guests.

Now I do not know Amish psychology. There is a deep conviction, of course, or they would draw their pay. And they are consistent. They do not believe in buttons, for one thing, and fasten their clothing with hooks and eyes. But I do not care about buttons myself, having spent a certain portion of my life sewing them onto a restless family which was constantly going through the process known as bursting out! And they wear long hair, and small beards under their chins.

Some of them—there are perhaps forty in the camp—serve occasionally in officers' mess, in kitchen or dining room. But their elders object, and every now and then without warning the officers' mess is without waiters. The Amish go to the guardhouse to live on bread and water, and letters of complaint go to Washington. Then the harassed War Department wires to have them freed, and the vicious circle begins again.

It is an absurd and inconsistent situation. For if we are right in exempting the Quakers these men should be sent home; and if we are wrong we should draft the Quaker eligibles. And there you are. Truly the conscientious objector is difficult to understand and more difficult to handle. That is the small problem.

The big one is national. It is being worried over now in Washington, because something must be done, and done quickly. The Secretary of War believes it should be done. The army machine in Washington is less anxious. It does not like to delegate authority, and it is suspicious. For a long time it has held all authority in its own hands. But the army has grown. The emergency is real. Time is the one thing we may not squander, but are squandering under the present system.

Generals' Hands Tied

Each of these camps represents in labor and material some two hundred million dollars. It is a vast plant, its operating heads its officers. And at the top, responsible for it all, is the general in command. It would strike one then as reasonable that this general in command, considered competent to train his division of thirty-odd thousand men here and to take them into battle abroad, should have the privilege of changing and improving his officer executives to secure the greatest possible efficiency. He should have the right to weed out incompetent officers, with the inevitable loss of life they will entail on the other side, before it is too late. He should be able to promote competent ones—to move a man valueless in one capacity to another where that man will work well.

He cannot. He is given a readymade officer personnel and must do what he can with it. Is there any other business in the world with such an investment, with so much at stake, where the man responsible has no voice? Of course not.

True, he may make recommendations for changes. But I have been keenly interested in watching the fate of such recommendations. Two months, three months—and no action. And all the time the German Army fighting its hideous warfare, and making efficiency among its officers its watchword and its strength.

If these generals of divisions are competent to train their divisions here and to lead them abroad, they are competent to weed out weakness and replace it with strength. What can Washington know of a man's ability? Who can know but the general whose business it is to watch that man and to judge by results?

The Secretary of War knows all this. He wants to give these division generals full power, as they have already full responsibility. But the Secretary of War is but one man, and not a soldier; and when he is told by his advisers that a thing cannot legally be done he faces a difficult situation. As a matter of fact many of the things we did in the Civil War were unconstitutional. What is the Constitution between enemies?

However, this may be said: The situation lies now in the hands of the President. Only the President may give to these division generals, now when it is most valuable, the power to promote. If he will do this a great and necessary step forward will have been taken.

It was after almost three years of struggle in the Civil War that Abraham Lincoln saw the wisdom of delegating full authority to his officers, and the result was the speedy end of the war.

The British had some such problem. They, too, found themselves held up by the endless red tape of what corresponds to our

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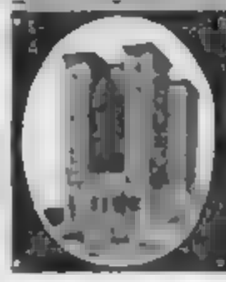

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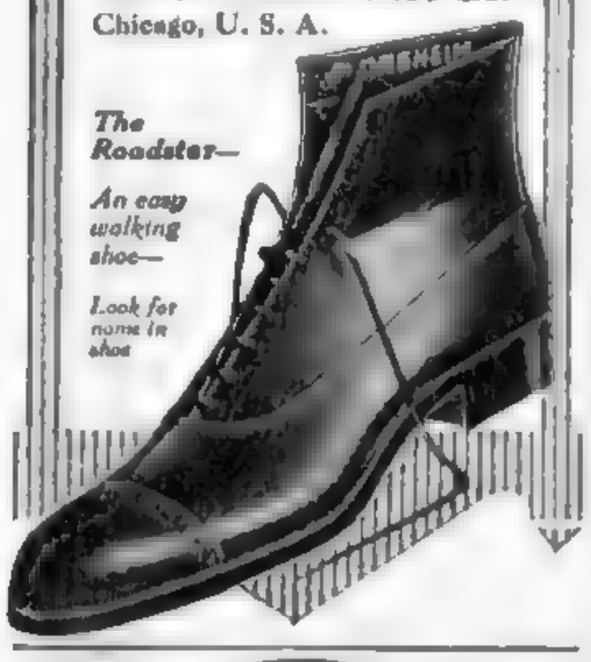

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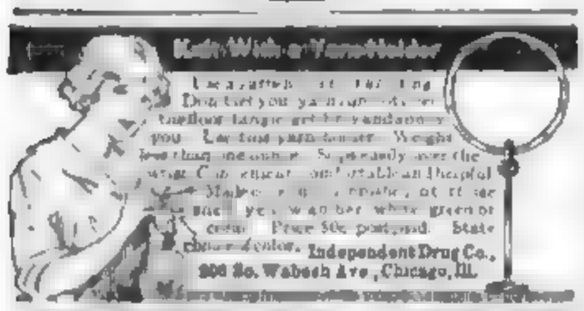

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adjutant general's office. And they solved it in businesslike fashion. As time was short and permanent promotions would take months, they evolved a system of temporary promotions. The officer loss was enormous, and promotions had to be made quickly. So they made a lieutenant, for instance, temporary captain, with the duties and pay of a captain; and it did not matter then how many months it took to get the appointment through. The company had a captain. If he made good, he became permanently captain. If he failed to make good, he was, the emergency passing, restored to his former rank.

So, if the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence and the Emancipation Proclamation and the Articles of War forbid our doing this most vital thing, by all means let us learn something from the British. We do not like to learn from the British, but they have been through the war mill, and they know.

Sometimes, as I sit at my window, I think of the psychology of clothes. Put me into the rough-and-ready riding things of my Western trips, and I am a vagabond. Put almost any frivolous girl into a nurse's uniform and watch her very thoughts sober and change. And so I wonder about an army uniform.

It makes a difference in a man. He develops the *esprit de corps* of the army. We have excellent examples of this in our police force and among our postal carriers. They wear the badges of great organizations. They are marked men. And they carry well the dignity of their positions.

What of uniforming labor? Surely the man at home, in munition and shipbuilding plants, in all the other industries which are fighting this war as certainly as the soldiers at the Front—surely that man deserves to wear a uniform showing what he is doing.

And I venture to go further. Put labor into uniform, and many of our labor troubles will cease. It need not be the army uniform. It should not be. But by doing this the man himself will develop an *esprit de corps*—the conviction that he is of those chosen to help. He is, wherever he goes, a marked man, a man given, as truly as any soldier, to the country's service. Think it over, employers of labor, lying awake nights to hold your organizations together.

Wasted Molars

All sorts of camp incidents drift to me in my little room. There was the bomb found under a wing of the hospital, a piece of pipe filled with a whitish substance, presumably ammonal or trinitrotoluol. Gingerly—oh, very, very gingerly—it was carried to the laboratory and placed in a tub of water. Which, after all, was as good a place as any for it, since it turned out to be merely an elbow of water pipe choked up by a lime deposit and therefore cut out by the plumbers.

And there is the tragic fate of the conscript who had all his double teeth drawn so he would be sent back home. And when the examiners got to him they rejected him for heart trouble and never even looked in his mouth!

And there is the incident, which took place early in the autumn, of clearing a cornfield in five minutes. The camp was built on a great fertile plain, and when the men took possession the corn was still standing. Each regiment was assigned a cornfield as its parade ground, and the problem of clearing it quickly was solved in this fashion: The regiment marched into the cornfield and disappeared. It was, for a few minutes, a lost regiment. Then the word was given: "Clear cornstalks!" From the vantage ground of a hill there could have been seen the curious sight of a field of corn moving sedately and with measured rhythm to a point some distance away, leaving behind a bare and denuded spot, which immediately was a parade ground.

And there is the never-to-be-forgotten story of the general and the officers of the —— Regiment.

Now the general requires little sleep, which is extremely fortunate, because he really has no time for it. And he has a habit of going about at night now and then, to see how things are doing. Also it is a good thing, and probably in the regulations, to turn a regiment out at night and hold a stop watch on the performance. Because being able to turn out quickly is a very valuable asset to a regiment at war.

So on a cold November night the general, accompanied by an aid, stalked down a company street. The general waited outside while the aid went in and roused the colonel.

Then things began to move. The privates, since the night was cold, had crawled into their blankets partially dressed, so their part was easy enough. But the officers, given to the soft effeminacy of night garments, were less lucky.

The general stood outside and waited, watch in hand; and finally from company houses appeared in the moonlight the men and the officer personnel of the regiment, some of the officers wonderfully and marvelously attired. Hat, overcoat, pyjamas and bedroom slippers was a favorite combination. Hat, overcoat and boots but no trousers was another.

The companies formed. The general eyed them. Then he eyed the officers, and no discrepancy in costume escaped the relentless moonlight.

"Fall out," said the general to the adjutant, "all officers not properly turned out."

Or perhaps he said "Turn out all officers not properly fallen out." I am rather weak on military terms.

A March for Discipline

So the adjutant did it, whichever it was; and the general made a short speech, something like this:

"I have issued an order that when a regiment is turned out all officers shall appear ready for duty. You are evidently, then, ready for duty. I shall have the adjutant fall you in, in columns of fours, and march you to the far end of camp. Report to me there."

So the adjutant fell them in, and the general went grimly away, and the motley and crestfallen procession started on its pilgrimage.

It was one-thirty of a cold November night. The trouserless ones shivered in the wind. The slippered ones slipped and floundered. And hardly had they gone a hundred yards when an astonished and terrified sentry challenged them:

"Halt! Who's there?"

They halted. Here was a problem. Who were they, anyhow?

"Officers of the —— Regiment," said the adjutant firmly.

The sentry was openly skeptical. He had no orders to let two squads of half-clad men through his part of the camp at 1:30 A. M. He stared—and passed the buck.

"Corporal of the guard, Post Number Six!" he yelled, pointing his bayonet at the adjutant's waistband.

Five other sentries, one after the other, took up the call, until at last it reached the distant corporal. And the party waited, muttering chattering oaths.

The corporal of the guard came running, rifle in hand—only to stop and stare. He took one look—and he, too, passed the buck.

"Sergeant of the guard, Post Number Six!" he bawled.

Arrived the sergeant of the guard. He had no instructions to cover the situation. If the adjutant was firm he was firmer. The party should not pass, not on his authority.

"Commander of the guard!" he yelled stertorously.

Appeared at last the commander of the guard, in a very bad humor and considerable haste.

"What the ——" he began. And then he leaned up against a company house and laughed until he cried.

The party eyed him grimly, and waited. And at last he passed them on. But not far.

Three miles through the camp went that cold and dispirited little party that night, and every few hundred yards were they held up, and the same program repeated. Night breezes toyed with manly ankles. The comfort of cigarettes was denied them. And across the camp the general waited and waited and waited and waited and ——

He gave them a brief lecture when they finally loomed up in the moonlight. It was short and crisp, because I rather suspect he was in imminent danger of most ungeneral-like mirth.

Generally speaking, we have cut the tangled web of red tape in our camp wherever it is humanly possible. The general's shoulders are broad, and where military or human necessity is urgent he is quite likely to get things wherever he can, and receive permission six months later. And it is only fair to Washington to say that when a man has courage to do this, and the necessity is real, the War Department stands behind him.

If a man requires operating-room equipment at once and the supply department is preparing to ship it next April the only thing to do is to buy the equipment at the nearest place, and in case there is a row to tell Washington to deduct the ten thousand or so it has cost from the commanding officer's pay of $666.67 a month!

Heresy, of course, but good common sense. I know a man who built a one-hundred-thousand-dollar rifle range that way. Washington turned pale, and yelled regulations, and made a dreadful row—and then paid the bill and reported the range a marvel!

So we have cut red tape, but at the beginning it was different. Here, taken from his notebook, is the exact routine through which one young sergeant of the headquarters troop went to secure, when it was needed in a hurry, the handle of a post-hole digger, costing fifteen cents, and technically described as post-hole digger, handle, one.

First he went to the camp quartermaster, who had no post-hole digger, handle, one. He was referred to the division adjutant for an order to purchase one in town, the division adjutant's office being a mile from the quartermaster's. The division adjutant referred him to an aid-de-camp. The aid-de-camp went to the general and secured an order. The general signed the order, which was carried back to the division adjutant. The division adjutant, who is that person who, if wars were fought with typewriters, would be a general, made out a request, to be taken back to the camp quartermaster. The camp quartermaster O.K'd the request, and sent the by now breathless messenger to the purchase department, where the purchasing officer made out in triplicate an order sixteen inches by twelve for post-hole digger, handle, one.

The Lonely Silo

Back to the camp quartermaster with the orders in triplicate to be signed and to receive a purchase order for a store in the town. To the assistant quartermaster for a machine to take the messenger to town. Referred to the transportation officer, who found a car and no driver. Half an hour looking for a driver.

Total, six miles of walking and six hours' time, to secure in a hurry, for waiting troops, post-hole digger, handle, one, fifteen cents.

It is well to find all the amusement one can in the camps. How many there are here who, like myself, are looking through strange windows out to a new world! Some forty thousand, in this one place, looking out on peaceful farms of which even the fences have disappeared. There is, not far from me, a red silo. It rises close by a company street. But of the cattle it once fed in winter there is no sign. It stands there, absurd, inconsistent, useless, a mute reminder of things that are gone. Troops march past it; a corral of unclipped horses, with a shed shelter, is near. Great gray ambulances, taking the short road to the hospital, pass it hour after hour.

And there are some of us at the camp who feel exactly as detached as that silo, as useless, as out of place. Other windows I have known, windows that looked out on a garden, on a rather shabby but beloved ravine, on a river that must by now be filled with floating ice. But the great upheaval has wrapped my lares and penates in muslin and moth-preventives, has sent the dogs to strange homes, and even the cat to an unfamiliar hearthrug.

Before long the garden will be showing signs of life, and who is to uncover the lilies of the valley under the pear tree or watch for the tulips in the borders? What friendly hand has fed the birds this winter? Has the wind whipped the service flag, with its two stars, to ribbons? How many stars will be added to that flag before this war is over?

And then I look out over the camp and my difficulties seem small and trivial. Here, all about, are men and boys preparing to make the great effort of their lives. Many of them will come back, the better and finer for the thing they have done. Some there are who will not return, but they will have had their great moment. And that is something. There will be other springs. The lilies of the valley will come up again under the pear tree. And many of us who are looking through strange windows on a new world will see again the things of home.

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Radiator Cement

Finds the leak and fixes it

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How The Norwesco Laboratories Discovered SE-MENT-OL

"FINDS THE LEAK AND FIXES IT"

IT happened several years ago that, out on a lonely road and miles from a garage, the radiator of a certain automobile suddenly developed a leak.

Not an uncommon incident—but it was a subject of great interest to one man in particular, a friend of this motorist and a practical chemist.

The leak was mended with solder and iron, after much inconvenience and at considerable expense. Then another leak followed—and another—with the same costly process of repair.

Soon the radiator was discarded and the chemist friend got it to experiment on. He had seen the need for a radiator cement; some chemical preparation that would work from within the radiator itself. SE-MENT-OL, produced to-day by Frederick R. Hall and his associated chemists in the Norwesco Laboratories, is the result. It is the first of many chemical automobile utilities now bearing the brand name—

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The Chemically Correct Line

SE-MENT-OL is a "Chemically Correct" radiator cement which quickly "Finds the Leak and Fixes It"—permanently—without the least possibility of injuring the radiator.

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Pebeco for Reveille and Taps

When the bugles blare, "I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up," the wise soldier wakes up his mouth with the tingling tang of Pebeco Tooth Paste. And if taps send him regularly to bed Pebeco-refreshed, he is giving his teeth true soldierly protection.

Tooth-ache is a mighty mean thing in camp or on the march. Yet where tooth-decay goes unchecked, tooth-ache is bound to follow. The soldier spends much of his time in damp and cold—and damp and cold find unerringly the weak spots in teeth.

Pebeco counteracts "Acid-Mouth," which authorities claim is the principal cause of tooth destruction. They say that nine out of every ten persons have "Acid-Mouth."

The dental profession universally recommends Pebeco, not only because it checks "Acid-Mouth" but because it also cleans and polishes the teeth, makes wholesome the breath, and invigorates the whole mouth. In all ways, it's the model dentifrice for the soldier.

The tooth paste that the soldier relies upon amid rigors of camp and trenches, is a dependable tooth protection for the civilian.

Suggestion to Soldiers' Families and Friends: Send the boy several tubes of Pebeco Tooth Paste.

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We send free to any person, who wants to test for "Acid-Mouth," free acid test papers and trial tube of Pebeco. The test is simple, and shows the presence or absence of "Acid-Mouth" instantly. And the trial tube contains enough Pebeco to show conclusively that Pebeco does counteract this dangerous condition.

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